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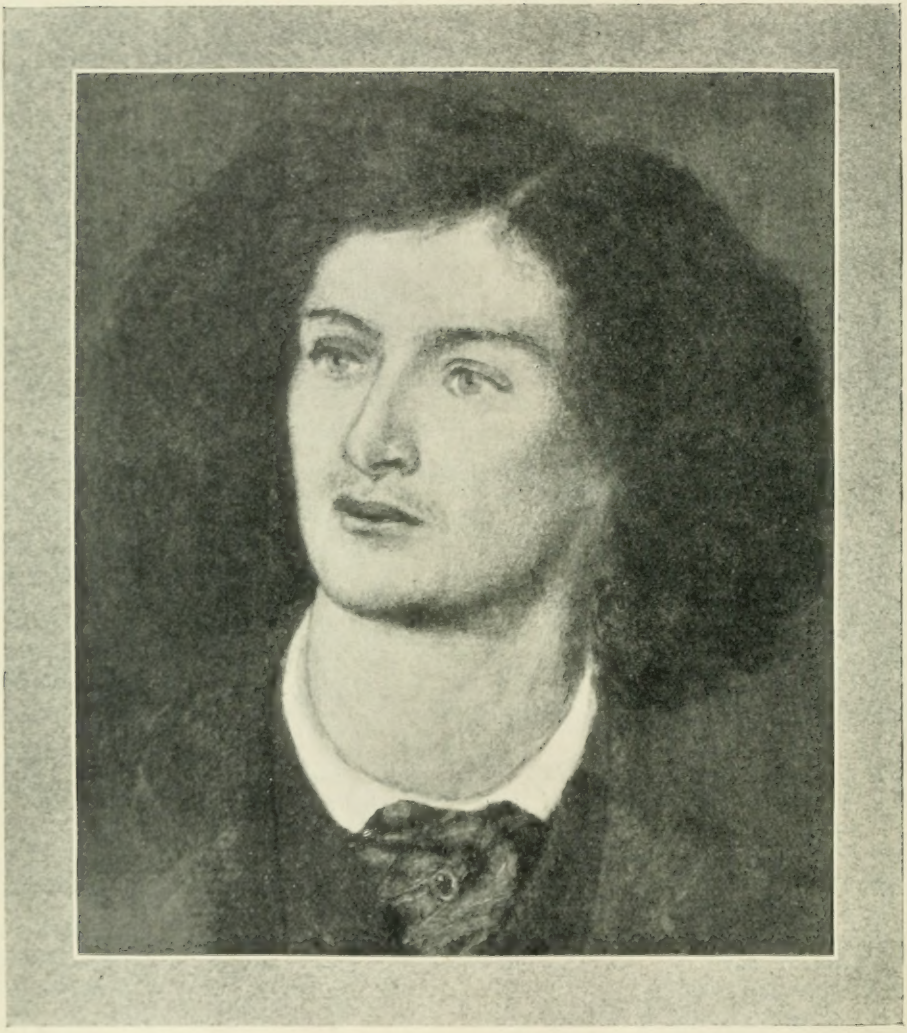
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ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

From the Portrait by D. G. Rossetti, 1861.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII MAY, 1901 No. 1

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

AN APPRECIATION.

By Joanna E. Wood.

AT this time (January, 1901), when the symbol of the new century recalls to us all that we have lost in the passing of the old; when with a curious and keen pang of severance we find ourselves belonging to another century than the one whose years were filled with the music of great poets and the eloquence of splendid prose; when we realize that the Old Year, which we dared to pity as it passed, led away from us captive the century in which Shelley sang, and Wordsworth wrote and Victor Hugo wrought and suffered, we turn to estimate what treasures we still have with us, to find what fragment of its glory the old century has spared to deck the temple of the new; and the first name which comes to us to link the splendour of the past with the promise of the present is that of Algernon Charles Swinburne, the greatest of living poets.



MR. SWINBURNE

From a recent Photo by Elliott & Fry, London

Algernon Charles Swinburne is the son of Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne and the Lady Jane Henrietta, daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnham. His paternal grandfather was Sir John Edward Swinburne, Baronet. Born in London, the poet has yet come into his birthright as a Borderer, for the Northumberland stock is strong and its types tenacious; Borderers are born fighters, and so is the poet; fighters and dreamers,—or shall we say prophets? Northumbrian people still have the spiritual eye which sees visions, and there still survives in them the fighting blood of the great lady, who, when the larder grew bare, served up to her husband a pair of spurs in a "lordly dish" as a gentle intimation that he had better saddle and ride "over the Border" to take toll of

Scotch flocks and herds. And is it not written that one of their neighbours "over the Border," wept as he passed a fine pea-stack on English ground, lamenting that it had not four legs and would not "lift."

As a child the poet was extraordinarily precocious, and judging from a water-colour by Richmond, very beautiful, having the wonderful red hair which is a heritage of a certain branch of his family. At the age when children are playing marbles—even before they are old enough to play well—Swinburne was taking Shakespeare to bed with him; he began betimes, indeed, to study Elizabethan literature—the literature of the most beneficent period of all time—of which in later years he became such a profound student.

Moreover, as a child, he had that gift, very rare indeed among young people—the gift of humour. A child of wit is a prodigy, for usually we do not appreciate life's jests till we have experienced its crosses.

His boyhood had as home the Isle of Wight, where was nourished (not begotten, for it was born in him ere his own birth) a love of the sea. Swinburne knows and loves the sea in many ways: as a lusty swimmer triumphantly conscious of delight in another element more intimate and wonderful than earth or air; as an old dog of a sea captain who all his days has chanced its tempests, and to whom withal it has been tender; as a worshipper of the fair Aphrodite, who was "the deep seas' daughter"; as a painter, casting aside his palette in despair of its elusive hues; as a mystic, to whom its waves typify the "from everlasting to everlasting" of the human soul; as a patriot, to whom the sea signifies the imperial greatness of his country; as a disciple of Liberty, to whom the unconquered and unconquerable ocean is the type and emblem of freedom. In all these ways—and in others too subtly intimate for our apprehension—does Mr. Swinburne know and love the sea, and of this knowledge has been begotten his incomparable verses in praise of "that Old Mother the Sea." One can readily understand how and why it is that swimming is the poet's greatest amusement. Another pastime of Mr. Swinburne's is cliff-climbing, a dangerous exercise in which he excels, having scaled cliffs too formidable even for the climbing of the sailors who dwelt on the shingle in their shadow. It is pleasant to be able to say definitely where Mr. Swinburne was educated—it has been insisted upon by so many paragraphers that he was educated abroad, a fallacy begotten possibly of the fact that from the days when, at Eton, he got the prize for both French and Italian, the same "half," he has been quite at home in them.

He went to a tutor in the Isle of Wight in 1847-48 (when he was between ten and eleven); the next year he went to Eton, and to Oxford in 1856. He never left England till after he left Eton, and his first visit abroad was to Germany with an uncle before he went to Oxford. His first visit to Italy was in 1860-61, and all the Italian he knew till he went to Eton (and he could read *Ariosto* then) was taught him by his mother, the Lady Jane Swinburne. This does not seem much like the "foreign bringing up" which has been insisted upon!

He had a very lonely life at school—but solitude has ever been the nurse of genius. He cared nothing for the ordinary games and pursuits of boys, and was in consequence much bullied. He had one great friend at Eton, but the friend died. Swinburne felt his death keenly.

An amusing instance of Mr. Swinburne's peculiarly winning personality, even as a boy, is his conquest of Dr. Hawtrey, the Headmaster at Eton. Dr. Hawtrey entered upon the boy's education with many worthy aphorisms; he was not to devote himself so much to poetry, etc., etc. The interview beginning thus, ended in the complete conversion of the professor, and the arrangement that the boy was to have whatever of the old English dramatists he wanted from Dr. Hawtrey's own library.

Mr. Swinburne retains still that joyous perception of the "little things" of life's busy day which constitutes true humour. Nothing more amuses this profound student and thinker, this brilliant writer, than to fall upon an old-fashioned child's book and drag forth its moral so convincingly set out by the contrast between the Good Children who were Honours to their Fond Parents and the Bad Children who Sorely Grieved Them.

Mr. Swinburne's college at Oxford was Balliol. The master was the famous Jowett. Whatever influence that brilliant man had upon his far more brilliant pupil, at least he did not superimpose his judgment upon him in matters of literary criticism; and, as is clearly shown in Mr. Swinburne's *Recollections of Professor Jowett*, the judgment of the scholar often arrived at conclusions to which the politeness of the pupil did not permit expression. After leaving Oxford there came a time of travel.

Mr. Swinburne visited France, and was for a time in Florence with Landor. Perhaps the best memento we have of his younger days is (always excepting his own imperishable work) his portrait by his friend Rossetti. Rossetti began to draw his leonine head the first time he met him, and it must have been a wonderful thing to the poet-painter to find in the flesh this head,



MR. SWINBURNE—FROM ANOTHER PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY

Not a Child.

"Not a child: I call myself a boy,"
Says my king, with accent stern yet mild,
Now nine years have brought him change of joy:
"Not a child."

How could reason be so far beguiled,
Ere so far from sense's safe employ,
Stray so wide of truth, or run so wild?

Seeing his face bent over book or toy,
"Child" I called him, smiling: but he smiled
Back, as one too high for vain annoy—
Not a child.

"

Not a child? alack the year!
What should ail an undefiled
Heart, that he would fain appear
Not a child?

Men, with years & memories piled
Each on other, far & near,
Fain again would so be styled:

Fain would cast off hope & fear,
Rest, forget, be reconciled:
Why would you so fain be, dear,
Not a child?

A PIECE OF SWINBURNE MS. REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION



EAST DENE, ISLE OF WIGHT—WHERE SWINBURNE'S BOYHOOD WAS SPENT

the type and image of poetic beauty.

It is to be conjectured confidently that the poet's greatest love is for little children ; some of his most noble verse has been dedicated to their praise ; by his inspired vision he sees the potential god-head on a baby's brow, and nobly has he celebrated it. In his *Herse*, for example, there is more than love,—there is reverence ; and in the final line, "*O, child, what news from heaven?*" there is an inimitable touch of sincerity. Perhaps no more perfect translation was ever penned than Swinburne's rendering of Victor Hugo's verses, entitled *The Children of the Poor* —and I know as a matter of fact that his translation of them was as spontaneous as though he were voicing the inspiration of his own brain. For once the translator glorified the original.

Mrs. Browning says—in rather futile fashion—"Poets ever fail in reading their own verses to their worth," but to hear Mr. Swinburne read his own verse is indeed a rich experience—so fully do his sonorous tunes fulfil the promise of the pregnant syllables. It may be said that his fertility of invention never fails him in respect of new forms of verse, and the perfection of his *technique* in even the most involved metres is a delight to all lovers of beautiful cadences.

He has been particularly happy in his rendition of old forms. In the *Masque of Queen Bersabe* we have a mystery-play pure and simple. In *The Bloody Son* (Finnish) and *May Janet* (Breton) and *The King's Daughter* we have verse and form, and what the Scotch call "owercome," which might well match *Sir Patrick Spens* and *Chevy Chase*.

From the same spring of poesy we have *Provençal Burdens*, and *Imitations* (glorified in the counterfeit) of Théophile Gautier, translations of Villon, Victor Hugo, and Baudelaire.

There is in Mr. Swinburne's verse an originality which keeps it from becoming hackneyed, even after endless repetitions. How many times have we read *The Forsaken Garden*? Does that "coign of the cliff" ever become commonplace? Does *Itylus*, or *Ex Voto* or the splendid *Ave atque Vale*? Who ever carelessly repeated *At Parting*? Has the melancholy music of *Tristram and Iseult* ever grown stale? Or the magical chorus in *Atalanta in Calydon* ever lost its potent spell?

In 1860 the *Queen Mother* and *Rosamund* were published: that the actual merit of these dramas has perhaps not been adequately acknowledged is, doubtless, due to the great output which has come from the poet who at twenty-three penned their Shakespearean stanzas.

In 1865 was published *Atalanta in Calydon*, and then it became a certitude that a great poet was with us; its verse had colour, dignity and matchless music—moreover no one but a scholar could have written it.

Mr. Swinburne, like all other men of imagination and intellect, was enthralled by the character and history of Mary, Queen of Scots. From him we have first *Chastelard*, then *Bothwell*, and *Mary Stuart* in 1881. Possibly no other poet has so fully entered into the peculiarly complex character of Mary. The present writer, a Scot, and a lover of romance, born therefore with a *brief* for Mary Stuart, can find no fault with the verdict which declares her tainted with the characteristic crimes of her time, but pre-eminently endowed with its virtues. That Mr. Swinburne could project his masculine intelligence through the intricate subtleties of Mary Stuart's essentially feminine, yet peculiarly forceful, character, means that he has accomplished the all but impossible.



ADMIRAL CHARLES HENRY SWINBURNE, SECOND SON OF SIR JOHN EDWARD SWINBURNE, BART.

In 1866 was published *Poems and Ballads*, and in its stormy wake a new epoch in English literature dawned. We all know the hurricane of criticism which this book evoked—we all know how, finally, the poet rose in his wrath, and in his *Notes on Poems and Reviews*, one of the most splendid pieces of scornful satire extant, shook himself free of his critics. If wounded, no one saw his wounds bleed, nor was there any scar.

That we may not paint the beauty of the flesh in words when every day it is painted in pigments is one of those contradictory propositions which, to use a Scotch expression, "rouse the birse" of every artist who employs a pen instead of a brush. The anæmic art which affects to despise the body is essentially false and worm-eaten. To despise the bodily life as apart from the spiritual and mental is as who should despise the very precious vessel which contains the elixir of life; of bodily needs and passions is twisted that "silver cord" which binds body and soul together — let him who would ignore it beware, for if the "golden bowl" of the body be broken, the "silver cord" of its needs and longings loosed, our day's work is ended. Well! the chisel no longer usurps the right to confer immortality upon mortal beauty!

Sir Edwin Arnold is not the only reader who sees in the *Anactoria* the charm of something inachievable, the ghost of poetry's perfection; nor is he the only Greek scholar who longs that to Mr. Swinburne's judgment he handed over those Sapphic manuscripts which in 1866 were discovered among the *papyri* of Fayoum in Egypt. Mr. Swinburne alone among living men might translate their lyric cry. *Erechtheus* was published in 1876, but before this the author had, in communion with Mazzini, consecrated his muse to freedom. Of this spiritual union was begotten *Songs before Sunrise*, lyrics

deeply poetical in sense as in expression. Then came the second series of *Poems and Ballads*, in which are included some of the best known of his poems. This is not the place to list Mr. Swinburne's works.

What he has written he has always written well and in certain cases with unsurpassable perfection—and his has been a busy pen. His tributes to the genius of Victor Hugo confer a second immortality upon the great Frenchman and show us that beautifully appreciative side of Mr. Swinburne's genius which is ever ready to give merit its measure of praise — and this leads to Mr. Swinburne's prose work.



LADY JANE HENRIETTA SWINBURNE—AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-THREE

Had there been no Swinburne the poet, Swinburne the critic would have been famous, and—better—great. Unquestionably a man of strong personal predilections in matters of literature, Mr. Swinburne's pronouncements are correspondingly decided — he neither "damns with faint praise" nor sanctifies with apologetic blame. His yea is yea, and his nay, nay, indeed, in matters concerning the literary conscience. To all students of Shakespeare he has done a great service in his *A Study of Shakespeare*, the concluding paragraph of which is an example of that taste which is evident only in the best examples of the best literature.

To return for a moment to Mr. Swinburne's drama.

The present writer desires to express a strong personal admiration for that work of Mr. Swinburne's mature muse, *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards*. We all know the story of this Rose of the world; many of us know its parallel as related by Herodotus—the story of the wife of King Candaules and Gyges, his friend. The dry bones of these stories have been part of the world's knowledge for centuries. It remained for Mr. Swinburne to clothe them about with flesh, and breathe into them again that passionate life which had been theirs. How well he has done it! With what strength! With what eloquent reserves! What a tragedy of meaning is there beneath every phrase! Here a *double entendre* has the potentiality of a Delphic utterance. Yet how little the strenuous tide of feeling troubles the surface. There are few verbal allurements in this tale, and no hint of preciosity. It is a stern tale of stern times, times when the man nearest the throne was the man who had fought best to uphold it. The monarch was addressed

briefly, as became the mutations of the times, without prefix—"King" or "Queen"—say Narsetes, Almachildes, and Hildegard. But, oh, how pregnant with life's most tragic meaning is this brief speech of theirs. I venture to say—nay, this I say boldly—that in all the range of English drama there are no figures who more fully, if, indeed, as fully, realize themselves than do the "persons represented" in this tragedy. No lyric garlands bedeck the tragic palace of poesy wherein these people plot and counter-plot. Its aisles are devoid of extraneous ornament, as is the speech of those who dwelt therein; but how splendid is the plan, how coherent the structure! How infinitely suited to the uses of each is the austere style of the poem, the restrained speech of the personages! What extraordinary meaning is infused into the utterance of Rosamund, that one line, spoken after she has pledged her lord, the King, from the cup made of her father's skull, epitomizes the whole meaning of the tragedy, its whole shuddering:

"*Rosamund.* No.

Thou hast no enemy left on earth alive—
No soul unslain that hates thee."

Alas! Her soul was indeed slain, but yet incarnate. In contrast to the Queen, who, in her anguish and despair and fearful resolution, is indeed awful, we have Hildegard wearing, as her lover, Almachildes, says:

"No crown but heaven's about her head—
No gold that was not born upon her brows"—

and where shall we find a maid at once so maidenly and so tender? Or a more perfect lover than Almachildes? It is useless to go on. Each of the few characters is perfectly individualized and most subtly conceived, and the verses ring like steel on steel—"thrice-retempered iron" indeed.

How versatile is the genius, which, fathering this drama of steel and poison, begot also the *Tale of Balen*: the story of those Northumbrian brethren, Balen and Balan, fated to slay each other, and achieving their fate through the snare of a false knight! About the *Tale of Balen* hang the witchery of the Northumbrian wilds, all the glamour of the days of knighthood, all the sad fatefulness of mournful prophecy. This poem is dedicated to the poet's mother, the Lady Jane Swinburne—a clever and beautiful and good woman, whose influence, as a star's travelling light outlives its star, has outlived her mortal life.

I have said that Swinburne is of fighting stock—and he does not belie his birthright. He has left it to lesser singers to play the traitor to Britain during her time of trial in South Africa. The "trumpet of his prophecy" has upheld the hearts at home, and the clarion cry of his verse, "Strike, England, and strike home!" has rung in many ears to the accompaniment of bursting shells and screaming bullets. Right nobly and boldly has he hymned the might and right of Britain—does not a poet, like a soldier, owe his first allegiance to the Motherland? Not all the writers in Britain were so loyal, nor did they hesitate to defame their nobler brother who had indeed chosen the better part.

It seems a singular but very lovely concession of the realities of life to our ideals of the fitness of things that the greatest poet and the most eminent critic should be housemates—but so it is. Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, poet, novelist, critic, and man-of-letters, is the chosen friend and inseparable companion of Mr. Swinburne as he was of Rossetti till his death. The best thing we can wish for the world of letters is that this two-fold link between the past century and the present may long remain unbroken, that from under the one roof-tree these two voices may continue to speak to us, for they speak as "those having authority."

MAN.

A man,
By winding way and path precipitous,
Had scaled a mountain to its craggy crest;
And from that rocky edge of eminence,
With folded arms and sober-knitted brow,
Surveyed the varied world that lay below.
There lay the Universe in miniature:
Lakes, rivers, meadows, orchards, forests, farms;
There lay the town, that like a little child
Who clingeth close unto his mother's gown,
Seemed nestled to the mapled mountain's base;
And winding thence, a slender ashen thread
In Nature's wondrous woof of various green,
The highway, that from boyhood he had trod,
Lay like a clue to fortune and the world!

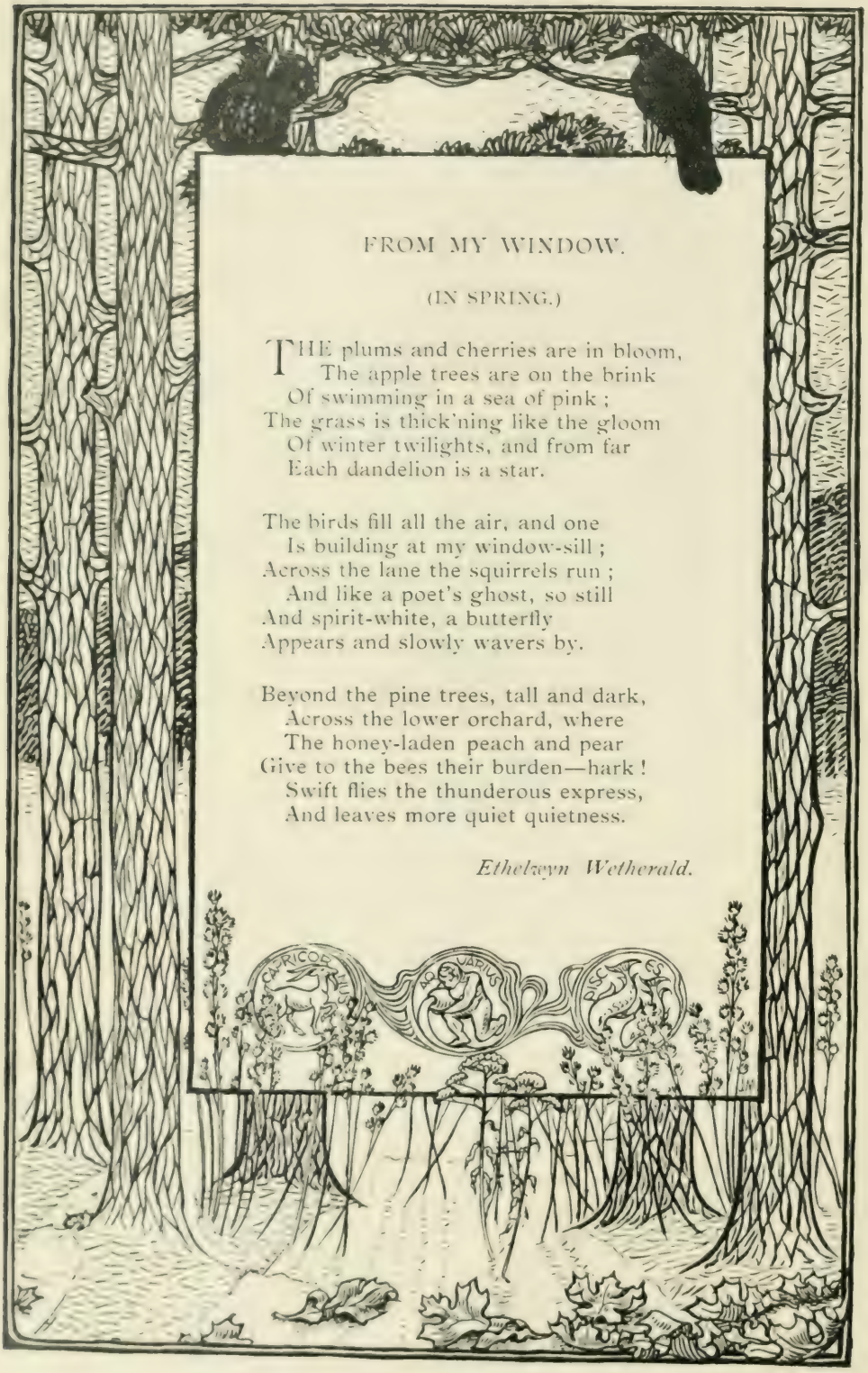
With sombre brow and sternly-steadfast eye,
The man upon the mountain silent stood,
And drew the breath of greatness, for his own
Had caught the spirit of ethereal height.
Then, sudden as the sunshine from a cloud,
Was changed the dark expression of his mood,
And to the soundless air he cried aloud,
And laughed in strident scorn of scorn—alone.
For, far upon the white and winding road
That distance made a ribbon, moving there,
But that so slow it seemed the eye's conceit,
A moment seen, a moment vanishing,
His straining sight and sense descried—*a man!*

And *he*,
Espying on that topmost treeless edge
An unfamiliar and uncertain mark,
So largely, there, infinitesimal,
So small by contrast that it mocked the sight,
Yet clear against the background of the sky,
Stood sudden still and stared with curious gaze,
Then shook with mirth ere thus he loud declaimed:

Lo, now! A mite that thinks himself a man,
Grown tired of the little things of earth,
Hath crawled a mountain to its narrow peak
And thinks he stands astride of all the world!
O, when the night is come to blot him out,
Then he will snatch at stars to crown himself!
But when the morning breaks, to break his heart
And spill the incense of his petty pride,
He'll dumbly wonder why the world is dumb,
And in his rage will cast himself to earth,
That when he strikes the earth may split in twain.
O, it is such a tithe of littleness,
An evanescent atom mocking space,
I scarce conceive that *this* can be a man!

Meantime, the other on the mountain-top
Smiled down derisive distances at him.

Charles Gordon Rogers



FROM MY WINDOW.

(IN SPRING.)

THE plums and cherries are in bloom,
The apple trees are on the brink
Of swimming in a sea of pink;
The grass is thick'ning like the gloom
Of winter twilights, and from far
Each dandelion is a star.

The birds fill all the air, and one
Is building at my window-sill;
Across the lane the squirrels run;
And like a poet's ghost, so still
And spirit-white, a butterfly
Appears and slowly wavers by.

Beyond the pine trees, tall and dark,
Across the lower orchard, where
The honey-laden peach and pear
Give to the bees their burden—hark!
Swift flies the thunderous express,
And leaves more quiet quietness.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.



THE LATE J. A. ALLEN

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

XXIII—THE LATE J. A. ALLEN.

BY the death of the late J. A. Allen, of Alwington, Kingston, at the ripe age of eighty-six, Canada has lost a pioneer in literature and science, and a man of ripe scholarship.

He came of a good old Irish stock, his father having been a barrister of high repute and unswerving probity, and a friend of Daniel O'Connell. Mr. Allen's own *Alma Mater* was Trinity College, Dublin, which has sent forth so many brilliant sons, and he afterwards prosecuted his studies in London, availing himself of the opportunities there presented for reading largely and omnivorously, and laying the foundation of the large store of information he possessed, especially on scientific subjects. During his studies for the ministry, he compiled an admirable Concordance of the New Testament, on a principle of his own. His marked ability and attractive nature soon secured for him the offer of a post at Tinnevelly, India, which he declined in order to cast in his lot with the Canadian Church. His first charge here was Huntingdon, P.Q., but he soon removed to that of Christieville, where, amid the picturesque windings of the St. John river, he encountered the happy romance of his life. For just at that time the Seigniory House was temporarily occupied by the fifth Baron de Longueil, the representative of the distinguished French-Canadian

family of the Lemoynes, ennobled by Louis XIV, in 1700, for their services to New France, and of the Jacobite family of the Grants of Blairfindie, who forfeited their estates through their devotion to the Pretender. The Baron's wife was a daughter of the well-known Coffin family, who came to Canada as U. E. Loyalists. Their only daughter was speedily wooed and won by the ardent young clergyman, and for once the course of true love ran smooth, for he had early won her parents' confidence and regard. The happy union lasted till both husband and wife had reached old age.

On the death of his father-in-law, not long after his marriage, Mr. Allen removed to Wolfe Island, near Kingston, to undertake the charge of the little Anglican Church built by the widowed Baroness for the benefit of the tenants of the family property, in memory of her husband. Here, for some years he continued to minister, as a labour of love, at the same time making for himself a charming home and model farm, to which he gave the Irish name of Ardath, *i.e.*, "The Field of Flowers." It well earned its name, for both flowers and fruit abounded in his well-tilled garden; and while he faithfully ministered to the spiritual needs of his parishioners, he promoted their material ones also, by introducing improved stock and methods of cultivation. He possessed a model dairy, as well as a model farm, and it is doubtless one result of his influence that this island is, even now, noted for the excellence of its dairy products. But he cultivated the Muses as well; and his chief poetical works owed their inception to the ideal pastoral life of this happy period of his history. Around him he had in his near neighbourhood a circle of congenial friends. The family mansion of Alwington, which was used as Government House during the brief period when Kingston was the seat of Government, and was the residence of three Governors-General in succession, was then the home of his brother-in-law, the sixth Baron de Longueil, and was always a second home for the family at Ardath. One of the most valued friends and parishioners was the gifted Miss Louisa Murray, a noted figure in our past literary history, towards whose early literary efforts he proved a true and generous friend. He himself, at this time, wrote a good deal of dramatic verse on the Cromwellian period, and also a volume of reflective poetry on the great problems of life opened up by advancing science, which was published in 1854, under the apparently incongruous title of "Daydreams of a Butterfly." In it, while he asserts the "Reign of Law" to perhaps a somewhat necessitarian extreme, he indignantly repudiates the materialistic philosophy that saps all high ideals, and takes refuge in the faith that, in mind and soul, we have the immortal reality, which survives, unharmed, the destruction of its material surroundings. It was, perhaps, inevitable that the first clouds that rose on his sunshiny horizon should have been theological ones. One of the results of his broader outlook into life was a growing conviction that he could no longer honestly read the Athanasian Creed—a stumbling-block to many an earnest soul. And as absolute integrity was the lode-star of his life, this difficulty, proving insuperable, led to his resigning his ministry and following truth in his own way. It was a critical time for many, when science, advancing with giant strides, was for a time, by thinkers on both sides, set in needless opposition to Christianity. It became necessary for thoughtful minds to revise their conceptions both of nature and of Christian truth, and for Mr. Allen this involved a long period of great mental suffering, during which, in the words of Tennyson, so graphically depicting such experiences:

> "He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
> He would not make his judgment blind,
> He faced the spectres of the mind
> And laid them. So he came, at length,
> To find a stronger faith his own."

And thus it came to pass that "perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds, at last he beat his music out." And upon

none of the Divine sayings which he knew so well, did he dwell with greater satisfaction than on that so frequently on his lips, "He that willeth to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." Duty, his guiding star, led him at length to a spiritual resting-place, "where, beyond those voices, there is Peace!"

On the removal of his brother-in-law, with his family, to Europe, Alwington, which was the property of Mrs. Allen, became his permanent home—its beautiful grounds sloping greenly to Lake Ontario, and its large and sunny garden affording ample scope for his love of nature and of gardening. For the sake, however, of his rapidly growing family, for whom he wished to secure better educational advantages than were at that time available in Kingston, he lived for a time at Newhaven, Conn., in the early days of the American Civil War; but, on account of the hostile feeling then prevailing against Great Britain, he eventually went to France, living successively at Dieppe and Paris. Finally the family gravitated to England, where he resided for some time at Edgbaston, close to Birmingham, in order to afford to his promising son, Grant, the great advantages of King Edward's school in that city. Stratford-on-Avon was within a short journey, and as the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration occurred during his stay, he contributed his own offering to it in a Memorial Poem, illustrating at some length the greatness of the

> "immortal bard
> Whom Nature for herself had made, to see
> How looked her face, reflected in his soul,
> And to transmit the likeness to all time!"

Leaving his son Grant to prosecute his studies at Oxford, Mr. Allen left England in 1864, and returned to reside at Alwington, where, with few interruptions, the rest of his tranquil years were spent. Here he soon gathered round him a congenial circle of friends, who found the pleasant, old-fashioned house and charming grounds a delightful resort, both in summer and winter, and where the genial host and hostess dispensed a generous hospitality. Not a few, now scattered throughout Canada, and eminent in various departments of life, look back to their visits there as among their happiest memories. Among its more distinguished guests have been men of such differing types as Alfred Russell Wallace, Goldwin Smith, and Lyman Abbott. Quoting from a plaintive song of the Baroness Nairne, it might well be said of the host, "Hoo mony did he welcome to his ain dear auld house," and if the "leddy, too, sae genty," never "sheltered Scotland's heir," she had enough of the Jacobite spirit of her Scottish ancestors to have availed herself of such an opportunity, had she lived, like them, in the days of Culloden.

Mr. Allen's sympathies, however, were all with the brave Puritans who rescued England from despotism, and it was during this period of his life that he brought out his "drama in verse," published by Elliot Stock, London, entitled "The True and Romantic Love-story of Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson," an idyllic romance pervaded by the purest and noblest ideals of love and life. Did space permit, it would be pleasant to give several quotations from this little volume, but the following must be given as embodying his deepest thought on the meaning of life:

> "Yet our life hath
> A mightier significance, because
> A discipline to fit us for the next;
> And death, the morning of our real life.
> How blessed 'tis to know all ends not here,
> But that the soul, conterminous with God,
> Lives through the boundless future, ever young—
> 'Tis wonderful how little we think on't."

Meantime, romances in real life, less welcome to a fond father, were going on at Alwington, ending in marriages which removed some of his dearest household treasures, though in time he could welcome the new claims that grandchildren made on his affectionate nature. His son Grant, too, was rapidly winning success and fame, far more early prized by his father than any



THE LATE GRANT ALLEN—SCIENTIST AND AUTHOR

of his own could have been. His first book, "Physiological Æsthetics," gave great pleasure to Mr. Allen, and presentation copies of many successive books, always sent first to *him*, formed the most prized adornment of his library. On many subjects father and son differed widely, for Mr. Allen's tendencies were conservative on most moral and political questions; but such differences never impaired the strong bond of love and confidence always existing between them, and although reciprocal visits were rare, constant correspondence kept their minds in sympathetic touch. No one who knew Mr. Allen could doubt whence his brilliant son had derived the keen, observant eye, the tendency to theorize as to cause and effect, the marked conversational power and clearness in explanation, as well as the perennial spring of playful humour, for Mr. Allen was happy in keeping, to old age, almost the heart of a boy. He never lost his taste for scientific study and was always ready to place his own stores of information at the disposal of an enquirer. During the last summer of his life, his eighty-seventh, he published an able *brochure* on "The Why of Gravitation," containing his own original explanation of this great law and showing no weakening of mental power, nor unfamiliarity with the latest researches in Physics. It seems strange that no Canadian university should have honoured itself by official recognition of his right to the title of LL.D., so often bestowed on far slenderer claims. Mr. Allen, however, was grandly careless of all such decorations which may be one reason why they did not come his way. But far better than the old mediæval distinction was the still older "Integer vitæ," which he so truly embodied. His fearless honesty of speech—the noble and disinterested candour with which he came forward when he thought his voice was needed on any public question—commanded universal respect. As Principal Grant observed, after his death, "he could always be depended upon, with heroic courage, to make a stand for righteousness." A patriot after Tennyson's high ideal who—

"though dogs of faction bay,
Would serve his land in deed and word"—

he deeply deplored the partisan spirit —the self-seeking and corruption that have poisoned our political atmosphere, and would impartially and fearlessly denounce them, through whatever channel he could make himself heard. But his kindness of heart never failed, and his praise was unstinted wherever he felt it deserved.

During the last few years of his life his happy family circle was sadly diminished. His eldest son, never strong; his beloved wife, a beautiful and devoted daughter, and his son-in-law, the late J. Maule Machar, Q.C., only brother of the present writer, followed each other in rapid succession. But the death of Grant Allen seemed to snap his strongest tie to life, and after that event he visibly failed. On October 7th, 1900, he gently "fell on sleep." His life might not unfitly be epitomized in the following lines of his own, from his "drama in verse":—

"It was a life fought bravely to the last,
Where conscience—magnetized by fear of God—
Kept trembling, constant, round the star of light.
If there were spots, 'twere spots upon the sun,
Lost in the splendour of a whole bright life!"

Agnes Maule Machar (Fidelis).

NÄHE DES GELIEBTEN.

(From the German of Goethe.)

I think of thee, love, when the bright sun's shimmer
From ocean gleams—
I think of thee, love, when the pale moon's glimmer
Silvers the streams.

I see thee, love, when on the distant highway
The dust-cloud parts—
At dead of night, when on the narrow by-way
The wanderer starts.

I hear thee, love, when yonder with dull hissing
The billow swells—
To the still grove I often go to listen,
Where silence dwells.

I'm by thy side, though 'tween us seas be sweeping,
To me thou'rt near!
The sun sinks low, the stars will soon be peeping.
Oh, wert thou here!

W. A. R. Kerr.



The Perils of the Red Box

By Headon Hill

PERIL I.—THE ULTIMATUM TO FRANCE.

WHEN Arabi's gunners loosed off that nine-pound shell from the right flanking battery at Tel-el-Kebir they spoiled a good soldier. At least so Sir Evelyn Wood was kind enough to hint as the dust of the explosion cleared and left me a bleeding heap at his feet with scarce strength to sputter the order that I had brought to him from Wolseley.

"Melgund will fight no more, and he was a proper fighting man," was the lullaby of the tune to which I swooned while they packed me into the ambulance.

So far as military service was concerned Sir Evelyn's forecast was, unhappily, verified, though as an Irishman of warm blood I rejoice that I have had many a rough-and-tumble on private account since that day. Aye, and in pursuit of duty, too—duty none the less perilous, as you who can scan these jottings are soon to learn, because performed far from the heat of battle and the tramp of big battalions.

But for the moment—that is to say, as soon as I had recovered sufficiently to be sent home—there was nothing for it but to curse the luck that had robbed me of the career of my heart, and to wonder what on earth I was to do with myself for the rest of my natural life. For though in every other way my health and strength would be as good as ever the wound had left a permanent injury which would prevent me from ever mounting a horse again. A pretty thing that for a cavalry man to hear who had been, only two months before, appointed aide-de-camp to that patron of pushers, G.J.-W., and who had not yet scored his thirty-third birthday.

The thing had to be faced, however, and I faced it at first by making a nuisance of myself at my clubs, where for the year after resigning my commission I bewailed my evil fate to all who would listen. I met with a good deal of sympathy, of course—men always do under such circumstances, and my record had been an exceptionally brilliant one.

But the best of good fellows tire of a croaker at last, and for the sake of my popularity it was none too soon when I received a note from Poindexter, my old Eton fag-master, asking me to call on him.

It seemed that my lamentations had borne fruit. Poindexter is a marquis by courtesy, and the son of the distinguished statesman who at that time was Foreign Secretary. He spends most of his life hunting big game in Central Africa, and we had not met since, with a light heart, I saw him depart from Eton sixteen years before.

"You are making a terrible fuss, Melgund," he said, after greetings. "The men at the Junior United and the Cavalry Club are sick to death of your troubles. I've only been in London a week, but the same yarn flies up and hits me everywhere—that Melgund is going all to pieces for want of a job to keep him out of mischief. How would you like a billet as Queen's Messenger? Carry despatches and things abroad for the Foreign Office, don't you know."

"Nothing would suit me better," I replied. "But have I the qualifications? Certainly languages are, after soldiering, my strong point. I had even passed in Russian."

Poindexter grinned. "You are more than qualified, unless you have sadly deteriorated," he said. "Do you know what made me think of this berth for

you? Well, it was a vivid recollection of the fag whom I used to punish by sending him up to Layton's in Windsor to buy a penny bun in the fond belief that the trivial errand would spoil his playtime. The bun, being wrapped in one of Layton's bags, was proof, I imagined, that the young rascal had done his three-mile walk out and home, till on the last day of my last term, when it was too late for vengeance, I made a discovery. On the very first occasion that nice boy had got to the soft side of one of the girls in Layton's shop, so that she furnished him with a supply of paper bags which made further pilgrimages to Windsor unnecessary. Thenceforward Master Melgund used to buy the bun at one of the college sock-shops, and then, after placing it on my table duly ensconced in one of Layton's bags, he would go gaily off to his cricket or football."

I could not help laughing at the reminiscence of my boyhood. It was correct in every detail, though it was news to me that my ruse had been detected.

"I had no idea that you had found me out," I said. "It was kind of you not to give me a thrashing, even at the last moment. But seriously, Poindexter, how can all this have any bearing on my qualifications for this post?"

"Simply that it shows you to be a fellow of some resource; and a Queen's Foreign Service Messenger needs a good deal of resource—sometimes," replied my friend, smiling. "My only fear is that the other quality which enabled you successfully to fool me may bring you to grief on occasion."

"What quality?" I asked wondering.

"The one that induced the shop-girl to supply you with the paper bags—no less than the way you have with the sex, my son," was the reply. "You Irishmen are susceptible, and I have heard a thing or two about you. You will have to 'ware the women, Melgund, in your new trade. Now, cut along and see my father at the Foreign Office. I have already spoken the word, and I think you will find that it will be all right."

As a result of that conversation I am in a position to relate certain incidents which befell me during my employment in carrying despatches, and, as Poindexter put it, "things," for the Foreign Office. Several Ministers rose and fell while I was on the service; but as, with one exception, the Ministers affected are still alive, I shall veil their names under pseudonyms which it will not take much knowledge of affairs to penetrate. I shall observe no regular sequence in the narratives, selecting the occurrences as they present themselves to me most vividly, except that I shall reserve to the last the adventure which is the reason of my being a Queen's Messenger no longer. It will not be the least interesting of the series.

So that I could get quickly to Downing Street in the event of my being wanted in a hurry, I occupied a small suite of chambers in the Albany. About five o'clock on a May afternoon in a recent year I was lounging in my room, wondering whether it would be safe to run out for half-an-hour to the club—for I had been warned to hold myself in readiness for duty—when the telephone bell rang. A moment later I was glad that I had not yielded to the inclination. I recognized the voice at the other end as that of the Permanent Under-Secretary of State. My presence was required at the Foreign Office immediately.

It took me but a short five minutes to reach my destination. As I ran up the steps the hall-porter held open the swing door with the air of having expected me.

"You are to go to the Duke's room, sir, if you please," he said. "His Grace has remained on purpose to see you himself."

Though it happened before, it was very unusual for a Secretary of State to instruct the Queen's Messengers personally, and as I passed along the corridor I reflected that my mission was to be an important one. Carrying the red morocco despatch-box, in which I al-

ways locked up documents as soon as they were entrusted to me, I was about to tap at the door behind which most of the secret history of Europe is compiled, when it was opened from within, and a man came out. On the threshold, however, he turned inwards again, apparently too preoccupied to notice me, and said in the tone of one who makes a last appeal—

"The interests at stake are colossal, your Grace."

"I have said my last word, Baron. Do not force me to express an opinion of your very singular request," came the reply in the voice of the Foreign Minister. It was coldly spoken, and allowed the visitor no alternative. He left the room, shutting the door rather loudly behind him, and went muttering down the corridor, shooting a keen glance at me as he passed. He was a large stout man of a Hebrew cast of countenance, and I thought that I recognized him as the original of a certain *Vanity Fair* cartoon, which I could not at the moment fit with a name.

On entering the room I found the Foreign Minister sitting at his table, with the Permanent Under-Secretary standing at his elbow. From the serious faces with which they were perusing a document that lay on the blotting-pad I guessed that they were dealing with what the newspapers called "The French Crisis," for it was at a period when Anglo-Gallic relations were strained over the Siamese boundary question.

The first words of the Duke convinced me of the truth of my surmise. Glancing up at me he carefully selected a pen, with a bold flourish affixed his signature to the paper, and then, with the sigh of one committed to a great enterprise, looked at me again.

"Captain Melgund, you will cross to Paris to-night," he said, "to deliver this document and this covering despatch to our Ambassador at the earliest moment in the morning."

"I shall arrive at the Rue de Dunquerque at half-past five, and I could be at the Embassy before six at latest, your Grace," I replied. "Am I to understand that you wish his Excellency to be called so as to receive the despatch?"

The Duke of Selhurst puckered his brows in thought, then exchanged whispers with the Under-Secretary. "No," he said at length. "Lord Sartoris would be unable to act at such an early hour, and it would unnecessarily inconvenience him to call him at six. If he has the despatch by ten o'clock it will be soon enough."

The Under-Secretary, who had been folding and enclosing the papers in an official envelope, handed me the packet, and I was about to retire when the Duke checked me. I saw at once by the mere facial play of his fine features that he was descending from the high horse to the semi-official attitude which he occasionally adopted towards his favourites. That I was one of the latter I had already had many reasons to think. Poindexter had told him about the buns at Eton.

"You must be careful on this journey, Melgund," the Duke said kindly. "I know that I can depend upon your silence, and it will add to the strength of my warning if I give you a hint. One of the papers in your box is practically an ultimatum to France which may lead to war, and the gentlemen in the City are much exercised about it. If Lord Sartoris has to present it to the French Government to-morrow, a certain group of financiers stand to lose, by the drop in securities which will follow, a matter of several millions. You see my meaning?"

"The Stock Exchange people might try to stop me, your Grace?"

"Exactly. Did you recognize the man who went out as you came in?"

"His face seemed familiar, though I could not put a name to it," I replied.

"That," said the Foreign Minister, "was the Baron Schwartzroder, the eminent financier. He had the impudence to call on me with the object of trying to ascertain whether it was true, as rumoured in the papers, that an ultimatum was going forward and, if so, of inducing me to withhold it

for a day till he and his colleagues in the City had rigged the money-market to suit them before the inevitable fall in prices sets in. He placed the Government under a slight obligation in the matter of the last Greek loan, but, needless to say, it did not warrant such presumption as this. He has gone away no wiser than he came, yet he is a man of very wide resources, and quite unscrupulous. That is why I have spoken thus fully."

Perceiving by the Duke's concluding gesture that my audience was at an end I promised to be on my guard against possible obstruction on the part of Schwartzroder, and bowed myself out. To a man of my temperament the suspicion of danger foreshadowed by the Minister's remarks added zest to the errand, and I prepared for the journey with unusually pleasant anticipation.

As soon as I regained my rooms I summoned my man Curtis and told him that I had to go to Paris by the night mail that leaves Charing Cross at nine o'clock. Curtis, an old soldier who had served in my troop, was absolutely reliable, and I took him so far into my confidence as to hint that the red box contained papers of great importance, which it would be necessary to guard very closely. Bidding him lock the outer door of the suite I myself took care of the box while he packed my "Gladstone." When he had got everything ready for my departure it was nearly seven o'clock, and I left him in charge of the box with strict injunctions not to let it out of his sight and to lock himself in, while I went and got some dinner at the club.

All my preparations being made I timed my return to the Albany so as to allow only a few minutes before it would be necessary to start for the station. I let myself in with my latch-key and found Curtis, as I had expected, doing sentry-go round the table on which reposed the despatch-box.

"Get me a hansom," I said as I entered. "Has anybody called?"

"Only a messenger from the Foreign Office, sir," was the reply. "He brought this note about an hour ago."

Tearing open the envelope which he handed me I read as follows—

"My Dear Captain Melgund,

"Since our official interview this afternoon I have learned that my niece, Lady Alicia Davenant, is to proceed to Paris by to-night's mail. It seems that her mother, the Countess of Willesden, who had been going with her, has been commanded by Her Majesty to dine and sleep at Windsor to-morrow, and my niece has been thus deprived of her escort. May I under these circumstances trespass on your kindness in a private capacity to take care of Lady Alicia *en route*. Relying on your good nature I have informed Lady Willesden that she had better take her daughter to Charing Cross and deliver her into your keeping in time for the mail-train.

"Yours faithfully,

"Selhurst."

The body of the letter was typewritten on Foreign Office paper, and the signature was in the well-known bold hand of the Secretary of State. As I finished reading it Curtis came back and reported that the cab was waiting.

"Did you recognize the man who brought this note?" I inquired of him.

"Yes, sir; leastways he wore the Foreign Office uniform—they're all pretty much alike," was the reply.

There was still three minutes to spare, and going to the telephone I rang up the Duke's private address. Paper can be stolen and signatures forged. I had no doubt it was all right, but with the warning about Schwartzroder fresh in my mind I thought it would be as well to verify the credentials of my travelling companion. This, as it happened, I was unable to do. The person who came to the telephone was the Duke's butler. He informed me that the family was dining out, and that the private secretary, who might have known something of the matter, was also not in the house.

There was no time to ring up the Duke at the place where he was dining, so tucking the despatch-box under my arm I went down to the cab, said good-bye to Curtis, and told the driver to whip up for Charing Cross. On the whole I was well pleased at the prospect of this interesting charge, for I had often heard Poindexter speak of his cousin's vivacious beauty, and I promised myself a good time—as good a time, that is to say, as would be compatible with keeping a vigilant eye on the red box and all strange fellow-travellers.

As my hansom drew up under the portico I remembered that I knew neither the Countess of Willesden nor her daughter by sight. In this there was nothing derogatory to me as a man about town moving in the inner social circle, for Lady Alicia was very young and had not yet been presented, while her mother had rarely appeared in public since the death of the Earl in an Alpine accident three years before. Still it was disconcerting to think that I might miss the opportunity of obliging my official chief, for my duty had to be performed before everything, and I had no time to hunt a couple of unknown women among the crowd of passengers thronging into the booking-office.

I might have spared myself the brief anxiety. I had scarcely paid the cab-man and given my bag to a porter when a smart brougham drew into the place which my cab had occupied and an alert footman jumped down to hold the door for two ladies to alight. The first to descend was a stately woman of fifty ; the trim, tailor-clad figure that followed her from the carriage was that of a young girl in her teens. I had hardly had time for conjecture when the elder woman, after a blank glance round, came straight up to me and put out her hand.

"It is Captain Melgund, is it not?" she began eagerly. "Ah! I thought so—by the despatch-box. How fortunate that I noticed it. I am Lady Willesden, whom I dare say you are inwardly anathematizing for saddling you with a tiresome girl. Alicia, come and be introduced to your escort."

Of course, I protested with perfect sincerity that Lady Alicia was anything but a tiresome girl, and I mentally added that she was certainly a very pretty one. Never for the life of me can I regard feminine beauty without showing my admiration, and the coquettish flash with which she answered my boldly approving glance restored to me my self-respect. I had begun to resent the Duke's selection of me for escort to this comely maiden as an insulting suggestion that he considered me a fogey, but what mattered that if she herself had already reckoned me up from a more sensible point of view? I did not *look* more than forty, at any rate.

Professing a dread of the draughts of the station, Lady Willesden said good-bye to her daughter, and drove away. I had my own Foreign Office pass, but as it was necessary to take a ticket for Lady Alicia there was not much time to spare when we reached the barrier of the departure platform. Having got so far, however, there was no fear of the train starting without us, for the railway officials knew me by sight, and the inspector at once shouted to the guard that a Queen's Messenger was coming.

"And wants a carriage to himself, Bill!" he added, passing on the request which I was prompted to make, of course, by a conscientious desire to safeguard my despatches.

To my satisfaction I saw the guard, after looking into one or two compartments, grab the handle of a door about the middle of the train and hold it open. At the same moment I caught a glimpse of two men, who had been standing on the platform, stepping into a carriage farther towards the front of the train. One of them was without doubt the Foreign Minister's visitor of the afternoon, and I recognized that there was every need for precaution. The Baron Schwartzroder had evidently been waiting for my arrival, and having satisfied him-

self that I was on the train had seated himself. A man of the qualities ascribed to him by the Duke would have had no difficulty in identifying me, even had such a well-known figure as myself been strange to him till that day. So much for his resourcefulness! Where was the unscrupulousness mentioned by the Duke to come in?

The guard blew his whistle as he shut the door on us, and reflecting that Schwartzroder was not built for tempting the foot-board of an express train I dismissed him from present considerations. He might contemplate some game on the boat, or in France; but that first-class compartment was a desert island into which he could not penetrate. All I had to do just then was to make Lady Alicia comfortable in the corner-seat which she had chosen. The window down—about half-way—was all she wanted, and needless to say she had it.

I seated myself opposite to her, with the despatch-box at my side, between me and the outer wall of the carriage. For a time she prattled with a pretty air of childish innocence about the delights of a first visit to Paris, the dissipated shopping she was to indulge in, the dear cousins—"the Wynters of Wynter Court, don't you know"—with whom she was going to stay. Yet, though her talk was the merest girly-girly trash, her fine eyes made play all the time, and she had quite an old stager's trick of emphasizing her points with little gasping sighs. I never was so happy in my life.

Suddenly, as we whisked through Sevenoaks, she said: "What a nice dressing-case that is! Why do you keep your elbow on it so? I believe you've got your monogram on it, and you don't want me to know what your initials are."

"My dear Lady Alicia! What would your uncle say to that!" I exclaimed. "This is not a dressing-case, though it sometimes gives the enemies of the country a good dressing-down. It is the Foreign Office despatch-box, which I shall always bless as the prime cause of getting you entrusted to my care."

"How delightfully interesting," purred my fair *vis-a-vis*. I do wish you would let me look at it closer."

"By all means! Take it on to your lap and inspect it thoroughly," I assented. And, fired with the quaint conceit of letting this dainty butterfly carry, if only for a few yards, the menace which England was hurling at France, I took the box from my side and passed it over to her. Strangely enough, instead of the gleam of pleasure that I looked for, a shade of disappointment flitted across her face.

"What's that chain for?" she asked, pointing to a steel chain with which I had attached the box to my waist after the fashion of bank-clerks "on the walk," and which now that she held the box formed a glittering link between us. I was rather taken aback, for I had a nice touch of sentiment at the tip of my tongue anent that same link. "The chain is for the greater security of the box—to prevent bad people getting it away from me," I explained.

"But you will detach the chain for *me* to examine the box? See! I can hardly turn it round because of the horrid thing," pleaded Lady Alicia sweetly.

"I cannot do that, even for you," I replied; and why I did so I know not, but by some curious intuition I glanced at the half-open window. Her colour deepened a little, but whether with annoyance at my refusal, or because she fathomed the mental process that directed that glance, I have never been able to decide. She handed the box back to me without a word, and for some minutes sat silent. Then with a ringing laugh she went off at score into a fresh subject, and was altogether so charming that I was heartily ashamed of the wavelet of suspicion that had rippled over my senses.

I found still greater cause to be ashamed a little later in the journey. Nothing of importance occurred on the boat, nor did Schwartzroder and his companion make any attempt to approach us, though I more than once suprised their eyes upon me. But at

Calais Pier station, just as I was congratulating myself on have secured a *coupé* to ourselves, and Lady Alicia on looking as fresh as paint after the sea passage, she gave a little cry of alarm and pointed to the door of the compartment. There stood the Baron Schwartzroder in the act of turning the handle, and over his shoulder peered the sinister face of his companion.

"Oh, keep those dreadful men out, do, Captain Melgund," blurted my little charge. "I am sure they are foreigners."

On my own account as well as hers I was prepared to contest the right of entry as, I flatter myself, an Irish soldier and gentleman knew how. But there was no need for action.

"The young lady allows her insular prejudice to vanquish her politeness," said the Baron in perfect English and bowing low. "She may rest assured that we have no desire to intrude."

The pair went away to another carriage, though I took his disclaimer for what it was worth, attributing his hasty flight to my resolute demeanour and my soldiery eye. One thing, however, was proved incontestably by the brief *contretemps*. That sweet rosebud opposite was certainly not in collusion with the enemies of the box, and that I could have thought it possible struck me as so ridiculous that I registered a vow to make atonement by telling the story against myself. How the Duke, to say nothing of Poindexter, would laugh at their young relative being taken for such a marplot as that!

I have to confess that thenceforward I abandoned myself to the delights of the situation. These things are all a matter of temperament, and I could no more help making love to that girl than in the old days I could have helped drawing my sword in the presence of the foe. Any one who knows me knows also that I am no coxcomb, and if it had not a bearing on the story that I am telling I should not divulge the secret that I made an impression. Before the train stopped at Abbeville I had kissed Lady Alicia's hand; as we steamed clear of the station lights at Amiens I kissed her on the lips; when the engine clanked to a standstill in the *Gare du Nord* it cut short the plans we were making for the honeymoon at Rome.

And then suddenly we found ourselves on the platform with present plans all in a tangle. I had been too busy to ask Lady Alicia to what address she was bound, and I had my duty to attend to. True, the despatches need not reach the Ambassador before ten o'clock, and it was but half-past five; but it was my usual practice to convey the red box to the Embassy, and deliver it into the custody of the night-porter before going to my hotel. And on this occasion it was desirable that the box should be at the Embassy at the earliest moment. The sight of Schwartzroder and his familiar hurrying to the exit reminded me of that.

Lady Alicia herself supplied the key to the puzzle. We had wandered to the luggage-van to pick out the big dress-basket that was her only baggage.

"What is to become of poor me?" she said plaintively. "It is too bad of the Wynters not to have met me. I suppose I shall have to find my way to the Rue Jacques Favart all by myself."

The Rue Jacques Favart was on the direct route to the Embassy, and I was prompt with my proposal—

"You will do nothing of the kind. I will drop you at your friends' house on my way to the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré."

"*Dear* Jocelyn!" she murmured.

It was not yet six o'clock, and the drive through the deserted streets in the stillness of the fresh spring morning was all too short. It seemed that but two minutes had passed when Lady Alicia put her well-gloved hand on my arm and whispered—

"The driver is pulling up, and—yes—that is the house. We must say good-bye now, but you *will* call soon, won't you?"

It was too true. The driver had

checked his horse before an old-fashioned courtyard, the iron gates of which stood open. He was about to drive in when my fair companion hastily bade me stop him.

"The noise of the wheels would disturb Mrs. Wynter, and she is an invalid," she exclaimed. "I will get out here and call some one to carry in my dress-basket."

Of course I alighted too, and accompanied her to the lodge of the concierge, where, however, repeated knocking and ringing failed to bring a response. Lady Alicia began to get angry.

"This is a cold welcome for Lady Willesden's daughter; I shan't like the Wynters after this. I am so tired," she pouted.

"Let us put them to shame," I said. "If you will take one handle I will take the other, and we will carry the basket to the house-door ourselves. I cannot manage it single-handed because of the despatch-box."

"What a splendid notion!" she cried, clapping her hands childishly. "They will hardly dare look me in the face."

We soon had the dress-basket off the cab, and after bidding the driver wait for me, I helped my charmer with all the power of my unoccupied arm. The house-door stood open, and as we crossed the paved courtyard I argued from that fact that there was a good reason for the absence of the concierge from his lodge. He had gone to attend to some duty in the house.

A flight of steps led up to the door, and I suggested that we should deposit the luggage at the foot, and ring the house-bell. But my companion's consideration for her unworthy hostess overruled me.

"We ought to forgive those that ill-treat us," said Lady Alicia sweetly. "Help me carry it into the house, and then you can run away before any one comes. It will serve them right to think that I have lugged the thing in myself."

Being of the same mind I assented gaily, and together we got the unwieldy basket up the steps into the hall. I was about to make a remark on the dinginess of the furniture, thinking that it would suit the girl's mood, when a man who had been hiding behind the door banged it shut, and three others coming from rooms on either side covered me with revolvers. The pretty little decoy ran laughing down the passage and disappeared, leaving a brave soldier and honest gentleman in some embarrassment. It does credit to my nerve and freedom from vanity that I grasped the situation at once. "Lady Alicia," was a fraud, and had got me in the toils for the base purposes of her employers.

As to who they were I was not long in doubt. In the first man to address me I recognized the travelling companion of Baron Schwartzroder.

"Walk into this room, sir, if you please," said the scoundrel with mock politeness. "We shall not detain you long, but I warn you that resistance will be fatal. And you, Pierre, go and pay the cabman and bring in the gentleman's bag."

A really brave man does not throw his life away without a recompense, and perceiving that my captor was in earnest I yielded to his demand. The room in which I found myself was even dingier than the hall, and convinced me that an unoccupied house had been specially taken for the exploit, doubtless by telegraphic communication with some Parisian confederate over night. It was not reassuring to see that the two windows had been boarded up.

The spokesman, and evil-looking brute with a goatee beard and ferrety eyes, had preceded me. Three others—hired ruffians all of them by their endeavours to look fierce—trooped in behind. Though they went through a lot of stage business with their weapons, I was not impressed by their obvious struggles to earn their money, but he who had come with Schwartzroder from England struck me as quietly dangerous. He did not flourish his pistol like the other, but I could tell

by the grip of his fingers on the stock that he was quite prepared to use it if necessary. I believe that it was only that man's oily calm that prevented me from relieving his colleagues of their revolvers and walking out into the street after giving them a sound drubbing.

So far I had been too angry for words, but now I found speech. I forget what I said, but it was something not very original about their having to pay for the outrage.

The spokesman shrugged his shoulders. "I think not," he said. "But believe me, sir, that we greatly regret the personal inconvenience to yourself—an inconvenience which you can terminate this moment if you choose to leave that despatch-box here, and report that it was stolen from you, or that you dropped it overboard accidentally on the voyage"

My reply was one that in cold blood I do not care to write.

"Then in that case there is another alternative—equally effective for our purpose," proceeded the fellow. "We shall simply detain you here till after the Bourse is closed this afternoon, when you will be free to depart, unmolested, and taking your box with you. It will then be too late for your despatches to injure those with whom I am interested."

"Yes, the Baron Schwartzroder and his gang of sharks!" I retorted. "They may save their money, but I will promise that they shan't save their skins—after this outrage on Her Majesty's Messenger. I will see to it that residence, let alone stock-jobbing, is impossible for them in any European capital in future."

I saw at once that I had made a grave mistake. The man's eyes blinked at me, and he seemed to go all to pieces, but only for a moment. Instantly he braced himself, and became more deadly smooth than ever.

"That alters the case altogether, and may make a sad difference to you," he replied. "I must go and consult my principal, who is not a man to allow little obstacles to stand in his way. 'What is a Queen's Messenger more or less when millions are at stake?' That is what he will say, my friend, when he learns that you are aware of his identity."

He waved his hands to the others, and covering me with their pistols to the last they retreated from the room, locking and double-locking the door upon me. Matters had become suddenly serious, for if ever human eyes threatened murder, those of the goatee-bearded man did as he backed towards the door. And that Schwartzroder would take the same view I was fully persuaded from the Duke's description, Europe was honeycombed with his financial operations, and he would hardly let the whole system collapse for want of jabbing a knife into the man who could ruin him.

If I could have sold my life dearly, with some prospect of success, I would have sailed in with a light heart; but I was unarmed, and trapped like a rat. I tried the windows and the door, only to find that without tools the thick boards of the former and the massive locks of the latter were impregnable. To have called out for help up at that lonely courtyard would have been mere waste of breath. For an hour I tramped up and down my cage, racking my brains for means of escape, and the more eager for it as there was yet plenty of time to deliver the despatches by the appointed hour. Human nature is strong, and I did not set so much store now on duty, I fear, as on upsetting Schwartzroder.

The masterly rapidity with which the Baron had laid his plans compelled a sort of chagrined admiration, and saved me from self-reproach. It consoled me to think that my half-formed instinct, caused by the girl's behaviour at Sevenoaks, was right. I had now no doubt that but for the chain she would have dropped the box from the window to a confederate waiting by the line, trusting to her wits to persuade me that it was an accident. In the event of this plan failing, the duplicate one of inveigling me into the house in the Rue Jacques Favart had

been devised, the pretty little drama of the repelled intrusion at Calais being a carefully prepared "effect" designed to inspire me with fresh confidence. That this alternate scheme had succeeded was, I felt, a tribute rather to my fulness of heart than to lack of brain. I would have defied any man to have withstood that little witch's start of horror, and her natural appeal to me, on the appearance of the Baron and his companion at the door of the *coupé*. As for the twentieth time I struggled vainly to wrench down the tough boards at the window, I told myself that it was really the girl who had beaten me, and that I would rather owe my discomfiture to her than to a greasy German-Jew financier backed by hired bullies. At any rate, defeat at her hands would not have been without its compensations.

Suddenly there came a fumbling at the lock, and "Lady Alicia Davenant" stole in, softly closing the door behind her. Worried as I was I could not fail to notice the change in her—from the impudent hussy who ran laughing down the passage after her dirty work was done, to a trembling, anxious woman.

"They mean to kill you," she whispered. "I heard them talking just now. But I can save you if you will promise not to put the police on to us. I have sent the fool who was guarding the door away by a trick. Will you promise?"

"Yes," I said, "but I don't understand. I was under the impression that I owed my trouble to you, *Lady Alicia*!"

"So you did," she said, "only don't call me by that horrid name, please. My own doesn't matter; I am a person of no account. Schwartzroder employs all sorts of queer people, and I am one of them—like the sham Countess of Willesden, and the Foreign Office Messenger, you know. But I draw the line at murder."

"Who is the man with the beard and the nasty way with him?" I asked.

"He is my father," said the girl, with a little shudder. "He is a secret agent of Schwartzroder's for—for such jobs as this. Do be quick!"

"But why should you risk their anger for me?" I protested. "You seemed to relish your part throughout the journey."

She half sighed, and her lips quivered. "It was all right as long as you were to be let go unhurt," she said. "But I thought I should have died when I heard that they had altered their minds. You see—you see," she faltered, "it was all in the way of business at first, but you made love so nicely I—I couldn't bear harm to come to you through me. Now you *must* hurry. Your 'Gladstone' is still in the hall, and I am quite clever enough to prove that I tried to stop your escape."

Two minutes later I was out in the sunshine, with my despatch-box safe under my arm. As I threaded my way along the now teeming street to the nearest cab-stand I reflected that, despite my recent adventure, there was not so much in Poindexter's advice to "'ware the women" as first met the eye. Certainly I had got into a bit of a mess through one, but my "way with the sex," as my friend called it, had speedily got me out again.

If I had not really touched the heart of the little adventuress it might have gone badly with me; as it was I had my nice ways to thank for my safety a deal more, I fear, than the resourcefulness of which Poindexter had made so much.

That morning the ultimatum was duly presented, and later France climbed down. But not that day or the next, or indeed before there had been such a fall in prices on every 'Change in Europe that Schwartzroder must have lost millions; and that was revenge enough for me.

Not only had I given "Lady Alicia" my promise, but it would have been a little awkward to have had to explain how nearly, and by what method, the Red Box had been imperilled.

PERIL II. WILL APPEAR NEXT MONTH.

A Maid of Many Moods



By **Virna Sheard**

IT was Christmas Eve, and all the small diamond window panes of One Tree Inn, the half-way house upon the road from Stratford to Shottery, were aglitter with light from the great fire in the front room chimney-place and from the many candles Mistress Debora had set in their brass candlesticks and started a-burning herself. The place, usually so dark and quiet at this time of night, seemed to have gone off in a whirligig of gaiety to celebrate the Noel-tide.

In vain had old Marjorie, the housekeeper, scolded. In vain had Master Thornbury, who was of a thrifty and saving nature, followed his daughter about and expostulated. She only laughed and waved the lighted end of the long spill around his broad red face and bright flowered jerkin.

"Nay, Dad!" she had cried, teasing him thus, "I'll help thee save thy pennies to-morrow, but to-night I'm of another mind, and will have such a lighting up in One Tree Inn the rustics will come running from Coventry to see if it be really ablaze. There'll not be a candle in any room whatever without it's own little feather of fire, not a dip in the kitchen left dark! So just save thy breath to blow them out later."

"Thou'lt light no more I tell thee!" blustered the old fellow, trying to reach the spill which the girl held high above her head. "Give over thy foolishness; thou'lt light no more!"

"Ay, but I will, then," said she wilfully, "an' 'tis but just to welcome Darby, Dad dear. Nay, then," waving the light and laughing, "don't thou dare catch it. An' I touch thy fringe o' pretty hair, dad—thy only ornament, remember—'twould be a fearsome calamity! I' faith! it must be most time for the coach, an' the clusters in the long room not yet lit. Hinder me no more, but go enjoy thyself with old Saddler and John Sevenoakes. I warrant the posset is o'erdone, though I cautioned thee not to leave it."

"Thou art a wench to break a man's heart," said Thornbury, backing away and shaking a finger at the pretty figure winding fiery ribbons and criss-crosses with her bright-tipped wand. "Thou art a saucy wench, who doth need locking up and feeding on bread and water. Marry, there'll be naught for thee on Christmas, and thou canst whistle for the ruff and silver buckles I meant to have given thee. Aye, an' for the shoes with red heels." Then with dignity, "I'll snuff out some o' the candles soon as I go below."

"An' thou do, dad, I'll make thee a day o' trouble on the morrow!" she called after him. And well he knew she would. Therefore, it was with a disturbed mind that he entered the sitting room and went towards the hearth to stir the simmering contents of the big copper pot on the crane.

John Sevenoakes and old Ned Saddler, his nearest neighbours and friends, sat one each side of the fire in their deep rush-bottomed chairs, as they sat at least five nights out of the week, come what weather would. Sevenoakes held a small child, whose yellow, curly head nodded with sleep. The hot wine bubbled up as the innkeeper stirred it and the little spiced apples, brown with cloves, bobbed madly on top.

"It hath a savoury smell, Thornbury," remarked Saddler. "Methinks 'tis most ready to be lifted."

"'Twill not be lifted till Deb hears the coach," answered Sevenoakes. "'Twas so she timed it. 'On it goes at nine,' quoth she, 'an' off it comes at ten, Cousin John. Just when Darby will be jumping from the coach an' running in. Oh! I can't wait for the hour to come!' she says."

"She's a headstrong, contrary wench as ever heaven sent a man," put in Thornbury, straightening himself. "'Twere trouble saved an' I'd broken her in long ago."

"'Twas she broke thee in long ago," said Saddler, smiling and rubbing his knotty hands. "She hath led thee by the ear since she was three years old. An' I had married now, an' had such a lass, I'd a brought her up different, I warrant. Zounds! 'tis a show to see. She coaxes thee, she bullies thee, she comes it over thee with cajolery and blandishments an' leads thee a pretty dance."

"Thou art an old fool," returned Thornbury, mopping his face, which was sorely scorched. "What should thou know of the bringing up of wenches? Thou—a crabbed bachelor o' three score an' odd."

Sevenoakes trotted the baby gently up and down, a look of troubled apprehension disturbing his usually placid features. His was ever the office of peace-maker between these two ancient cronies, and he knew to a nicety the moment when it was wisest to try and adjust matters.

"'Tis well I mind the night this baby came," he began retrospectively, looking up as the door opened and a tall young fellow entered, stamping the snow off his long boots. "Marry, Nick! thou dost bring a lot o' cold in with thee," he ended briskly, shifting his chair. "Any news o' the coach?"

"None that I've heard," replied the man, going to the hearth and turning his broad back to the fire. "'Tis a still night, still and frosty, but no sound of the horn or wheels reached me though I stood a-listening at the cross-roads. Then I turned down here an' saw how grandly thou had'st lit the house up to welcome Darby. My faith! I'll be glad to see him, for 'tis an' age since he was home, Master Thornbury, an' he comes now in high feather. Not every lad hath wit and good looks enough to turn the head o' London after him. The stage is a great place for bringing a man out. Egad! I'm half minded to try it myself."

"I doubt not thou wilt, Nick, sooner or later; thou art a jack-o'-all-trades," answered Thornbury, in surly tones.

Nicholas Berwick laughed lightly and shrugged his well-set shoulders, as he bent over and touched the child sleeping sweetly in old Sevenoakes' arms.

"What was't I heard thee saying o' the baby as I came in; he is not ailing, surely?"

"Not he!" answered Sevenoakes, stroking the moist yellow curls. "He's lusty as a year-old robin, an' as chirpy when he's awake, but he's in the land o' nod now, though his will was good to wait up for Darby like the rest of us."

"He's a rarely beautiful little lad," said Berwick. "I've asked Deb about him often, but she will tell me naught."

"I warrant she will na," piped up old Ned Saddler, in his reedy voice. "I warrant she will na; 'tis no tale for a young maid to be repeating. Beshrew me! but the coach be late," he wound up irrelevantly.

"How came the child here?" persisted the young fellow, knocking back a red log with his foot. "An' it be such a tale as you hint, Saddler, I doubt not it's hard to keep it from slipping off thy tongue."

"'Tis a tale that slips off some tongue whenever this time o' year comes," answered Thornbury. "I desire no more Christmas Eves like that one four years back. We were around the hearth as it might be now, and a grand yule log we had burning, I mind me; the room was trimmed gay an' fine with holly an' mistletoe as 'tis to-night. Saddler was there, Sevenoakes just where he be now, an' Deb sitting a-dreaming on the black oak settle yonder, the way she often sits, her chin on her hand—you mind Nick!"

"Ay!" said the man smiling.

"She wore her hair down then," went on Thornbury, "an' a sight it were to see."

"'Twere red as fox-fire," interrupted Saddler, aggrieved that the tale-telling had been taken from him. "When thou start'st off on Deb, Thornbury, thou know'st not where to bring up."

"An' Deb was sitting yonder on the oak settle," continued the innkeeper calmly.

"An' she had *not* lit the house up that year as 'tis now—for Darby was home," put in Saddler again.

"Ay! Darby was home—an' thou away Nick—but the lad was worriting to try his luck on the stage in London, an' all on account o' a play little Judith Shakespeare lent him. I mind me 'twas rightly named, 'The Pleasant History o' the Taming o' a Shrew,' for most of it he read aloud to us. Ay, Darby was home, an' we were sitting here as it might be now when the door burst open an' in come my lad carrying a bit of a baby muffled top an' toe in a shepherd's plaid. 'Twas crying pitiful and hoarse, as it had been long in the night wind.

"'Quick, Dad!' called Darby, 'Quick,' handing the bundle to Deb, 'there be a woman perished of cold not thirty yards from the house.'

"I tramped out after him saying naught. 'Twas a bitter night an' the road rang like metal under our feet. The country was silver-white with snow, an' the sky was sown thick with stars. Darby'd hastened on ahead an' raised the wench up in his arms, but I just took her from him an' carried her in myself. Marry! she were not much more to lift than a child.

"We laid her near the fire and forced her to drink some hot sherry sack. Then she opened her eyes wild, raised herself and looked around in a sort o' terror, while she cried out for the baby. Deb brought it, an' the lass seemed content, for she smiled an' fell back on the pillow holding a bit of the shepherd's plaid tight in her blue fingers.

"She was dressed in fashion of the Puritans, with kirtle of sad-coloured homespun. The only bright thing about her was her hair, and that curled out of the white coif she wore, golden as ripe corn.

"Well-a-day! I sent quickly for Mother Durley, she who only comes to a house when there be a birth or a death. I knew how 'twould end for there was a look on the little wench's face that comes but once. She lived till break o' day and part o' the time she raved, an' then 'twas all o' London an' one she would go to find there; but, again she just lay quiet, staring open-eyed. At the last she came to herself, so said Mother Durley, an' there was the light of reason on her face. 'Twas then she beckoned Deb who was sitting by to bend down close, and she whispered something to her, though what 'twas we never knew, for my girl said naught—and even as she spoke the end came.

"Soul o' me! but we were at our wits' end to know what to do. Where she came from and who she was there was no telling, an' Deb raised such a storm when I spoke o' her being buried by the parish, that 'twas not to be thought of. One an' another came in to gaze at the little creature till the inn was nigh full. I bethought me 'twould mayhap serve to discover whom she might be. And so it fell. A lumbering yeoman passing through to Oxford stood looking at her a moment as she lay dressed the way we found her in the sad-coloured gown an' white coif.

"'Why! Od's pitikins!' he cried.

'Marry an' Amen! This be none but Nell Quinten! Old Makepeace Quinten's daughter from near Kenilworth. I'd a known her anywhere!'

"Then I bid Darby ride out to bring the Puritan in all haste, but he had the devil's work to get the man to come. The lass had shamed him he said, and he had turned her out months before. She was no daughter o' his he swore—with much quoting o' Scripture to prove he was justified in disowning her.

"Darby argued with him gently to small purpose; so my lad let his temper have way an' told the fellow he'd come to take him to One Tree Inn, an' *would* take him there dead or alive. The upshot was, they came in together before nightfall. The little wench was in truth the old Puritan's daughter, and he took her home an' buried her. But for the child, he'd not touch it.

"'Tis a living lie!' he cried. 'Tis branded by Satan as his own! Give it to the Parish or to them that wants it, or marry, let it bide here! 'Tis a proper place for it in good sooth, for this be a public house where sinful drinking goeth on an' all worldly conversation. Moreover I saw one Master William Shakespeare pass out the door but now—a play actor, an' the maker o' ungodly plays. 'Twas such a one who wrought my Nell's ruin!'

"So he went on an' more o' the sort. Egad! I had the will to horsewhip him, an' but for the little dead maid I would. I clenched my hands hard and watched him away; he sitting stiff atop o' Stratford hearse by the driver. Thus he took his leave, calling back at me bits o' Holy Writ," finished Thornbury grimly.

"And Debora told naught of what the girl said at the last?" asked Nicholas Berwick. "That doth seem strange."

"Never a word lad, beyond this much—she prayed her to care for the child till his father be found."

"By St. George! but that was no modest request. What had'st thou to say in the matter? Did'st take the heaven-sent Christmas box in good part, Master Thornbury?"

"Nay, Nick! thou should know him some better than to ask that," said Saddler. "Gadzooks, there were scenes! 'Twas like Thornbury to grandfather a stray infant now, was't not?" rubbing his knees and chuckling. "Marry! I think I see the face he wore for a full month. 'Twill go to the Parish!' he would cry, stamping around and speaking words 'twould pass me to repeat. 'Here be a kettle of fish! Why should the wench fall at *my* door in heaven's name? Egad! I am a much-put-upon man.' Ay, Nick, 'twas a marvellous rare treat to hear him."

"How came you to keep the child, sir?" asked Berwick, gravely.

The innkeeper shrugged his shoulders. "'Twas Deb would have it so," he answered. "Thou knowest her way, Nick, when her heart is bent on anything. Peradventure, I have humoured the lass too much, as Saddler maintains. But she coaxed and she cried, an' never did I see her cry so before, such a storm o' tears—save for rage," reflectively.

"Well put!" said Saddler. "Well put, Thornbury!"

"Ever had she wished for just such a one to pet, she pleaded, an' well I knew no small child came in sight o' the inn, but Deb was after it for a plaything. Nay, there never was a stray beast about the place, that it did not find her and follow her close, knowing 'twould be best off so.

"Well do I mind her cuffing a big lad she found drowning some day-old kittens in the stable—and he minds it yet I'll gainsay! She fished out the blind wet things, an' gathering them in her quilted petticoat brought them in here a-dripping. I' fecks! she made such a moan over them as never was."

"Ay, Deb always has a following o' ugly, ill-begotten beasts that nobody wants but she," said Sevenoakes. "There be old Tramp for one now—did'st ever see such an ill-favoured beast? An' nowhere will he sit but fair on the edge o' her gown."

"He is a dog of rare discernment—and a lucky dog to boot," said Berwick.

"So, the outcome of it, Master Thornbury, was that the little lad is here."

"What could a man do?" answered Thornbury, ruefully. "Hark!" starting up as the old housekeeper entered the room, "Where be the lass, Marjorie? An' the candles—are they burning safe?"

"Safe, but growing to the half length," she answered, peering out of the window. "The coach must a-got overtipped, Maister?"

"Where be Deb—I asked thee?"

"Soul o' me! then if thou must know, Mistress Debora hath just taken the great stable lantern and gone along the road to meet the coach. 'An' thou dost tell my father I'll pinch thee, Marjorie!' she cried back to me. 'When I love thee—I love thee; an' when I pinch—I pinch! So tell him not.' But 'tis over late an' I would have it off my mind, Maister," ended the woman.

"Did Tramp go with her?" asked Berwick, buttoning on his great cape and starting for the door.

"Od's pitikens, yes! an' she be safe enow. Thou'lt see the lantern bobbing long before thou com'st up with her."

"'Tis a wench to break a man's heart!" Thornbury muttered, standing at the door and watching the tall figure of Berwick swing along the road.

The innkeeper waited there oblivious of the fact that a light snow was powdering his scanty fringe of hair—white already—and lying in sparkles on his bald pate and holiday jerkin. He was a hardy old Englishman and a little cold was nought to him.

The night was frosty and the "starbitten" sky of a deep fathomless purple. About the inn the snow was tinted rosily from the many twinkling lights within.

The great oak, standing opposite the open door and stretching out its kindly arms on either side as far as the house reached, made a network of shadows that carpeted the ground like fine lace.

Thornbury bent his head to listen. Far off sounded the ripple of a girl's laugh. A little wind caught it up and it echoed—fainter—fainter. Then did his old heart take to thumping hard, and his breath came quick.

"Ay! they be coming!" he said half aloud. "My lad—an' lass. My lad—an' lass." He strained his eyes to see afar down the road if a light might not be swaying from side to side. Presently he spied it, a merry will-o'-the-wisp, and the sound of voices came to him.

So he waited tremblingly.

Darby it was who saw him first.

"'Tis Dad at the door!" he called, breaking away from Debora and Berwick.

The girl took a step to follow, then stopped and glanced up at the man beside her. "Let him go on alone, Nick," she said. "He hath not seen Dad close onto two years, an' this play-acting of his hath been a bitter dose for my father to swallow. In good sooth I have small patience with Dad, yet more am I sorry for him. I' faith! I would that maidens might also be in the play. Judith Shakespeare says some day they may be—but 'twill serve me little. One of us at that business is all Dad could bear with—an' my work is at home."

"Ah, Deb!" he answered; "thy work is at home, for now."

"For always," she answered, quickly; then, her tone changing, "think'st thou not, Nick, that my Darby is taller? An' did'st note how handsome?"

"He is a handsome fellow," answered Berwick. "Still, I cannot see that he hath grown, Deb. He will not be of large pattern."

"Marry!" cried the girl, "Darby is a good head taller than I. Where dost thou keep thine eyes, Nick?"

"Nay, verily then he is not," answered the other; "thou art almost shoulder to shoulder, an' still as much alike—I saw by the lantern—as of old, when save for thy dress 'twas a puzzle to say which was which. 'Tis a reasonable likeness as thou art twins."

Debora pursed up her rosy lips.

"He is much taller than I," she said, determinedly. "Thou art no friend o' mine, Nicholas Berwick, an' thou dost cut three full inches off my brother's height. He is a head taller, an' mayhap more—so."

They were drawing up to the inn now, and through the window saw the little group about the fire, Darby with the baby, who was fully awake, perched high on his shoulder.

Berwick caught Deb gently, swinging her close to him, as they stood thus in the shadow of the oak.

"Ah, Deb!" he said, bending his face to hers, "thou could'st make me swear that black was white. As for Darby, the lad is as tall as thou dost desire. Thou hast my word for't."

"'Tis well thou dost own it," she said, frowning, "though I like not the manner o' it. Let me go, Nick."

"Nay, I will not," he said, passionately. "Ah, Deb, be kind; give me one kiss for Christmas. I know thou hast no love for me; thou hast told me so often enough. I will not tarry here, Sweet; 'twould madden me—but give me one kiss to remember when I be gone."

She turned away and shook her head.

"Thou know'st me better than to ask it," she said, softly. "Kisses are not things to give because 'tis Christmas."

The man let go his hold of her, his handsome face darkening.

"Dost hate me?" he asked.

"Nay, then, I hate thee not," with a little toss of her head. "Neither do I love thee."

"Dost love any other? Come, tell me, Sweet. An' I thought so!"

"Marry, no!" she said. Then with a short, half-checked laugh, "Well—Prithee but one!"

"Ah!" cried Berwick, "is't so?"

"Verily," she answered mockingly. "It is so in truth, an' 'tis just Dad. As for Darby, I cannot tell what I feel for *him*. 'Twould be full as easy to say were I to put it to myself, 'Dost love Debora Thornbury?' 'Yea' or 'Nay,' for, Heaven knows, sometimes I love her mightily—and sometimes I don't; an' then 'tis a fearsome '*don't*,' Nick. But come thee in."

"No!" answered Berwick, bitterly. "I am not one of you." Catching her little hands he held them a moment against his coat, and the girl felt the heavy beating of his heart before he let them fall, and strode away.

She stood on the step looking after the solitary figure. Her cheeks burned, and she tapped her foot impatiently on the threshold.

"Ever it doth end thus," she said. "I am not one of you," echoing his tone. "In good sooth no. Neither is old Ned Saddler or dear John Sevenoakes. We be but three; just Dad, an' Darby, an' Deb." Then, another thought coming to her. "Nay *four* when I count little Dorian. Little Dorian, sweet lamb,—an' so I will count him till I find his father."

A shade went over her face but vanished as she entered the room.

"I have given thee time to take a long look at Darby, Dad," she cried. "Is't not good to have him at home?" slipping one arm around her brother's throat and leaning her head against him.

"Where be the coach, truant?" asked Saddler.

"It went round by the Bidford road—there was no other traveller for us. Marry, I care not for coaches nor travellers now I have Darby safe here! See Dad, he hath become a fine gentleman. Did'st note how grand he is in his manner, an' what a rare tone his voice hath taken?"

The handsome boy flushed a little and gave a half embarrassed laugh.

"Nay, Debora, I have not changed; 'tis thy fancy. My doublet hath a London cut and is of different stuff from any seen hereabout, and my hose and boots fit—which could not be said of them in olden times. This fashion of ruff moreover," touching it with dainty complacency, "this fashion of ruff is such as the Queen's Players themselves wear."

Old Thornbury's brows contracted

darkly and the girl turned to him with a laugh.

"Oh—Dad! Dad! thou must e'en learn to hear of the playhouses, an' actors with a better grace than that. Note the wry face he doth make, Darby!"

"I have little stomach for them and their follies, i'faith, albeit my son be one of them," the innkeeper answered, in sharp tone. Then struggling with some intense inward feeling, "Still I am not a man to go half-way, Darby. Thou hast chosen for thyself, an' the blame will not be mine if thy road be the wrong one. Thou can'st walk upright on any highway, lad."

"Ay!" put in old Saddler, "Ay, neighbour, but a wilful lad must have his way."

Soon old Marjorie came in and clattered about the supper table, after having made a great to-do over the young master.

Thornbury poured the hot spiced wine into an ancient punch-bowl, and set it in the centre of the simple feast, and they all drew their chairs up to the table as the bells in Stratford rang Christmas in.

Never had the old inn echoed to more joyous laughing and talking, for Thornbury and his two old friends mellowed in temper as they refilled their flagons, and even added to the occasion by rendering each one a song, Saddler bringing one forth from the dim recesses of his memory that related, in seventeen verses and much monotonous chorus, the love affairs of a certain Dinah Linn.

The child slumbered again on the oak settle in the inglenook. The firelight danced over his yellow hair and pretty dimpled hands. The candles burned low. Then Darby sang in flute-like voice a carol, that was, as he told them, "the rage in London," and, afterwards, just to please Deb, the old song that will never wear out its welcome at Christmas-tide, "When shepherds watched their flocks."

The girl would have joined him, but there came a tightness in her throat, and the hot stinging of tears to her eyes, and when the last note of it went into silence she srid good night, lifted the sleeping child and carried him away.

"Deb grows more beautiful, Dad," said the young fellow, looking after her. "Egad! what a carriage she hath! She steppeth like a very princess of the blood. "Hark! then," going to the latticed window and throwing it open. "Here come the waits, Dad, as motley a crowd as ever."

The innkeeper was trimming the great lantern and seeing his neighbours to the door.

"Keep well hold of each other," called Darby after them. "I trow 'tis a timely proverb—'United we stand, divided we fall.'"

Saddler turned with a chuckle and shook his fist at the lad, but lurched dangerously in the operation.

"The apples were too highly spiced for such as thee," said Thornbury, laughing. "Thou had'st best stick to caudles an' small beer."

"Nay, then, neighbour," called back Sevenoakes, with much solemnity,

"Christmas comes but once a year,
when it comes it brings good cheer—
'tis no time for candles, or small beer!"

At this Darby burst into such a peal of laughter—in which the waits who were discordantly turning up joined him—that the sound of it must have awakened the very echoes in Stratford town.

To be Continued.



PHOTO BY FOWLER, EVANSTON

MAUDE ADAMS

SOME PROMINENT PLAYERS.

By Katherine Hale.

THERE has been virtually no theatrical season in Canada this year. It has been a "supplementary"—a sort of after-math, which, following the quiet winter of national mourning, has brought before us late in the season some of the bright stars. Sothern has already appeared in "Hamlet," and by the end of April, when this article is in print, we shall have had the opportunity of seeing such artists as Mr. E. S. Willard, Richard Mansfield, and others of like excellence.

In a review of the present theatrical season one fails to find any new stars in particular prominence, but many familiar favourites have been seen in Shakespearian drama, in historical productions, and in romantic melodrama, the three most popular play forms of the day. With what is an embarrassment of riches before one it is a difficult matter to select a limited number of the most conspicuous players of the day; yet a magazine article must of necessity be saved from undue length, and the ten actors, a brief sketch of whose



PHOTO BY ALICE D. FONT, NEW YORK

BERNHARDT AS L'AIGLON

personality and work is given below, have been chosen because they are believed to be the figures who have attracted most attention in the past year, because, as before stated, many of them have appeared in Canada later in the season, and because they are men and women who stand for what is highest and most progressive in dramatic art.

The American tour of Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Monsieur Constant Coquelin, who are now acting together for the first time in twenty years, is a most important event, for in the first place they present a combination which is unusually strong, and in the second place they appear in the famous "L'Aiglon" of Rostand, a play which the critics tell us has struck a new dramatic note, and has proved to be the greatest production of the season. "L'Aiglon" has caused much comment, but "Cyrano de Bergerac," in which Bernhardt plays "Roxane" to Coquelin's "Cyrano," is no whit less popular than it has been for the last two seasons, and so far as Monsieur Coquelin is concerned, he has a much better chance to display his gifts in the role of "Cyrano" than as "Flambeau" in "L'Aiglon." Nevertheless "L'Aiglon" is the greater play—it is one of the greatest plays of the nineteenth century.

Briefly, it is historical of the revolutionary days of 1830, and tells the story of the young Duke of Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon, who was known as "L'Aiglon," or the "Eaglet," and who, when the play opens, is living in a state of "half servitude and moral bondage" at the Viennese Court. Metternich, "to whom after England had seized the Eagle, the Eaglet has been given in charge," conceals from the boy all knowledge of the history which Napoleon had made; yet the young Duke is haunted by the visions of his father's fame. He feels the force of a great incentive which urges him to live up to this inheritance, yet shrinks from initiative because fearing a personal incapacity to perform the tasks awaiting him. The play exposes an enterprise which had for its object the abduction of the youthful prisoner on whom the eyes of Europe rested so anxiously, and it is an historical fact that such an attempt was made. A play containing many strong scenes, there is perhaps none more impressive than that in the fourth act where

"L'Aiglon" stands on the battlefield of Wagram, which stretches out before the eye, half lost in mist and half discernible; a plain of darkness and of desolation from which the dying voices of the victims of war arise confused and awful. There is here great scope for imagination and feeling: a situation which is taken advantage of to the utmost by Bernhardt, who in the character of "L'Aiglon" reaches the summit of her genius in revealing her own matchless power of interpretation and her ability as a profound student of psychology. She makes of the feeble-framed "L'Aiglon" a visionary yet fervent and heroic figure, and creates a role which must stand pre-eminent among the characters in modern drama.



PHOTO BY SARONY, NEW YORK

MR. WILLARD



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COQUELIN AS THE GRAVE-DIGGER

In commenting on the excellent balance of parts obtained in the association of two artists of such different temperament and genius as Bernhardt and Coquelin, it may be interesting to recall the fact that although Bernhardt is, of course, Parisian by birth and in-

tensely French in feeling, hers is the strange combination of Jewish and Dutch blood, which perhaps accounts for her many-sided nature and the versatility of her art. She has shown the force of her character in a steady overcoming of obstacles, physical and temperamental, and has added, within the last few years, a greater strength and



ADA REHAN

restraint to her work: at the same time a nervous abandon is always characteristic of her acting, so that the combination with Coquelin, in whom steadiness and concentration are habitual, is a very happy one. Coquelin has risen by sheer merit from "a hard-working bourgeois" to be the leading comedien of the French stage. He has become as popular in America as he has always been in his own country, and his appearances are greeted with much enthusiasm.

In the matter of physical strength Bernhardt has a vast advantage over Maude Adams who, playing "L'Aiglon" simultaneously with her of course challenges comparison; yet it is largely a comparison of youth and maturity, for both are artists in the best sense of the word and are strangely alike in some important respects. From the gay, childlike, appealing "Babbie" to Bernhardt may seem a far cry; but the Frenchwoman, too, began her career as a comedienne of exquisitely delicate method, and the gift of Maude Adams seems to contain the germ of much that is the full flower of art in Bernhardt.

Decades of experience, which means advantage, has, however, gone into the art of the one, so that what in her is supreme versatility, is only a quick comprehension on the part of the other, and the "Eaglet" of Bernhardt becomes a representation of tragedy, while that of Adams reaches only to a sympathetic pathos. The French actress can play a part requiring the exhibition of great bodily weakness and play it to the life, while still keeping her strength in reserve. The American, on the other hand, exhibits physical weakness, and has been criticized because she illustrates literally. Yet if Bernhardt makes herself the living symbol of the role she undertakes, Maude Adams is symbolic, and the best of all qualities has been given her —an inspired realness.

Few actors are more deservedly

popular than is E. S. Willard, who has always presented the purest and most elevated drama, and by his strong personality and wonderful acting has caused the plays of his choice to become popular plays. His last visit to America having ended in an unfortunate siege of illness, his appearance is creating much enthusiasm, and "David Garrick" is greeted with full houses. During the present season Mr. Willard has presented, besides "David Garrick," "The Professor's Love Story," "Tom Pinch," "The Middleman," and "The Rogue's Comedy," all of which have been given during former American tours.

"Tom Pinch," founded upon Charles Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit," is the least known, but not the least interesting of these plays. The dramatization is said to be a very faithful reproduction of the novel, and while much of the story must unavoidedly be left out, the dialogue is so true to Dickens, and the action so perfectly contrived, that one might almost believe the adaptation to have been made by the great novelist himself.

Mr. Willard, who has so greatly the gift of sympathy, and whose acting always makes such a powerful appeal to the emotions, is at his best in the impersonation of "Tom Pinch," that "ungainly, awkward-looking man," the self-effacement and the modesty of whose unselfish nature are truthfully and beautifully brought out in Willard's noble conception of the part.

Another star whose light has been hidden for some time is Ada Rehan, who re-appears as "Nell Gwynne" in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," a comedy in four acts by Paul Kester.

Nell Gwynne, that famous "orange girl" of dramatic ambitions and such rare beauty, who, getting into the good graces of Charles II led His Majesty and the court such a lively dance, is well known as the heroine of many songs and stories, and is, if report speaks true, ideally treated at the hands of Miss Rehan, who is making a great success of the character.

An interesting comparison may be instituted in the appearance in entirely new roles for them of two most conspicuous figures in the theatrical world, Edward H. Sothern in "Hamlet," and Richard Mansfield in "Henry V." Shakespeare, always being "revived," has been attempted more ambitiously



PHOTO BY ROSE & SANDS, NEW YORK

MANSFIELD AS HENRY V.



PHOTO BY ROSE & SANDS, NEW YORK

VIOLA ALLEN AS DOLORES DE MENDOZA

and successfully the last few months than at any time in America in recent years, so it is to be hoped that the success of these recent experiments will result in more Shakespeare than we have had of late. "Henry V" may be termed a "revival" in every sense of the word, for not since 1879 when Rignold undertook its presentation has it been placed in any important sense of the word before the public, while "Hamlet" has proved a constant favourite. The success of Mansfield has, notwithstanding, been unqualified in this play, which has little drama in it compared to its poetic and spectacular features. The public, however, love a spectacle, and in this case there is no less skill than magnificence in the production. The crowds and the scenery do not get in the way of the action, so that Henry, standing in the midst of realistic and dramatic scenes of war, is an imperial mouthpiece for the utterance of those beautiful speeches too seldom heard from the dramatic stage. Of course it takes a large physique to carry off the big and warlike character of "Prince Hal," and Mansfield with his slight frame has to contend with serious disadvantage; then he has identified himself almost entirely with cynical or sarcastic characters, and the open-hearted and spontaneous Henry was a new departure, so the role being out of his natural line, Mansfield had to call on his resources and accomplished the great feat of getting inside a part opposed to his natural bent. Sothern on the other hand, while his is the perfect play dramatically, is hampered by his scenery, which breaks the swift action by long waits. His "Hamlet" is, however, such a wonderfully strong and intelligent piece of work, that this, the first appearance in Shakespeare, seems a prophecy that his great capacity for improvement may go on from good to better, and that he will finally leave a name in "Hamlet" to live after him. Unlike Mansfield in "Henry V," Sothern has every temperamental aid in his enactment of the melancholy Dane; all the nervous intensity of his acting comes to his aid, and naturally he fits the part like a glove, while in appearance he is the ideal "Hamlet."

Turning from historical representations we seem to meet the crest of the present wave of romantic melodrama which is sweeping over the country. Three of the most successful plays of

the season, in each of which a bright particular star is shining, are, "Janice Meredith," with Mary Mannering in the title role; "Richard Carvel," in which John Drew is playing "Richard;" and "In the Palace of the King," where Viola Allen is making a great hit as "Dolores de Mendoza."

Yet for all its present vogue, there are signs which say that the day of adaptation to the stage of the popular people of the book world is on the wane; this in spite of the fact that the three plays mentioned are, perhaps,



PHOTO BY SARONY, NEW YORK

MR. JOHN DREW



PHOTO BY S. BLOSS, NEW YORK

E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET

the most popular successes of the season. Of the three, "Janice Meredith" is the most expertly dramatized, and the personal triumph of Mary Mannering as "Janice" is never for a moment in doubt.

For several years at the head of the Lyceum Theatre Company, Miss Mannering has never before found a role so wonderfully suited to her peculiar temperament; all the power of youth, the skill in comedy, the tender piquancy which are her own, have gone to make

her picture of "Janice" a delight; here, much more than when she undertakes the representation of a woman of society, her own best gifts find play; she wears muslin as gracefully as silk, and, as the English country maid, she makes a bewitching vision, as we see her, on her first appearance, coming down a rosy path of hollyhocks in the garden of her home.



MARY MANNERING AS JANICE MEREDITH

In Mr. L. Rose's version of "Richard Carvel" Mr. John Drew has also won a personal success of a very decided kind. The dramatization is not so clever as that of the Ford novel, the piece being scarcely worthy of the ability of the star, nor is Mr. Drew in all respects perfectly suited to the principal character; but in general boldness of treatment, in earnestness, and force, his "Richard" leaves nothing to be desired, and the character has "caught" with the public, so that the star is playing every night to audiences which are remarkably enthusiastic.

Viola Allen, who was so popular as "Glory," the heroine of "The Christian," is repeating her success of last year as "Dolores," in "The Palace of the King," a play adapted from the popular novel by Marion Crawford. It is said that Mr. Crawford had her in his mind when he wrote the story, which accounts for the remarkable similarity in appearance between the heroine of the novel and the drama. In character the art of the actress has caused the resemblance to be continued, and Viola Allen is the veritable Spanish Dolores—beautiful, spirited and intense.

The great talent as well as the personal beauty of this actress have won her an enviable position in her profession ; but she is, best of all, a woman who throughout her career on the stage has exerted a powerful influence for good, because in her own life she has illustrated the fact that it is quite possible for an actress to retain all the dignity of her sex and at the same time to become, in the truest sense of the word, a popular success.

THE DRAMA IN EUROPE.

MR. CLYDE FITCH, the American playwright, who has lately returned from a prolonged European trip, gives an interesting sketch of dramatic conditions on the Continent and in England during the past year, in a recent number of the New York *Times*. In Paris, Mr. Fitch was not much impressed with the plays of the present season. Paris has been particularly lifeless of late in the drama, he says. Rather curiously ignoring "L'Aiglon," in which Bernhardt has been the great attraction of the year, he writes :

"Not a single really serious play has been attempted there this season. Everything is light, farcical, and ephemeral. I suppose the Parisians knew what provincial visitors expected to find in the playhouses of the wicked capital, and they provided accordingly. I saw no exceptionally attractive plays in Berlin, either, although Sorma is still drawing enormous audiences by her splendid work."

In regard to Austria, Russia, and the Scandinavian countries, he says :

"In Vienna the drama seems to have reached the zenith of its glory. The people are theatre-mad. Every house is jammed nightly and new theatres are being built. The two state theatres are, of course, the centers, and the city is wild over two new female stars that have recently risen there. I cannot recall their names, but their work is superb. Both, I think, are destined to follow in the footsteps of Duse, whose influence, by the way, is most marked all over Europe. The Vienna theatres, as far as the setting and working of scenery go, I think among the finest in the world. Some of the settings are most elaborate. In one house, for instance, I saw an extensive garden scene in which every flower, plant, and tree was real.

"In St. Petersburg, the regular season had ended when I arrived, but I attended several performances. All were French importations throughout, being nothing but Paris road companies. The Russian theatre in every respect seems far inferior to that of most European countries. The theaters are barnlike structures with poor acoustic properties, and little attention seems to be given to the accessories. This seems odd when it is considered that the members of the Russian aristocracy are inveterate playgoers.

"Of course, one would not expect much in the Scandinavian cities ; but with a dearth of good actors the thea-

tres of Stockholm, Christiania, and Copenhagen stage their attractions with a care and taste not excelled in Europe. These splendid stage-scenes with poor performers are almost pathetic. In Stockholm, for instance, I saw a splendidly staged version of the ancient 'Magic Flute.' The prima donna was an elderly woman with a voice and technique of other days. She sang 'Queen of the Night' in a hard technique that reminded one of a piano-organ that had lost its tone. The audience went wild with enthusiasm. After the performance several of the native critics said to me, exultingly: 'What do you think of it?'

"'It is the finest scenic production of the opera that I have ever seen,' said I.

"'Ah, but what of Mme. ——?' they insisted. Then they went on patriotically to praise their countrywoman in extravagant terms. 'Melba was here last year,' they said. 'She sang well, but, ah, not like our Mme. ——.'

"Sweden has recently turned out a great singer, however, in Mme. Ackte, now the leading prima donna of the Paris Opera."

As for England, Mr. Fitch says that he did not see any transcendent stage successes:

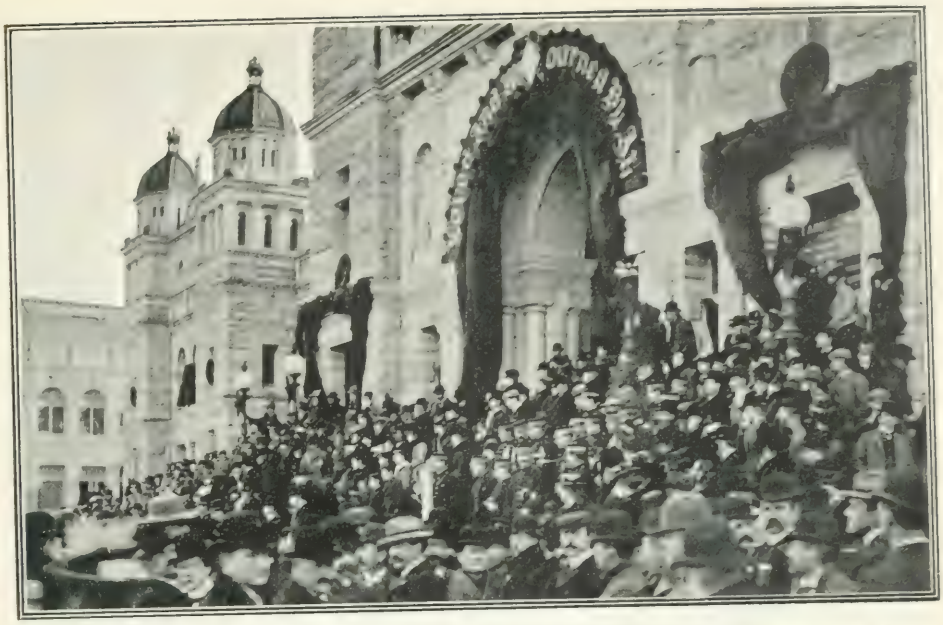
"About the most popular play there now is 'Sweet Nell of Old Drury,' in which Julia Neilson is starring at the Haymarket. She is getting packed houses. Strangely enough, this play was written many years ago by an American, and was performed in this country many times by Rhea. Marie Tempest is doing very well in her Nell Gwynne play. English managers are suffering seriously for the want of good leading women. Competent women seem to be next to impossible to procure. The rising dramatist there now seems to be Stephen Phillips, a young poet, whose work gives promise of great things. One of his plays, 'King Herod,' is now being rehearsed (it has since been acted) by Tree's company. The leading woman will be an American actress, Maude Jeffries."

TO COUNT TOLSTOÏ.

THOU brave old hero, standing on the brink
Of that strange, higher life where dreams unfold
Their grand eternal truths, and gently mould
Our yearning souls, ere we can trembling think
Of daring those high paths which angels shrink
From treading; paths which lead to joys untold,
Where we at last triumphant shall behold
In life's long fettering chain the final link.

And they who persecute thy closing years,
Who would destroy thy dauntless liberty,
Of them we can but say, "Poor timid fools;"
The light they cannot see for blinding fears
Just make them what they are, unwilling tools,
To help thee to thine immortality.

Alban E. Ragg.



OPEN AIR MEMORIAL SERVICE IN FRONT OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B.C., ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND, 1901.—PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

WHERE WEST IS EAST AND EAST IS WEST.

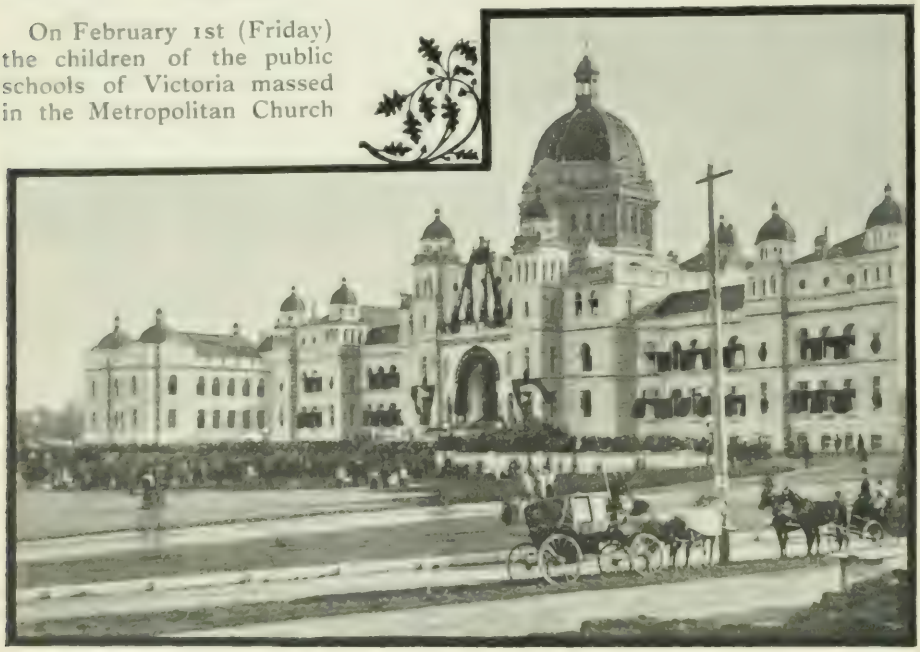
By Agnes Deans Cameron.

TO the Island of Vancouver falls the honour of sending up the last minute-gun salute, the last funeral prayer to the sacred memory of our great and good Queen. From the point where "St. Paul's queen-dirging note the city's heart hath smote," following the sun did the dread message speed till at Esquimalt it reached the western limit of the Empire. And, not from London to the "last, least lump of coral," north, south, east, west, in farthest corner of the Seven Seas can there be found a spot more loyal than this westernmost city which bears the name of Her Most Gracious Majesty.

In the city of Victoria all classes mourned; business was suspended, schools, offices and public departments closed their doors, and in eloquent silence the city rested. In its cosmopolitan character our loyal city by the sea epitomizes the Empire. It was a typical Victoria crowd which gathered around the telegraph offices reading the last sad bulletins which told of the Passing of the Great Queen: bronzed soldiers in khaki; blue-jackets from Esquimalt; Canadian levies from their barracks, types of those who at Paardeberg and the Modder gave their all for Britain; Chinese; Japs; the bowed with age, whose childhood days were spent on English meadows; and those of us of the next generation, who, born in the outposts of the Empire yet "learned from our wistful mothers to call old England home," and among all these, here and there the inscrutable face of an Indian. What was the tie, strong and yet invisible, which in this far-off corner of the Queen's dominions so closely bound together the units of the diverse community so that but one thought, a deep heart-felt grief, held us all? To the stranger who asks the question the same answer comes from

lands remote and near wherever floats the Flag—How did the Queen draw to herself the hearts of her people? By that threefold cord of love, dignity and tenderness which was all her own, and which in its binding and unifying force was so strong that beside it the powers of the more tangible bonds of law and force seem but ropes of sand. *Sentiment* merely? Ay, sentiment; 'tis such sentiments which hold the world together.

On February 1st (Friday) the children of the public schools of Victoria massed in the Metropolitan Church



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT VICTORIA, B.C.—PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

building to the number of 2,500, to pay their last sad tribute to the memory of the Queen. The Mayor presided, and the children were addressed by the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, the venerable Sir Henry Joly de Lotbiniere, who dwelt in his own simple and forceful style upon the one lesson of the Queen's life, rigid adherence to duty—"We must do the thing we ought before the thing we may." The old, old hymns "Nearer My God, to Thee" and "Rock of Ages" closed the impressive service; and with the benediction was dispersed the largest community of children ever gathered under one roof in Canada west of the Rockies.

Next day (Saturday, the 2nd of February) was observed as a day of general mourning throughout the city. In the Chinese quarter the dragon-flag was half-masted, all traffic ceased, the Chinese mourning colours, red and white, were everywhere apparent.

In the morning, services were held in all the city churches, the capacity of the buildings being taxed to accommodate the worshipping crowds.

At Esquimalt H.M.S. *Egeria* fired her salute of eighty-one minute-guns. Members of the Army and Navy attended church services in a body.

Over on the Indian Reserve, Chief Johnny George for twenty-four hours held a weird Lodge of Sorrow for the "Delate Hyas Tyhee" (Exalted Chieftainess) dead across the water.

But "the" feature of the memorial services was that great open-air gath-

ering on the green sward in front of the Provincial Parliament Buildings on Saturday afternoon. At a conservative estimate 20,000 people took part in the impressive ceremony; all Victoria city was there, from the surrounding rural districts the people flocked in, and a large contingent came by special train from the city of Nanaimo. The initiative of this great gathering came from the people themselves, it being the outcome of the wish of the Federated Benevolent Societies.

Regimental Band.
Fifth Regiment, C. A.
City Police.
Mayor and Aldermen in Carriages.
Members of School Board in Carriages.
City Police.
Marshal.
Alexandria Lodge, S.O.E.
Pride of the Island Lodge, S.O.E.
Milton Lodge, Sons of St. George.
Victoria Lodge, K. of P.
Far West Lodge, K. of P.
Victoria Aerie, F.O.E.
Post No. 1, Native Sons of B.C.
Columbia Lodge, I.O.O.F.
Dominion Lodge, I.O.O.F.



H.M.S. EGERIA FIRING A SALUTE OF 81 GUNS IN ESQUIMALT HARBOUR ON FEBRUARY 2ND, 1901

The services were impressive in their simple dignity. The weather, which for half a century and more we have delighted to call "Queen's weather," made it possible for these gathered thousands to remain in the open air (the men uncovered) for the greater part of that mid-winter afternoon, with no appreciable discomfort.

The order of this vast procession, perhaps the largest ever seen in British Columbia, was as follows :—

Peerless Lodge, I.O.O.F.
Victoria City Band.
Fernwood Lodge, C.O.O.F.
Loyal Dauntless Lodge, C.O.O.F.
Benevolent Association (Coloured).
Loyal Orange Lodges.
St. Andrew's and Caledonia Society.
Sir William Wallace Society.
A.O.U.W. Lodges.
Court Cariboo, I.O.O.F.
Court Victoria West, I.O.O.F.
Court Northern Light, A.O.F.
Court Vancouver, A.O.F.

Sadly were the citizens reminded



PROCLAMATION OF EDWARD VII. IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL, VICTORIA, B.C.

of our last procession—the gala one which celebrated the last birthday of the Queen on the 24th of May, 1900.

The speakers of the day were the Mayor, the Lt.-Governor, the venerable Bishop Cridge, the Rev. Elliot Rowe and the Rev. Leslie Clay.

After the eloquent tributes were concluded, the gathered thousands, with bared heads, sang "Abide With Me," and then dispersed after the benediction of the aged Bishop.

From the Parliament Buildings to the City Hall the crowd wended to hear the City Clerk read the proclamation of the accession of King Edward VII. So ever the old order giveth place to the new.

THE WAY OF BEAUTY.

WHO brings a thought of self to Beauty's shrine,
Or jealous envy, by so much the less
Shall feel within his soul her deep impress—
Shall thrill at quaffing of her mystic wine.
For Beauty takes no thought of mine and thine,
But wasteth wide in wanton loveliness:
And only thus, in self-forgetfulness,
Shall any taste with her the life divine.

O happy he whose heart doth full respond
To Beauty's radiant spell—wherever wrought!
He hath a pleasure finer than all thought,
That instant as the touch of fairy wand
Makes rich the world for him—whate'er his lot—
E'en tho' perchance a homeless vagabond.

LIFE IN LUMBERING AND MINING CAMPS.

A PLEA FOR REFORM.

By Alfred Fitzpatrick.

LIFE in the lumbering and the mining camps of Canada is dull and deadly. Gambling, whiskey and disease relieve the monotony, but bring their own reward. The camps need reading rooms, libraries, and sanitary inspection. In certain parts of Northern Ontario experiment has been made with buildings suitable for reading and entertainment. During the past winter three buildings were fitted up and supplied with tables, chairs, books, papers and games. Eight more will be erected at once by lumbermen who have recognized the advantage to their workmen. It is hoped that the movement will soon become general.

At the recent session the Ontario Government appropriated $1,200 for the purchase of books to be distributed among the backwoods townships and the camps. This will be a great boon to the lumbering men and the miners. About sixty-five per cent. of these are able to read and write, and for their needs reading camps will perhaps suffice. For the other thirty-five per cent., however, the system will require extension. This portion of the workmen must be taught to read and to write. The common school did not reach them in time, and a university extension course is beyond their needs. But they must be taught and a system is required, working up to more advanced books and more advanced instruction for the sixty-five per cent. who have already mastered the elements. Only by some such system can the dual-language difficulty and the saloon evil be overcome. The educational system must be extended so as to envelop the illiterate adult in unorganized municipalities.

The indispensable necessity in order to the success of this provision is the appointment of some one specially qualified to supervise the work in each camp. If the State is unwilling to bear the expense, and the philanthropically disposed cannot be induced to do so, the duties of curators and instructors could be imposed upon the Cullers. In time the standard of education could be raised to the passing of an examination for at least a third-class teacher's certificate, or graduation from a School of Forestry. This need not rule out the practical Cullers who now fill the office, but apply only to those who hereafter aspire to the position. Failing this, I see no reason why energetic and self-respecting teachers should not go to the sawmills, lumber and mining camps, earn their $26.00 a month and board, and conduct evening classes. One strong character in each camp would work wonders. This, too, would put a premium on efficiency in the profession of Cullers, encourage the study of Forestry, and be a great help to the woodmen and miners. Should this prove impracticable, the medical men, students or graduates, whose services are hereafter to be required at camps, should be given the task of conducting evening classes.

Travelling libraries of carefully chosen books are a step in the right direction. There is just one danger that must be carefully guarded against—namely, the spreading of contagious diseases. This danger will shortly be greatly lessened by sanitary regulations and Government inspection. In the meantime safety lies in one of two courses: either in purchasing cheap editions in paper covers and sending more of them to be used at the camp to which they are first sent only, or by sending a powerful disinfectant with each box of books.

The unsanitary condition of the camps is the great enemy of the travelling library. For the last few months the exchange of books has been practically impossible, owing to the outbreak of small-pox. The number of cases of dysentery and enteric fever in not a few of the camps last fall was most appalling. I shall refer to one camp only. An average of seven to nine men every day was confined to the sleep-camp during six weeks. In addition about twenty per week had either gone to the hospitals or to their homes. A pool of vile refuse lay near the cook-camp, and tainted the air most viciously. The spring from which water was supplied to the camp bubbled up a few rods below. The foreman—a quiet, thoughtful, kind-hearted fellow—told me that he was quite discouraged. Calling his attention to the fact that this spring must be polluted from the cook-camp, stables, etc., I suggested that he should have a drain dug to carry off the poisonous soakage. I even offered to assist in doing so, and had almost won when the clerk, a clever young fellow, but no expert in sanitary science, turned the scales by saying that do what you would dysentery was a disease that always followed camps. This is a similar argument to that another tried to convince me with, that because two men had been killed within a month by logs rolling off a skidd-way, unhappily no uncommon occurrence, the camp at which it happened was a very unlucky one. It is on this account that in a report published on Feb. 5th, copies of which were forwarded to every member of the Provincial Legislature, I ventured to characterize the neglect to provide sanitary regulations and Government inspection of camps as criminal. This provision has since been fully met by the passing of a comprehensive Act respecting sanitary regulations in unorganized territories.

Now that the necessary legislation has been passed, the Board of Health, knowing as it does the danger of bad water and bad ventilation, will doubtless lay down sanitary regulations and provide for the inspection of camps. The lumbermen who, with very few exceptions, are a manly, humane lot of men, devoted to what they know to be the best interests of their men, will be glad to co-operate in this matter. Regarding the difficulties with which foremen have to contend in being forced to play the part of physician, surgeon and nurse, and to turn a sleep-camp of ninety men into a hospital, we are greatly to be blamed. Allow me to refer to the case of my good friend Foreman X, by way of illustration. On one occasion when a boy had his leg badly cut and no doctor was nearer than 35 miles, I urged my claim to a slight knowledge of surgery and proceeded to bandage the wound in such a manner as to prevent the bleeding until the young man could be taken to the hospital at Sudbury. Mr. X, being foreman, had the floor and insisted that he should dress the wound. Not being prepared to treat it antiseptically, I thought it well to take second place and give Mr. X what assistance I could while he put nine stitches in the wound. However, I succeeded in getting the boy started to the hospital, but having to pass his home, his mother who was not a believer in modern surgical methods, vetoed the hospital scheme. As she decided to remove the stitches and apply poultices I could do nothing more than hope for the best results under the circumstances. In spite of the absence of antiseptic treatment, fortunately the wound healed in five weeks.

But my good friends the foremen are not always so fortunate in attaining favourable results. This is not to be wondered at when even the best surgeons occasionally come to grief. About a year ago, Mr. B., a fine, hearty Highland-Scotchman, had his leg cut, and if I am not mistaken fell into the hands of my friend X. This gentleman, like all other noble-hearted foremen, did all he could for Mr. B., putting several stitches in the wound, and improvising a bandage from very crude material. Unfortunately the camp proved a poor hospital, the oft-breathed atmosphere tainted with the

odour of floors filthy with the tobacco refuse and phlegm from a hundred busy mouths, to say nothing of a hundred wet overalls and boots, and several hundred wet socks, was rather depressing. The spirits of the patient went down and his temperature up, and the wound showed signs of poisoning. Mr. B. decided that he would undertake the journey and consult a physician. This gentleman did all that a justly angry surgeon could do under the circumstances. The patient not being satisfied with the progress of the wound went to the hospital, and despite the careful treatment of the Sudbury staff he has grown gradually worse.

All this is very sad, and the saddest part of it is that this is not an exceptional case, but one of a great multitude of neglected wounded who fall in a battle worthy of all honour.

This is no reflection on my friend X, nor on any of the foremen who do what they can for their men, but on our neglect which occasions this condition of things. Lumbermen and their foremen are not supposed to be familiar with the latest results of scientific investigation. This practice being forced upon Mr. X, he frankly regrets his lack of surgical skill. Being delighted to hear this admission, and seeing signs of a desire to improve his surgical knowledge, I have sent him copies of the "St. John's Ambulance Lectures," and "South's Household Surgery." This is very little in return for the use of his rifle and compass. In view of the fact that the medical profession is over-crowded in our towns and cities this is lamentable indeed. Would it not at least partially solve the problem if our Medical Councils were to give students the option of spending the fifth year of their course in the camps? This would be a godsend to the woodmen and miners, and a blessing to the students. They would have an invaluable experience, and a chance of earning a little money. Each man could be in close touch with the nearest hospital, and could reach one, two or more camps as occasion would require. This would be infinitely more humane than spending the same time in the hospitals of a city and attending a fifth series of lectures in a Medical College. Besides, at this particular stage in the student's course, would not the actual practice, being compelled to operate independently, be of the greatest possible value? This, of course, would not be necessary if enough fully fledged medical practitioners can be induced to go to the camps.

Now that the Ontario Government, the universities of McGill and Queens, and the Canadian Club of Toronto, have undertaken to supply libraries, and lumbermen are volunteering to build reading camps, it remains the privilege of churches, temperance organizations and individuals to co-operate, and supply papers, magazines, tables, stoves, pictures, chairs and games. In cases where lumbermen and miners fail to build accommodation of this sort for their men, it would be an excellent investment to supply it free at every camp in the land. Surely this would deal a more effective blow at the liquor traffic than has yet been struck. Temperance workers will sooner or later learn that the saloon affords a common meeting ground for these lonely men, that it therefore satisfies a universal god-given social instinct, and cannot be dispensed with until places for letter-writing, reading, entertainment and fellowship are substituted in its stead. We shall be long getting rid of the saloon by legislation alone. It seems impossible to make men moral solely by act of parliament. Access to the best literature, entertainment and social intercourse with his neighbours, will uplift the soul and inspire the solitary to newness and cleanness of life.

Can we expect to be healthful and safe from contagion while any section of the community is neglected? The world is a unit, and no part of it lives unto itself. Disease-germs bred and nourished out in the fringes of civilization, come to us in hundreds of ways. The problem of exploiting our timber

and mineral wealth in a manner consistent with the maximum of material, intellectual and moral profit, and the minimum of disease, is a very difficult one, and ought not to be left wholly to the capitalist. We help our employers in other industries, in caring for the comfort, health and education of their men. We share their taxes for reading, church and school accommodation. Why should we ask lumbermen and miners to bear the whole expense of much that is necessary to our own best interests as well as that of their men?

OUR FIGHTING VOCABULARY.

By F. Blake Crofton.

IF we Britons and Americans have set other people the good example of sometimes settling international disputes by arbitration we deserve especial credit for it. That Anglo-Saxons should have been first to substitute the appeal to reason for the appeal to arms is a signal triumph of Christianity and education over instinct. By nature we are sons of Thor, far too apt to be "spoiling for a fight," and cherishing "noble longings for the strife." And our language displays this trait of ours no less remarkably than our history. If our War Department is occasionally behindhand, our verbal arsenal is always full of shot and shell.

Archbishop Trench observed that the present meaning of the word "quarrel," coming as it does from a Latin term that meant merely a complaint, is deeply significant of the tendency of our race to make a grievance end in a fight. The same characteristic is illustrated by other derivatives also. But it is still more clearly shown in the fact that the English language, besides numberless other fierce and warlike terms, has more than a hundred expressions nearly or quite synonymous with "to beat" or "a beating," "a hit" or "to hit." And the number would be very much greater if one counted separately verbs and nouns which are identical in form or clearly derived the one from the other.

Turning our attention first to terms which, if in some cases "colloquial and vulgar," are neither local nor obsolete, we find to thrash, trounce, maul, belabour, whale, wallop, smash, lick, beat, pound, drub: a blow, box, slap, rap, clip, crack, hit, cuff, buffet; to thump, bat, or batter, strike, smack, slog, punch, slate, whack, bang, smite, clout. When he is at fisticuffs, an Anglo-Saxon is wont to "floor" or knock down his adversary, besides doing many other unpleasant things the names of which are more slangy and will be noticed by and by.

Many such terms of aggression are highly and quaintly figurative. In fact, the Anglo-American imagination seems to riot and revel in finding tropes, playful or grim, for assault and battery. A Briton sometimes volunteers to give his neighbour a lacing, a jacketing, a belting, or a dusting. With still greater apparent civility he offers to polish off a fellow-citizen, to give him a wipe across the mouth, a warming, a dressing, or even (according to the Slang Dictionary) a fanning or anointing. Sometimes he threatens, in a less benevolent but equally tropical guise, a basting, leathering, or tanning; sometimes a hammering, pommeling, or bambooing (which in London gutter slang does not or did not necessarily involve the use of a bamboo cane). Other figures are much more bold and terrific, as to make one see stars, to knock spots out of one, or to knock one into a cocked hat, or into the middle of next week.

Besides those that belong exclusively to the prize ring, there are many purely slang equivalents for striking or thrashing. "Sock it into him," is a call to hit vigorously, known in the streets of both British and American cities. A hiding, a pasting and a whopping are probably understood wherever English is spoken. The Slang Dictionary is responsible for the following words and their meanings: buck-horse, a smart blow on the ear; a gooser, a blow that "cooks one's goose;" a nobbler, a hit on the nob, or a settler; a bellowser, a hit in the wind; a click, a knock or blow; a fericadouser, a knock down (possibly derived from the Italian far(e) cader(e), through the Lingua Franca—that fruitful source of thieves' and sailors' slang).

Americans have contributed largely to the common store of striking expressions. It is they who first threatened to put a head on (alias, "to erect a mansard roof" upon) a body. It is they who gave the verbs to whip and to flog the general sense of "to thrash." It is their roughs who menace you with a lambasting, a lamming and a chawing up—the latter operation in their parlance only occasionally involving cannibalism. The New York rowdy will undertake to punk an obnoxious citizen, to biff him, to fix him (or his "flint") to bust him in the eye or to mash him in the snoot. Sam Slick would sometimes threaten a self-complacent Blue Nose or a swaggering Britisher with a good quiltin', but I have not seen or heard the term used in this hostile sense elsewhere. Angry Canadian youths (and possibly some youths elsewhere, for I do not profess to fix exact geographical limits to the localisms quoted) are wont to declare their determination to pound, pug or dig a teasing school or college mate. The last named term is pretty widely used in the phrase, "a dig in the ribs," and "pug" appears as puck in parts of Ireland.

Paddy, who is notoriously fond of a shindy, is not only familiar with most of the general pugnacious terms quoted in this paper, but adds to them a number of his own invention, as for instance, a flaking, a flailing, and a kicking, for an Irish "kicking" may be given with the fists, or anything that comes handy. (He will also threaten you with a "riser," *i.e.*, a kick that will lift you up and send you flying.)

Many additions could doubtless be made to this brawling vocabulary by collecting all the synonymous provincialisms. Among these are cant (Kentish for a toss or blow); towel (Warwickshire), to beat; larruping, a thrashing; quelch, a blow (whence "squelch"); siserara, a hard blow, so called from the fate of Sisera. (This word appears as siserary in Sir Walter Scott.) Clour is Scottish for a heavy blow. It is said that there are professional bullies in London who, for a fee, will give a man a bashing (beating)—a term much affected by these gentry—and that their services are occasionally engaged by quasi-respectable citizens. Some years ago some London journals, by disputing over the truth of this allegation, well-nigh restored the old word to general circulation. It occurs in the West of England version of a familiar proverb:

> A woman, a whelp and a walnut tree,
> The more you bash 'em the better they be.

The word appears as "pash" in Shakespeare.

From time to time somebody adds another to the number of these synonyms—whether fearing that the existing dozens will soon grow threadbare from over-use, or already finding them too few for the duties they have to perform and growing monotonous from constant repetition. Every generation we coin new equivalents for hitting and thumping, recoin old ones, borrow others from our neighbours. It seems likely, therefore, that comparatively few such words go permanently out of use. Verberate (used by Arbuthnot), however, is perhaps quite obsolete; so is vapulation; and so is pulsation (in its old sense of a mild species of battery). "Pulsation," says Blackstone, "as

well as verberation is prohibited." Bobbing, which occurs in "Troilus and Cressida," as a synonym for beating, is never so used now. Fustigate, too, is obsolete, though fustigation has been used by Motley. Dint, in its sense of a hostile blow, though appearing in poets as late as Scott, is no longer current in conversation.

It is further significant that so many naturally peaceful expressions are capriciously assigned a hostile sense. To go for, to slip into (or "let slip at"), to walk into or sail into a person, are all sprightly equivalents for attacking him. To pay on, according to Webster, may mean to beat with vigour. If we heard the exclamation, "Give it to him!" or "Let him have it!" uttered by an unseen speaker, we might feel pretty confident that the neutral "it" implied, in such a connection, a hit of some kind or another.

Of the various names and paraphrases for a blow that belong by birth or adoption to the P.R. and the "fistiana" of sporting papers, a few have been already mentioned in other connections. Others are quite generally understood by the outside public, as for instance a right- (or left-) hander or a back-hander, a counter, a rib-roaster, a right or left hook. To "close his right peeper," to "rap his snuff-box," to "tap his claret," to pay marked attentions to his "potato-trap" or "bread-basket" or "snapper" or "snorter," to "send him to grass," or "on a visit to his mother" are mystic phrases to few of those readers of the newspapers who do not skip the sporting news. But I shall not attempt to enumerate all the ingenious metaphors of this kind, which are used to enliven the reports of "rattling mills."

This catalogue does not aim at being complete, and it naturally excludes such mild and playful words as "nudge" and "fillip," which do not illustrate the hard-hitting character of our race. I have further omitted (except when a word also means to beat or a beating in a general sense) all terms signifying to hit with any specified weapon, as to pistol, poniard, cowhide, cudgel, etc., etc.; also terms indicating other special modes of striking, as stab, thrust, cut, pelt, hack, etc., etc.; also words implying beating for correctional ends only, as caning, trimming, spanking, pandying (Ireland), shingling (U.S.), swishing (England), etc., etc. The limited scope of this article is to show the large number of words and phrases in our language that imply striking in a hostile spirit, and with no specified instrument beyond a Briton's natural weapons, the fists. Lists of other aggressive and combative terms might be compiled which would further illustrate our quarrelsome instincts. The English names of all kinds of fights, frays and forays (from a woman's "clapper-clawing" to a pitched battle) would alone aggregate a hundred or more. A "shindy," a "struggle," "strife," a "scrimmage" or "skirmish, a "shine," a "set to," a "snarl" (provincial), a "spat" (U.S.), a "squabble," a "spar," all beginning with the same letter, occur to me without the aid of a dictionary.

With such a luxuriance of formidable and menacing terms, it is little wonder that the Britons are quite determined that they "never, never, never shall be slaves." For Britons have not been wont (and may they never become wont) to bluster or threaten without acting. The growls of the British bulldog are commonly only the preludes to his bites.

A DREAM OF GREEK LETTERS.

By Professor Maurice Hutton.

IT was in the early days of last October when the maple leaf was red upon the tree, that the Irony of Fate, that theme of Grecian poet and English novelist, appeared to me more than usually ironical. I received an urgent solicitation to leave my Canadian University for a few hours and address a Greek-Letter Convention in the City of Syracuse, in the neighbouring State of New York.

The compliment appeared ironical, because I am the least and last of all Greek-Letter members, and am not worthy to be called a member, inasmuch as I am but a novice lately initiated; and because for more than forty years I knew little and thought less of these societies; and because in my own undergraduate days when, if ever, I should have profited by these ties, I belonged to an university, the University of Oxford, in which we possessed, no, not one of these American notions. We had a vague idea, indeed, if I recollect aright, that all secret societies were composed of Irish Fenians, Sicilian brigands, and Chinese Boxers; while so far as the American Universities were concerned, to tell the brutal truth, we had not so much as heard that there were Greek-Letter societies.

It was with perturbation of soul then that I received the summons, and on the receipt of it caught up my hat and hurried from our University Tower into our University Park to collect my thoughts and cool my head. And there I became yet more disconsolate; for as I stood amid that moving scene, and watched the different class-societies of our university, and the students of its different faculties, marching in serried array, with be-ribboned flaring clubs and bedizened blaring horns, with cat calls and with megaphones, to the football field; as I beheld, here the bicyclists scorching on the track, and there the sophomores storming with successful valour the kopjes wherefrom floated the green flag of our freshmen, and exploding the wind-bag of their youthful conceit and fancied prowess; as I beheld all this I realized once again that this is the age of societies and organizations, of celebrations and of functions. More apprehensively than ever I remembered that I myself, a relic of the bygone age of individualism, a fossil remnant of the recluses whose timid souls shrank from all pomp and pageantry, from conventions of every kind and ceremonials, was myself to appear in a few days before a great society, and take part in an august ceremonial.

The thought unnerved me, and I sank upon a convenient rustic bench. And then—every Canadian will recollect how warm was the weather in early October—then somehow I became oblivious of my surroundings. The shouting of the "rooters" died away from out my ears, the puncturing of tire and tiro faded from my eyes, and I was back in the only society where I seem to be at home: the society of ancient Athens. A little while and even the strong scent of jockey-club from a bicycling couple on the adjoining bench gave place to a faint and sad and subtle fragrance of asphodel and of ambrosia and what the gods call "moly"; and I saw at my side a figure clothed neither in the padded canvas of my Canadian football students, nor yet in the rusty black of my respected colleagues, but in the graceful and the rich himation, which I recognized for Plato's.

And then all was easy, and I knew what to do; I would get advice from him.

"I am a Professor of Greek," I said, "and I am going to address a Greek-Letter society in the City of Sy-

racuse, and I don't know what to say. Tell me."

"I practised Greek myself," he began slowly, "and I did not profess it much, and I used to be the leader of most of the societies for promoting Greek Letters in my day, but"—and he seemed to blush a little—"I did not exactly succeed as a lecturer when I tried Syracuse."

I hastened to the rescue. "Oh, but this," I cried, "is not the same Syracuse, quite; this is in Atlantis."

"In Atlantis?" he said, scornfully; "there are no Greeks in Atlantis; what Greek would live beyond the cold Atlantic?"

"A Greek-Letter society," I humbly explained, "not a Greek society."

"They speak Greek, you mean," he answered, a little mollified, "but are not Greek born."

"They don't speak it all the time, not all of them, not yet," I stammered.

"Why not?" he asked sharply, "they can't speak better."

"No, they can't speak quite so well," I admitted, "but they have named their society with two Greek letters by way of a beginning; and some of them have even tried to read your Apology."

"These people, I misdoubt," he said severely, "honour me with their lips but their hearts are far from me."

I thought it best to turn the subject for a moment. "I am glad, Plato," I said, "that you have learned to quote the only work worth quoting, which has appeared since your own little book. But, believe me," I continued, "Syracuse is more Greek than you suppose. You would be disappointed, no doubt, at first, to find few traces of Greek except in the so-called 'sophomores'—a beautiful Greek relic is that name—but when you look beneath at the spirit, not the letter, of these societies, you will find some Greek spirit as well as many Greek letters; some attempt to conserve something of the spirit of Greek moderation; to strike a happy mean between the spirit of the sophists and philosophers who rule universities, the academic spirit as we call it, and the spirit of the natural man, the man in the street, who makes up the majority of those frequenting them. Now our universities, Plato," I continued, "do a very good work; they make men independent-minded, not afraid to think alone and to stand alone, if they think alone; not afraid of unpopularity, ready to fight if occasion call 'for lost causes and for impossible loyalties,' even for the lost cause of Greek, for example, in education, and the impossible loyalty of the dead languages; nay ready, perhaps, in more serious things even, to plead with their own countrymen the cause of the enemy, if they really and reluctantly feel it to be just.

"But it has its besetting temptations, like every other virtue, this academic spirit; these academic sophists who rule universities and make the academic spirit, too soft-hearted some of them to understand the work-a-day competitive world; or like a morbidly anxious mother, too ambitious for her children's perfection, so sensitive to each defect in their countrymen as to magnify each foible which healthier minds ignore; too cold-blooded others by long solitude to retain natural affection; too captious some of them by ingrained habits of criticism to abstain from finding fault with all about them; too deeply soured others by personal disappointments to judge aright the broader questions of public life and public men; whatever be the cause, and there are many causes, these academic sophists are apt to pour cold water on their countrymen's enthusiasms; to damp their fellows' ardour; to distrust their country's cause; to follow with fretful criticism and in a grudging spirit its prosperity; nay, sometimes even to counsel submission to their country's enemy, and give away to him what is not theirs to give, the prospects and the heritage of their children, and call it 'magnanimity'; ἀνδραγαθία as the 'little-Athenians' of your day called it."

"I was a little-Athenian myself," interrupted Plato softly.

I had always feared as much, but I

thought it better not to hear, and I continued: "Nay, sometimes even to call themselves by the high-sounding name of Cosmopolitan, when the truer title would have been 'the friends of every land except their own.' And so the great public outside the academic walls, resenting this academic criticism and these academic scruples, goes to the opposite extreme. 'My country right or wrong,' it cries; but at least it retains that healthy, natural instinct which leads a man to believe his country right, until he knows it wrong; to believe it wrong, if he comes to that conclusion, only with infinite reluctance, with measureless regret, upon the plainest evidence: that healthy natural instinct which leads a man to turn with pride and consolation, as the great Pericles used to say, from his private disappointments and his private cares to his country's triumph and expansion: to welcome with a keener relish, amid his personal bereavements, his country's festivals and anniversaries.

"And between these extremes—the academic temper and the popular—who mediates? Who else should mediate but the generous youth of universities, blessed with all the ardour and all the generosity of youth? all the ardour to learn and follow Truth at every cost, wherever it may lead, however rough the road, however sad the goal; and all the generosity which believes in its native land and in its country's cause; which loves with a warm and an undoubting love the fellow-countrymen whom it has seen, before professing to love the foreigners it has not.

"These are the natural mediators between the academic and the human, between gown and town: and of these mediators not the least important are these Greek-Letter societies: these societies which preserve for the student something of the social life of ancient Greece, which redeem the student from the secretiveness, the reserve, the fastidiousness, the unsympathetic and the carping criticism which the academic atmosphere develops; which keeps him sound-hearted, wholesome and still human. For the very nature of our universities with their necessary examinations sometimes calls to the front, brings into prominence, the man who lacks natural interests, who is lukewarm, apathetic, passive, colourless, who submits himself to the lecturer's note-book, as the subject to the surgeon's-knife, without spontaneity; like an empty vessel to be filled up from the university hydrant in the shortest space of time and with the least interruption and disturbance from the streams issuing from other and competing hydrants. The very nature of our universities brings such one-sided men to the front, because they take the university ply more readily; and it increases their one-sidedness. They were secretive, morbid, solitary, critical to begin with: it makes them more solitary and more unsympathetic than before.

"But the Greek-Letter societies among others pour another stream into all vessels capable of receiving it, the stream of natural interests, of youthful pleasures and youthful ambitions, the stream of the milk of human kindness; and even some of the ancient follies and ancient rebellions of youth will seem to you less foolish when you see that some of them are prompted by nothing worse than camaraderie and good-fellowship. And especially is this good work done by those Greek-Letter societies, which have made light of the foolish secrecy of the original organizations; which have made little of the mere number of their adherents and of their geographical expansion; but which have made much of the even balance and conservatism of their ideals: which have not neglected the academic temper because they temper it; which have not become mere clubs of amateur and therefore second-rate athletes, because they love athletics; which have tried to conserve all that is sound in the academic life, the spirit of scholarship and truth-seeking, the spirit too, not less essential, of discipline and order and hard work, while adding thereto the other and the popular spirit of manly youthful interests and good fellowship;

which have cultivated equally the love of law and the law of love; which have preserved upon the faces of their votaries alike the native hue of resolution and the pale cast of thought; in a word, which have striven to reach the ultimate ideal, the ideal of the greatest of Athenian statesmen in his greatest speech, and to say with him φιλοσοφουμεν ἄνευ μαλακίας "we are all scholars here, yet have not thereby ceased from being men."

Now all this time I had not forgotten Plato: I had watched him closely and he had seemed to me to nod his head gently at intervals as if in approbation of the more stirring passages of my eloquence; but now I heard a sound which made me feel uneasy, and I touched him and said, "Are you satisfied now, Plato?" "Satisfied with what?" he murmured; "your voice is very raucous and Cimmerian; your language is deplorably barbarian and un-Hellenic; I heard you quoting Pericles and I closed my ears and eyes; you ought to have remembered that I dissent from him. But what I want to know about these young gentlemen of your Greek-Letter societies is just this, do they even know their Greek alphabet?"

I seized the opportunity presented. "Know their Greek alphabet!" I cried exultantly, "they know nothing better, they know nothing half so well; it is ever on their lips; it was never so loudly welcomed even in Attica itself; they sing it in their songs, especially the two letters—"

But just then there came upon my lips another chestnut, an alien chestnut from the tree above, and broke my spectacles, and ended my dream and banished Plato; and I awoke and found myself alone upon the bench in the Park, with the shades of evening closing round me.

THE LOST CARGO.

By Claude Bryan.

"I WAS only cook's boy at the time, but I wasn't a bit worse scared than the rest of them when the *Katie Douglas* tried to go to the bottom. Mates, that were a dreadful storm, and if it hadn't been for Piché, lor' knows where I'd 'a been this minute—singin' hymns maybe, but most likely not, for it were a hard lot that bunked in the fo'c'sl that there trip; as hard a lot as ever I see.

"The *Katie Douglas* was a fore-and-aft schooner, and we were bound for Oswego with lumber. We crept out of Toronto harbour on a simperin' breeze, but we weren't out of the Gap an hour when a howlin' nor'wester made us take in our tops'ls. An' we had a load as was a load, I can tell ye—green lumber! An' to make matters a durn sight worse, the stuff was badly loaded. Heavy sticks of squared timber piled up fifteen or twenty feet would make the *Tootonic* top-heavy, I'm thinkin'; an' the *Katie Douglas* was a reg'lar mouse-trap drawin' a bare six foot."

Tom Marlin paused to light his pipe, but the habitués of the Sailors' Arms did not break the silence. This was partly because Tom had paid for the gin, and also because Marlin was a burly raconteur who made the pauses just as long as he liked, and fancied no voice but his own when he had the floor.

"An' it was Piché that done the trick," he continued. "Poor old Piché; I wish I had him here now, for you bet I'd fill him up so full that he couldn't walk, an' drive him home in a hack. But, blast me, now as I come to think

of it, Piché didn't touch a drop. In fact, Piché didn't do nothin' of that sort, an' we all thought even swearin' was out of his line till that night of the storm. When he shipped with us we took him for a softy 'cos he didn't drink, nor smoke, nor chew, but, by the holy poker, he was just as good as the next one on a tops'l yard; an' when his big body slid down the companion into the fo'c'sl nobody passed any jokes upon Piché, whatever we might have said behind his back, for ye could tell by his eye he was a devil. He was a Frenchman, as ye can easy see by his name; and *sacré bleu!* he had a string of curses that long when at last the occasion came to use 'em.

"I'd seen some bad weather before that night, my hearties, but I never knew the water to get right up on its hind legs an' leer down at ye like a fiend on stilts. I saw a devil's face on the crest of every wave, an' the whistlin' of the shrouds made a moanin' like the damned. The gale came out of the north, an' while we had the wind over our quarter, we kept ahead of the seas. It blew us clean across the lake, an' we held her up to her work as long as the tiller would swing, dodgin' the trough for a spell. We had taken in all our canvas 'ceptin' a skimpy stays'l, an' the mizzen was reefed to about the size of a decent handkerchief. At first, the water we shipped went out by the port-holes; then it began to come down the hatch; an' at the last we had the pumps goin' for all they were worth. But all this was nothin' to what was to come. We'd all been hitched up to a pump before, and had had some narrow squeaks for our breath; but I swore, several times, that was to be my last trip on the *Katie Douglas*, for when the coffin had swamped a little water, she tried to duck under every wave, an' answered her helm like a deaf horse. She rolled like a bos'n ashore, an' I tell ye I was sick right here in the chest. Ye know what it's like comin' down fast on a swing, sort o' cold here. Well, every time the *Katie Douglas* lurched I said part o' my prayers—what I could think of, an' all I could get out when that sinkin' feelin' had a grip on me."

Marlin took another mouthful from his mug, for his tongue had been running fast.

"Once more she came up, an' once more I thanked God that I was spared. Then! over she heeled till we were all hurled against the lee bulwarks. A huge wave swept her from stern to stem, an' the lumber—the lumber! great heavens, it began to slide down that slippery hill of deck an' over the gunwale. It slipped, and slipped, slowly, and the *Katie Douglas* was held down on her beam ends like a dog by the nose. The two spars went by the board, an' the tangled riggin' held the raft of timber like a disabled catamaran.

"I b'lieve I said before that it was dark, pitch dark; if I didn't I meant to; an' there we were as helpless as I ever hope to be, drivin' ashore in a gale on a rotten schooner.

"'The barque is done for,'" said the skipper, as he sent us from the pumps. 'Let us pray to God that we don't go ashore before daylight.'

"With the others, I crept down to the fo'c'sl—for I had some trinkets I wanted to save. Mates, I never saw such a crew. Fear had withered us all. Some prayed out loud, some sang snatches of hymns; the grimy cabin was like a nigger mission-room for croakin'. Two or three of us youngsters wept, but I don't think 'twas repentance.

"Then it was that Piché slid down the ladder. Great guns, I don't know when I've seen such a rage. He was fairly foamin' at the fangs. 'You shivering hounds of hades!' he roared above the psalms. 'I'm damned if you're not a pretty lot to face your Maker!'

"You should have heard how Piché took on, mates. Him as we supposed a parson in disguise or somethin'.

"Well anyways, when he got us to listen, an' that didn't take him long, for he had a peevy in his hand, he made us understand that he wanted us

to lower him over the side, an' that he would break the raft away. We thought he was foolin', though he didn't look like it, an' coaxin' as well as kickin' was wasted on us."

Piché crawled up the ladder with his peevy, groped his way across the deck to the dismantled timber and began his task alone. His youth had been spent in an Ontario lumber shanty, and with his cant-hook he deftly rolled the huge sticks. Many a time he had broken a jam on the river, but he had never faced a task like the one that now confronted him. For an hour he toiled while the others told their beads and sighed below. Now he worked from the ship's deck, now he climbed out upon the raft; back again to the deck. He was loosening her up. A gleam of success encouraged him. Some sticks of timber yet balked him. Down again he climbed upon the raft. The vessel was almost free. Once again he bent himself upon the cant-hook. Crash! A wave swept over the weather-bow of the schooner, and staggered him. But, the raft was floating; and there was the black hull of the *Katie Douglas* straightening up on the wave above him. He himself was drifting away on the raft. He shouted, shouted again, and then his voice was lost in the tempest.

Relieved of her cargo, the *Katie Douglas* bounded away in the darkness, and poor Piché was left without succour on a disjointed raft. The pitiless waves broke over him every minute almost drowning him, but still he clung to his log. The night seemed without end, and he was cold, cold, cold. Four hours passed away, and then the bleak dawn uncovered a low-lying shore about a mile away. The sea wa dropping and while he drifted nearer and nearer Piché gathered himself together for a final effort to escape the stranding timber.

At last he was near enough for his plan, and dragging himself to the farthest end of the few logs that remained, he cast himself into the surf and gained the shore. Then, overcome by his dreadful experience, he fainted.

When he recovered, Piché found himself between comfortable blankets and amid the kindly ministrations of a farmer and his family, who had seen him flung upon the beach. The raft had blown ashore near Oak Orchard on the south shore of Lake Ontario.

In a few hours his strength returned to him, and hurrying to the nearby railway station Piché telegraphed to the life-saving crew of Oswego that the schooner *Katie Douglas*, thither bound, was disabled but trying to make that port. Then he swung upon a passing freight train.

The schooner had not been sighted when he arrived at Oswego, but the life-boat was off in search of her.

Before evening, the *Katie Douglas*, battered and broken, weary and waterlogged, crawled into the quay, and her line was caught by Piché, who had been through the valley of the shadow of death.

"That's the sort of stuff Piché was made of, maties," said Marlin, puffing up his pipe; an' when ye want to sail under a skipper as knows his business from A to Z, hang up your hammock on the revenue cutter *Sea Gull*—for ye could easy see that Captain Piché was bound for the top of the ladder from the very first."

QUATRAIN.

GOD is the poet paramount who writes
His thoughts in worlds across the azure blue;
In grand and glorious measures He indites
The seasons; and man's heart in *me* and *you*.

John Arbory.

FROM OUT OF THE NIGHT.*

By F. Clifford Smith.

SUDDENLY, and weirdly, from across the black wastes of mutinous waters, there fell upon my astonished ears as I sat quietly by the railing of the vessel in the rapidly gathering night, the mournful wail of a child. The cry had come with a sudden gust of wind and was heard but for a moment.

The inexplicable is ever prone to make apprehensive, and it was with something akin to superstitious dread that I involuntarily bent further over the vessel's side, and with tense nerves waited to hear if the cry would be repeated—surely my ears must have deceived me! But they had not; again, distinctly, if somewhat more faintly, above the noise of a fresh burst of wind, and above the conflict of waters, came once more a child's cry—and such a cry, full of the most heartbreaking pathos and wistfulness.

I sat like one spellbound and asked myself if it could be possible that at that moment I was in the gulf of the stormy St. Lawrence, the nearest shore lying many miles away.

Had my health been stronger I might not have been so much unnerved. I had come, a few days ago, from one of the teeming American cities, at a low ebb of health, to the quaint little French-Canadian village of Gaspé, with its fisher-folk and health-giving sea breezes, to recuperate. I was now returning to the village on a powerful little vessel from a short trip taken that morning, further down into the gulf.

As stated, the vessel was yet miles away from land when I was startled by the inexplicable wails. On the boat, beside me, there were but four sailors and the skipper.

Scarcely had the cry been repeated than I started to my feet, and as I did so, my eyes fell upon two seamen who had evidently just come up from below. They, too, must have heard the cry, for, turning in the direction from whence the sounds had come, I saw them make the sign of the cross upon their breasts and heard them mutter, "*Pauvre enfant, pauvre enfant.*" With concerned faces they then turned to their duties, paying no more attention to me.

Crossing the narrow deck of the vessel, I returned to the brightly lit, cosy little cabin where I found the skipper, a typical French-Canadian, fearing neither wind nor wave, loud of speech, generous of heart; but, like most of his class, a firm believer in signs and omens.

He must have seen as I sat down that I was perturbed, for he poured out some liquor and handed it to me. After I had taken it, he told me in his quaint broken English that I should not have stayed out on the deck so long, seeing I was an invalid; he feared I had taken cold.

I answered that I had not been cold while on deck, but had been startled, and I feared a little unnerved by a strange thing that had happened: in the freshening wind I had distinctly heard the wailing voice of a child.

In a moment his weather-beaten face took on a sobered expression; he, too, made the sign of the cross and whispered the words, "*Pauvre enfant.*" Noting my curious look, he quietly sat down and unfolded to my ears a story that for over two centuries has been believed in by the fisher-folk for hundreds of miles around Gaspé—and which is believed in by them to this day.

I shall not narrate the story as he

* A legend of the Lower St. Lawrence.

told it; but going back through the centuries, the reader shall see with me the dramatic happenings which, legend says, causes the heartrending childish cries that day are yet heard in certain weather off the coast of Gaspé in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence.

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It had been unusual weather for the coast of Gaspé; although very late in the fall there had been a calm for ten days, and such a period of rest from storm, in this part of the country, was unusual even in midsummer. The vast expanse of water in front of the thinly populated village, which merged further down the gulf into the Atlantic, had been peaceful so long that the fisher-folk shook their heads and prophesied calamities ere long. The year was 1680.

In the twilight of the tenth day of the calm Father Larocque, the parish priest, who had but arrived in the district a week before, sat in a bare little room, behind the altar of the church, which he had fitted up as a kind of study, his chin resting on his hand, his eyes, a sombre look in them, fastened on the uncarpeted floor. Youthful as was his countenance, it was strangely lacking in the expressions of hope and brightness so attractive in youth. What marred the face was the too dogged chin and restless expression of the eyes—eyes, nevertheless, whose changeful colour betrayed, in spite of the harsh chin, the tense highly strung nature. Still, the face was not a strong one as was shown by the forehead; it was too low, and harmonized but ill with the massive lower features. The whole mould of the countenance, in brief, bespoke a nature of conflicting passions difficult of government.

The deepening twilight had almost merged into the more sombre shadow of night when a hasty knock sounded on the study door. Rising slowly Father Larocque lit a lamp and then opened the door; a fisherman's wife stood before him, and before he could enquire her errand she agitatedly told him an infant had been born, a little time since, to Madame Lariviere, and that it was at death's door and had not had baptism.

Believing, as the *habitants* did, that there was no hope of salvation for an unbaptized infant, the keen agitation and fear of the woman was explained.

As she had uttered the name Lariviere, Father Larocque had started; but the start was followed by a skeptical impatient expression, and, after asking the woman where the sick woman lived (as stated, he had but newly arrived), he dismissed her. Going back into the study he hastily donned his hat, and was soon striding in the direction of the cottage, which stood high up on the bank of the River Madeline, close to where its waters emptied into the restless billows of the gulf.

Before he had walked very far he noted that a decided change had come into the night; the wind, which since his arrival in the country had been so dormant, was slowly rising, and was scudding over the quarter-face of the moon clouds ominous with rain. The heavier wash of the waters of the gulf, on his left, bespoke their unrest at approaching change.

The cottages, in this the infancy of the settlement, were comparatively few, and Father Larocque found the one described to him without difficulty. Opening the door of the cottage without knocking, he entered. In the small kitchen into which the door opened he saw, awaiting his arrival, the midwife of the district. An anxious look was on her face, and she said rapidly, as she pointed to a door: "You are just in time, Pere; it cannot live many minutes now. Marie be praised, you have come in time; its little soul will not be forever lost now!"

He uttered no comment, and entered the sick room. His office being a sacred one, the midwife did not follow.

The light in the sick room was burning low, and it was only very dimly that the young priest saw, wrapped in a bundle of blankets by the side of a woman on the bed, an atom of humanity, its face speaking of the hovering

of its spirit at the portals of the great unseen. The mother's face was turned from him.

Just at the moment he stooped to take up the babe, and give it the last rites that were believed to mean eternal happiness for it—or without them the loss of salvation—the sick woman became aware of a presence, and turned her face towards him. Their eyes met. He stood like one petrified, his arms remaining outstretched towards the infant. From the woman's lips there fell a faint exclamation. It reached the midwife's ears in the kitchen, and she moved restlessly. For what seemed an age to her she heard no more,and then again a muffled sound of voices reached her, the voice of the priest sounding deep and strange, while in the voice of the sick woman their seemed a piteous tone of pleading.

Suddenly the door of the bedroom opened and the young priest, with set mouth and face exhibiting intense excitement, strode swiftly through the kitchen and opened the street door. Just as it was closing behind him a mournful gasping wail from the sick-room fell upon his ears : the cry had come from the infant with the final flicker of life and was the last it would ever utter.

The weird wail aroused the midwife from the stupor that had seemed to possess her and she hastened into the bedroom ; a sight met her eyes that she never forgot : the sick young mother was sitting up in bed, the dead infant clasped to her bosom, and she was crowing to it as though she herself were not desperately ill, and as though the little one had not already gone where her voice could never reach it.

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Paying no heed to the buffetings of the wind, which was still increasing in strength, Father Larocque, his face exhibiting the most conflicting emotions, continued his way over the barren rocky road in the direction of the church, which was still some distance away ; his steps, however, were not so determined nor his air so resolute as when he had left the cottage. In the man, despite that which had soured his nature, with its natural bent to gloominess and hasty, passionate acts, was an earnest craving for strength to live down self and relieve suffering —hence haunting him now, and momentarily unnerving him, was the wailing cry of the infant that had reached him as he had left the cottage.

At last conscience triumphed, and when about half a mile from the church he abruptly turned and retraced his steps to the cottage.

Two hours later he was in his study once more pacing to and fro in a way that only too plainly betrayed the deepest agony of mind. The great remorse, now shown in his countenance, had taken away its youthfulness so that years would have been thought to have elapsed since he had been summoned to hasten and save an infant soul from being forever lost by giving it the blessing of the church. The hours wore slowly on and still backward and forward, and backward and forward, like some caged thing, he paced around the little study.

The wind which had been blowing with great violence from off the land towards the gulf, carrying great sheets of rain with it, began to veer rapidly and blow directly from the gulf, in a direct line almost from where the mouth of the River Madeline met it. Facing this direction was the one window in the study.

Presently the rain, answering the changed direction of the wind, smote suddenly against the window, while the voice of the shrieking wind, from its new quarter, filled the room. Had the storm caught upon its wings some direful anathema from the realms of the lost a more ghastly pallor could not have overspread the priest's face. In conscience-stricken terror he stood, with wide-open eyes, in the centre of the room gazing up at the window : distinctly to be heard in the storm and wind was the weird wailing of an infant's voice. The wail was woven in the very woof of the wind, wistful,

hopeless and terrible of import. He stood and listened and listened till he could endure no longer; suddenly clasping his hands to his ears he whispered, his eyes gleaming with fear and distress: "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, the wail of the infant; its lost spirit has been sent to punish me for my great sin." Sinking to his knees he tried to pray in the hope that the retributive cry might be hushed. In his great remorse he cried aloud, but the sound of his voice, ringing through the little room, seemed but to blend and accentuate the mournful wail of agony and bring it out still more clearly from the other sounds of the storm.

Fearful of going out into the storm to the little cottage where he lived near the church, he fled from the study, his hands again pressed to his ears, into the church—surely in the sacred edifice the cry of the lost soul could not find an entrance! In vain the hope; the church, with its many windows, was echoing the mood of the night tenfold more distinctly than was being repeated in the small study. Now echoing near the door, now being whispered from one window, then from another and anon wailing among the statues around the altar, was the mournful cry that he would have given the world to have commanded to cease. Lying on the steps of the altar he listened and listened as the hours went by in a remorse and agony so great as to be beyond the power of reason, at any great length, to endure.

The dim light, which ever burnt before the altar, slightly revealed, and threw a ghostly light upon the prostrate, agonized figure.

The dull grey dawn still found him at the foot of the altar; the storm still blowing from the same direction and showing signs of increasing instead of diminishing fury. Still the hopeless voice whispered, moaned and wailed from dome, window and apse. Once or twice during the day, which was dark, almost as twilight, he raised his head, and looked in a wild, strange way towards the door of the church as though he would rise and flee; but each time it seemed to him that the wail was more unearthly and accentuated, and he buried his head in his arms again.

So the day wore on and the gloom of more direful night reached out shadowy arms into the church. In front of the altar still glimmered the feeble light. Soon the blackness was so dense that the rays scarcely revealed the sufferer. The storm had now turned to a furious gale. Shrieking up from the wild gulf, the wind tore around the exposed, lonely church, filling the interior with unnumbered echoes; yet never so loud the voice of the gale or multiplied its echoes as for a moment to overwhelm the moan of childish agony so subtly woven in it.

For almost two hours after midnight he continued in horror to listen on, weak from the want of food, and benumbed by the cold, to the nemesis that he believed had been decreed of God, as it unceasingly wailed out from the pandemonium of other sounds. Finally, the limit of human endurance was reached, and, staggering to his feet, his face drawn beyond the power of words to paint, he ran stumbling from the church, out into the blackness of the revengeful storm, directing his steps towards the dense woods, which ran some little distance from the church, back far into the interior, ending where the settlers at this early time scarcely knew where.

When noon came the fury of the storm had all but spent itself. The wind had veered again, and the mournful cry was heard no longer. Later in the day a garment belonging to the priest was found a short distance from the church, and when he could not be found in the cottage, in his study, or in the church, the settlement was aroused—some mysterious and tragic happening while the storm had raged in the night was now feared and oppressed each heart. The searchers that day could get no trace of the missing man, but late the following afternoon footprints, that were supposed to be the priest's, were followed to the edge of the wood. The disturbed undergrowth then gave the trail, and Father La-

rocque was found half lying, half crouching at the foot of a great tree, almost two miles from where he had entered the wood. Wet and emaciated, he was still alive. But when his rescuers looked into his eyes their rejoicing ceased—there was no ray of reason in them. They crossed themselves in mute, mystified pity.

When they reached the village with him another sorrow was in store for them—Madame Lariviere had died, and was to be buried by the side of her infant. She had left two other little ones to be cared for by them ; for her husband was at sea. But what unnerved them the most was the strange and dreadful story told them as to what had caused her death—a story affirmed to be true by the midwife who had attended her. As to what the cause, it made them shrink away from the babbling priest, whose reason grew no stronger with the passing days ; still he was sheltered till the clerical authorities were notified in distant Quebec, who removed him to a remote monastery there.

He lived in the silence of the place for months, his flesh failing and failing till, so the legend is, till he became a living skeleton. Reason came to him but once, and that was a few hours before his death ; but in the brief space he remembered all, confessed and received the pardoning grace of the church for the wrong which no time could ever undo.

In that whispered confession was the foundation of the legend, which has existed for over two centuries and which is yet firmly believed in by the fisher-folk of Gaspe.

The dying man confessed to having entered the church in Paris owing to a bitter disappointment in one he had loved several years before. She had been below his station in life. On the very day they were to have been married she had jilted him, flying with a man of her own walk in life. The truth had been broken to him as he had waited for her in the church. Bitterness had finally turned to a longing for revenge; finally, in the hope of living down the misery of life, he entered the church as a novice and prepared himself for the life of a priest. For five years he had studied night and day, trying all the time by self-denying acts to find peace. At the end of the time he had been ordained and a few months ago had been sent, by the Bishop of Paris, to the little parish across the ocean at Gaspe. He had been glad to go to the far-distant place ; in a new clime and with arduous work his hope had been that memory of her would cease. This hope, as all his hopes in life had seemed to be, had been futile. He confessed how, at the very moment when the fisherman's wife had gone to him in his little study at Gaspe, asking him to hasten and christen a dying infant, he had been brooding of the one who had been so faithless to him.

When he had stood in the sick room and the woman had turned her face to him from the bed at the moment he was reaching out his arms to take up the dying child, satan had entered into his soul—it was the face of the woman he had loved that was looking into his! The tumult of evil which had possessed him had dried up all pity and he had refused, despite all the mother's pleadings, to baptize the infant and save its soul. In a fury of rage he had turned from the cottage. A gasping wail had smote his ears just as the door of the cottage was closing behind him.

Before he had reached the church, however, the horror of his act had come fully home to him, and turning he had almost ran back to the cottage, praying all the way that he might not be too late to give the child baptism. But upon his return he had learned that the wail he had heard had been the last the child would ever utter.

Swift had been the retribution of God ; from out of the sudden storm that had overspread the heavens had been repeated to him in that night of terror in the church, the hopeless wail of the babe; a wail, which he knew then, was from its lost soul as it strove in vain to find the rest which, by his sinful deed, it must seek for in vain.

Such was the confession, such the

end of the priest, and such the woof of the story told me by the French-Canadian skipper—in the cabin of his little vessel—of the wailing infant cry which had reached me, miles out in the gulf, from the direction of the River Madeline.

For the satisfaction of those who are curious it may be said that geological research in the vicinity of the mouth of the Madeline, has given a much less romantic explanation of the phenomenal childish moans heard far out in the gulf during certain weather. It has been demonstrated that on the mainland, where the River Madeline joins the waters of the gulf, are great and wondrous caverns, and that the monster waves, as they rush into and ebb from them, create the most pathetic childish wails, which when caught up by the wind and carried out into the gulf, or when wafted landward, are inexplicable and often awe-inspiring in the extreme.

HISTORICAL PUBLICATIONS.

By Norman Patterson.

THE fifth annual volume of the University of Toronto Studies, reviewing the historical publications of the year, has been issued.* It contains notes on 170 books, monographs and articles published during 1900. There is more "perspective" in this volume than in any of its four predecessors. The reviewers have aimed at giving the special points or facts brought out by each writer, and have so united in their work that the product, considered as a whole, is harmonious. Professor Wrong and Mr. Langton, who are responsible for the general oversight and most of the reviews, are to be congratulated on the excellence of the volume. But once more, the writer would urge that each department should be prefaced by a general introduction summarizing the progress of investigation during the year. If this had been done from the beginning the general introduction would make a continuous narrative showing what had been accomplished in each field of research during the past five years. Take, for example, archæology. If each year's review of new archæological works had been prefaced by an introduction summarizing the progress of archæology during the year, a reading of the five introductions would give a splendid summary of the past five years' progress. Such a plan would bind the series together so as to increase the value of each and would make the volumes much more interesting to the general reader.

It seems almost incredible that such important work as is performed by this annual volume should have been left to the generosity of the Ontario Government, when it is properly the work of the Federal Government. The latter, however, has been somewhat unmindful of the value of historical investigation. It did aid Mr. Kingsford by a tiny subscription; it does aid the Royal Society and other organizations which are encouraging original research; it has established a half-starved archives branch; it does occasionally assist the author with a political pull; but no Government at Ottawa since Confederation has taken a broad view of the value of historical investigation.

If the Dominion authorities will not take up the work, it should be done by a Canadian historical Board consisting of representatives from all the Canadian universities, rather than by those of one university. The professors of history, economics and archæology at Queen's, McGill, Laval, Dal-

*Toronto: William Briggs. Paper, $1.00; cloth, $1.50.

housie, Manitoba and other important universities should be asked to co-operate. A Nova Scotia professor should review the new historical publications relating to Nova Scotia, a New Brunswick professor those relating to New Brunswick, and so on. Because the University of Toronto has a professor whose enterprise has initiated so valuable a piece of work as this is no reason why the other universities should not be asked or should refuse to co-operate. It is work which is national in its character, and therefore should be nationally performed.

After these suggestions, offered in all modesty, the volume under discussion may be considered more closely. It opens with a review of the books and articles dealing with "Canada's Relations to the Empire." The most important book under this heading being Professor Davidson's "Commercial Federation and Colonial Trade Policy"—a book, by the way, which reads as if it written by a politican instead of a professor.

The second division is entitled "The History of Canada," and is the most important division in the volume. The savage onslaught on some articles in an English review over the name of J. Castell Hopkins is somewhat unnecessary. His recent history of Canada has been badly received, even by those of his friends who stood stoutly by his previous works. This accusing him of being a purloiner of other men's work, of being hasty and inaccurate, is growing monotonous. All writers of this class should be passed unnoticed, as criticism is more likely to give them a standing than to make them abashed. Reviewing Smith, Elder & Co.'s "Dictionary of National Biography" J. S. Carstairs says:

"It is rather disappointing to find so many names of interest to Canadians missing in these volumes. One looks in vain for Sir George Yonge, a member of the Shelburne Ministry, the friend of Governor Simcoe, whose name is commemorated in Yonge Street, Toronto, or for Major-General Plomer Young, an efficient officer of the British troops, who commanded at the Windmill affair, Prescott, in 1838. The Seven Years' War suggests the names of Brigadier-General Whitmore, associated with Wolfe in the taking of Louisbourg; and of Colonel John Winslow, associated with Moncton in the taking of Fort Beausejour, and more famous for the part he took in the deportation of Acadians—neither receives notice. Nor does the distinguished metaphysician, the Rev. George Paxton Young, nor, to go farther afield, the brilliant young journalist, John Robin Wilby, who founded the Bengal *Times*, and drank deep of the language and lore of the Indies, fare better at the hands of the editors. One would wish to learn something more of Sir William Winniett, a British-American, who after long service in the British navy became Governor of the Gold Coast and died in 1851; and of Major-General John Wilson, who was acting Governor-General of Canada in 1816. The services of Major-General Sir William Williams in the Peninsular War, or in the War of 1812-15 certainly deserve some space in any series of national biographies that make claims to completeness."

The same able reviewer walks off with the scalp of John Ross Robertson, ex-M.P., and historian of Canadian Freemasonry—two volumes, 2,200 large pages, weight 12 pounds. Mr. Carstairs thinks the style is too newspapery, and that the huge volumes contain very little about Freemasonry; the contents are historical and biographical, but without unity; the author has done too much to do it well. While admitting that Mr. Carstairs advances sound argument to abet his statements, one must confess a great admiration for the indefatigable industry and zeal of a Canadian "man of affairs" who could in the spare hours of a life-time succeed in compiling such a magnificent collection of facts.

Apparently during 1900 we have made few additions to the early history of Canada. Winship's Cabot Bibliography contains no new facts, although it gives a new estimate of Sebastian Cabot. N. E. Dionne's Roberval adds nothing, and "the gaps and obscurities remain as before." Gravier's Champlain is in the same class. Judge Girouard adds something in his "Supplément au 'Lake St. Louis,'" making La Salle's period clearer. Bradley's "The Fight with France for North America" is merely a popular volume but a conscientious piece of work. These are the principal works of the

year, and none of them can be described as "monumental."

Among the books of 1900 that have added to our store of knowledge concerning later Canadian history are: Another volume of Lieut.-Colonel Cruickshanks' "Documentary History," Mrs. Currie's "Laura Secord," Lieut.-Colonel Denison's "Soldiering in Canada," and Robertson's "History of Freemasonry," all worthy of more than passing mention.

There is also a review and digest of the books of 1900, and articles which can be classed under "Geography, Economics and Statistics," "Archæology, Ethnology and Folklore," and "Education and Bibliography." In the latter section is an admirable biographical sketch of the late Sir Daniel Wilson, with a list of his published works. In the latter is one omission at least. In 1854 there was published by the Nelsons of London and Edinburgh, a volume by this distinguished scholar entitled "Oliver Cromwell and the Protectorate," but there is no mention of this in the list.

ECONOMICS IN THE HIGH SCHOOL.

By Prof. J. E. LeRossignol.

THE educational world is passing through a period of trouble, unrest and doubt. Time was when the old classical and mathematical curriculum was an authority of undoubted validity, an infallible guide, an accepted standard. The pedagogical creed of those days was brief and simple. Teachers could find rest and peace in believing it. The fundamentals were established. Pedagogical thought concerned itself not so much with subjects to be taught as with methods of teaching them. Authority prescribed the former, custom the latter, and between the authority of custom and the custom of authority there was little room for the anarchy of doubt.

But in all things there is a spirit of change, for all things live and move, and nothing can remain forever the same. Times and customs change. The old order passes away. The whole world is in a state of unstable equilibrium. Though it may seem to rest, it is ever plunging along towards an unknown goal. Therefore it is that pedagogical creeds and customs must sooner or later be called in question.

It is not merely educational methods that are subjected to criticism, but curricula and ideals as well. Hardly any educational question can be regarded as settled. There is no universally acknowledged authority. Doubt and uncertainty prevail. It is generally admitted that present conditions are unsatisfactory, but there is no agreement concerning proposals for reform. Meanwhile educators are striving after something more permanent, and through darkness and confusion are groping towards every glimmering light, every promise of better things.

Hence the existence of the so-called fads, and their enthusiastic promoters. They are the heralds of reform, the precursors of change, the outriders of progress. Like the early birds in spring they will be followed by more of the same kind. Teachers and pupils have suffered many things at their hands, and they are likely to suffer many more. They are tired of experiments, weary of continual change, and ask to be let alone. But it is not possible to let them alone. They cannot be allowed to rest in peace. If we ask when shall come the happy time when the wicked shall cease from troubling and the weary be at rest, we can only answer that this time will never come,

* The author is at present on the staff of Colorado University, but was born and educated in Canada. —EDITOR.

and that we should be unhappy if it did come. There is no prospect of ever reaching an absolute and final ideal. As in ascending mountains one peak rises above another, so, in the pursuit of ideals, the summit attained only brings to view more distant heights.

Already three great groups of studies have secured recognition and standing among the modern aristocracy of studies, the language group, the mathematical group, and the natural science group. A fourth group demands recognition, and claims to be at least of equal importance with the other three. This is the group of the political and social sciences, including history, political science, economics, psychology, and ethics. If to these four groups we add a fifth, the study of the fine arts or "music," in the ancient meaning of that word, we have a practically complete list of the studies necessary to a liberal education, as distinguished from those which are required in technical preparation for various trades and professions.

Without attempting to fix the place and order of language and mathematics in the course of common school and high school studies, we may safely say that nature study and the study of art might well begin in the lowest grades, but that the serious study of political and social science should begin at some time during the high school course. Before the period of adolescence the child takes very little interest in social or political questions, but at that time his social consciousness is awakened, he begins to think, to dream, and to be susceptible to the influence of ideals, political, social, ethical and religious. At this time it is possible to awaken interests that may continue throughout life, but if the opportunities then presented be neglected and passed by, it is more than probable that such awakening in many cases will never take place. If, then, the thoughts of the rising generation are even to be directed towards the consideration of political and social questions, it is in the high school that the work must be begun.

Economics is only one of a group of studies, but it is by no means the least in importance. It is intimately connected with the welfare of the individual and of society at large. As the science which investigates the relation of mankind to material wealth, it must command the attention of those who think that food, and clothing, and shelter and a few other necessaries, together with some luxuries, contribute not a little to the happiness of mankind. The creation and use of wealth is not the supreme end of human activity, but it is an end of great importance in itself, and the means whereby the attainment of higher ends is rendered possible.

But whether for good or ill, it remains a fact that human beings in obedience to the primeval command, have set themselves to the task of subduing the earth and having dominion over it, and to that end they have organized themselves into industrial and political groups. To both of these groups practically every individual belongs, and one object of primary and secondary education is to prepare school children to take their places in the industrial and political schools of life. The boys, at least, will be active members of both of these groups. They will be men of business on the one hand and citizens on the other.

That the study of economics is, or might be, of great value to business men will hardly be denied. A scientific study of the laws which govern the production and distribution of wealth must surely be useful to men engaged in that very production and distribution. The fact that many business men have in the past been ignorant of economic principles does not indicate that such ignorance was other than a defect and a misfortune. The health of the business world has always been more or less precarious. Disease and death have been all too common. It is reasonable to expect that a scientific study of the industrial organism will prevent some of the deaths and cure some of the diseases. In business life every man is his own doctor, and, therefore,

every man needs for himself a knowledge of the scientific principles which he daily puts in practice.

But lest it should be claimed that the study of economics is not one of the essentials of a liberal education, but rather a technical branch of study, like book-keeping and commercial arithmetic, it is well to take the higher ground and to claim that no education is liberal which does not produce intelligent, capable, instructed and virtuous citizens, and that the study of economics is essential to that end. More is required than a knowledge of economics alone. The study of history, civil government and ethics, are also of great importance. In laying stress upon the utility of economics, it is not necessary to forget the claims of other subjects.

The citizen, to be a good citizen, must take an interest in public affairs. But nearly every public question is to a greater or less extent a question of economics. To show that such is the case, it is only necessary to mention the tariff, the money question, banking, reform, monopolies, agriculture, mining, fisheries, education, pauperism, crime or any other matter of public interest and political concern. In the discussion and settlement of these questions economic principles are applied or misapplied with most telling effect, and if there is any connection between good government and public welfare, then there is a similar connection and relation between good citizenship and the science of economics.

Under a democratic form of government, the final decision of public questions rests with the citizens, who express their opinions by means of votes. If possible, then, all citizens should have an expert knowledge of economic science. But this is now, and always will be, impossible. Therefore the public at large ought to have the good sense to leave the decision of public questions in the hands of specialists. The necessities of modern life demand specialists in every line of work. Formerly it was thought that every barber could be a surgeon, every carpenter an architect, every church member a theologian, every stump orator a statesman. Now we have trained surgeons, scientific architects, learned theologians, one and all specially trained and prepared for the work they pretend to do. Only statesmen require no preliminary training. They are born not made, and any successful lawyer, any keen-minded merchant, any prosperous farmer, is thought well-fitted to direct the affairs of the nation.

Until we have special colleges for the training of legislators and civil servants, according to the suggestion of Plato more than two thousand years ago, we must make use of our high schools and colleges as best we can. The graduates of these institutions ought to be leaders in every sphere of life, and the courses of study should be such as to prepare them in the best possible way for the work to which they are called.

There is every reason to think that the people will not be slow to perceive the superior fitness of men thus trained, and will be willing to be guided and directed by them. People are like sheep, only too glad to follow their leaders. If they cannot find good leaders they will follow bad leaders, but follow they must. Nor are they totally unable to discriminate and distinguish the good from the bad. It is quite possible for them to have sufficient common sense and enough knowledge of economics and kindred subjects to be conscious of their own ignorance, and to enable them to select leaders whom they can trust. But if we introduce the study of economics into our high schools, we may expect that the pupils will become interested in the subject, and that by a process of diffusion their knowledge and interest will spread to others. In this way ideas now in the minds of few will become the common property of all, and thereby the science itself will be advanced and great economists will be produced by a people interested in economic subjects. Thus have the musical Germans produced the greatest of composers, and the Scottish

people, trained to think by a study of the Bible and the Shorter Catechism, have produced theologians and philosophers without number.

When we come to the practical questions concerning the place of economics in the high school curriculum, the time to be devoted to the study of it, and the methods of teaching the subject, we have little experience to use as a guide. Methods of teaching languages and mathematics are well understood. They are the product of centuries of pedagogical experience. The science of economics is an infant of days. It has only begun to be taught in the schools. It must make its own way. If it be found profitable, it will in time take its place in the aristocracy of studies. If not it will not be allowed to cumber the ground.

Meanwhile the experiment should be tried in a small way. The best results can be obtained in the last year of the high school course, with pupils whose minds are sufficiently mature to grasp the elements of a difficult subject. That such pupils are quite able to profit by instruction in economics has been shown by the successful work that has been done in some schools in the United States.

Economics can be taught by means of lectures and conversations, or by the use of a text-book, or in connection with the study of history and geography, or in all of these ways, combined with direct observation of the economic facts of daily life. It is a subject so closely connected with daily life that illustrations are never lacking and interest can easily be sustained.

But it is not sufficient to show that economics is a very useful subject for study, and that it can be successfully taught. It has often been asserted, and with reason, that a liberal education does not consist in knowledge, but in the power to think. The end and aim of a high school course is not the production of encyclopædic minds, of attic rooms stored with dry and lifeless facts, but of minds alert, trained to think, able to attack the problems of life and to work out their solution. Not knowledge, but power, is the ideal. The curriculum is over-crowded with subjects. It is full of languages and mathematics, with a modicum of natural science as well. These are the subjects best fitted to develop the latent powers of the human mind. It is true they do not supply the mind with such facts as can often be used in daily life, but they prepare the mind to perceive, to discriminate and to reason, and thus make it ready to think on all and sundry subjects as occasion may demand. Education is a process of drawing out, not of putting in. For purposes of training, verbal and mathematical discipline is the best that can be given. If we are trained in the use of words and signs and symbols, in after life we shall be able to substitute for these all manner of ideas and thereby arrive at correct results. Thought is one. Mental training need only be formal, not material. The mental process whereby I unite the head and tail of a German verb is the same as that whereby I learn to carry on business, to direct military operations, to preach a sermon, to make a diagnosis, to prepare a brief.

There is truth in this argument, but like all half-truths it involves an insidious fallacy. Mental training is the end of education, but that end cannot be attained without the aid of facts. The mind cannot work *in vacuo*. It must have ideas as the material of thought. And it matters very much what these ideas are. Ideas have characteristics of their own. They move about in the mind in ways of their own. One set of ideas has one way of being thought, and another set must be thought in another way. There are laws of thought, but they must be adapted and modified to suit the laws of things. Verbal and symbolic thought is only slightly applicable to the real world. The study of words and signs should follow and not precede the knowledge of things. To invert the natural order is to try to conform things to forms, rather than to make forms agree with things. But

things refused to be conformed. Hence the perplexity of the scholar thrown out into the world of men and things. Therefore the student on leaving school is obliged to cast aside his scholastic methods, and to adopt, often with difficulty and pain, a new and more real way of seeing and thinking.

Why not make the school a mirror of daily life? Why not use, for purposes of training, ideas and methods similar to those found in the real world? Why not teach language in connection with the study of things, and formal mathematics in the same way? Language and mathematics would then take their places as secondary and subordinate studies, as means to ends, not as ends in themselves, leaving the chief place in the curriculum to the study of man and of the world in which he lives.

In such a curriculum economics would have an important place. It has been claimed that minds trained in language and mathematics are able, if they wish, to pick up all the economics they need in after life without any preliminary training or direction. This can hardly be a correct theory, since the facts do not agree with it. Men of affairs, as a rule, have neither time nor patience to pursue an elementary course in such a subject as economics. If they pay attention to it at all their reading is desultory and their conclusions one-sided. They become socialists or individualists, rabid free-traders or extreme protectionists, violent advocates of free silver or bigoted defenders of the gold standard, or anything and everything that is not sane and sober and impartial. They lack a rudimentary grounding as a foundation for future work. The school should supply this foundation, and the after-life the superstructure.

It is not denied that the study of economics is sufficiently difficult for purposes of mental training, but it is claimed that it is not sufficiently exact. Economics, it is said, is not a science. All its problems are unsettled. There is no scientific demonstration, no unanimity of opinion, and consequently nothing definite to teach or to learn, but only vain disputations to perplex the student's mind with the mere appearance of truth, where truth is not to be found.

In these statements there is enough of truth to make them plausible, but no more than that. Economics is not an exact science like geometry, but it is a science and a demonstrative science. Many facts are known, many laws have been discovered, many generalizations have been made, many clear demonstrations have been worked out, many effects have been traced to their causes. It is true that the science is yet in its infancy, that great problems are as yet unsolved, and that in the working out of minor problems it is often hard to be sure that the right solution has been obtained. A set of ten problems in arithmetic will have only ten correct answers, while ten problems in economics will have ten or more probable answers. I do not see but that the discovery of a probable solution may give the student as good mental discipline as the working out of an exact mathematical answer. In fact, the problems of life are not susceptible of exact mathematical solution. They admit of only a partial solution, and the answers are at best only probable. It is, therefore, not unreasonable to say that the mental training to be obtained from thinking out an economic problem is the sort of training that best fits a student for solving the complex and difficult problems of life. And it is not not necessary that all economic problems should be solved. If the student has learned that these problems exist, if he has been obliged to think upon them and to think hard, if he has come to realize their extreme difficulty, his studies in economics have not been in vain.

It has been said that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. It might be asked in reply, how much knowledge can we safely possess? Where are we to draw the line between complete ignorance and infallibility, between the fool and the philosopher,

between the peasant and the Pope? This line it is impossible to draw. No longer do we keep the people in darkness lest they should stumble and fall while learning to see. We allow them to play with edged tools until they learn how to use them. A few accidents do not prevent the progress of the world. Since we have discarded infallibility and divine right we can only trust the feeble intellect we possess and believe that more knowledge is better than less knowledge, and little knowledge is better than none at all. Once having eaten of the tree of knowledge, our only safety consists in eating more of the same fruit.

In free democratic countries such as Canada and the United States there is a serious objection to the study of economics, which is based, not on pedagogical, but on political grounds Just as Roman Catholics are unwilling that Protestant theology should be taught in the public schools, and just as many Protestant sects would have no religion taught at all rather than the doctrines of this or that opposing sect, so one political party is unwilling that the economic doctrines of a rival party should be taught in the schools.

In the United States there are two great questions which thus divide public opinion. These are the money question and the question concerning the respective merits of protection and free trade. In Canada the latter is the only economic question of this sort. For advocating the free coinage of silver the president of an eastern university was constrained to resign his position. For defending the gold standard a college professor in a western state is said to have had a similar fate. The cases were few in both east and west. I have yet to hear of any such trouble because of heretical teaching on the subject of protection in either east or west. In the vast majority of cases teachers of economics have been allowed to express their opinions on these and all other economic questions without let or hindrance.

But no doubt they are prudent and non-committal, and find it convenient as well as equitable to present both sides of these difficult and many-sided questions. That it is possible to teach these subjects without offence to one side or the other can hardly be doubted by any student of economics. But if this be impossible it would be better to omit the discussion of such questions altogether rather than to allow the science as a whole to be neglected because of one or two matters of dispute wherein conflict of interests prevents unanimity of opinion.

But if anyone should say that the scientific study of economics tends to establish the views of protectionists or free traders or free-silver advocates, on one side or the other of any great public question, and fearing investigation should oppose the introduction of the study into the schools on such grounds as these, then I will plainly say that such a person is placing party prejudice and local interests before the welfare of the public at large, and can be little better than a defender of ignorance and a blind leader of the blind.

It is commmon to hear political pessimists say that democratic government is a failure, that the electors are ignorant, the politicians corrupt, the statesmen mere weather-vanes, the administration wasteful, the whole head sick and the whole heart faint. In short, the body politic is afflicted with an incurable disease. It is not necessary to take so gloomy a view of the situation. It is well that the diagnosis is so accurate. The disease is known, and the patient is yet alive. The cure is also known, and consists of unremitting doses of knowledge and virtue, both teachable and both indispensable to a successful result. But concentrated, sustained and heroic efforts on the part of all the vital forces in the political organism will be necessary to eradicate the disease and restore the patient to health. The public school is one of these vital forces, and in a struggle like this it cannot afford to stand aside.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited by Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

"WHERE are you going this summer?" is a question that seems to be as much in season just now as skipping ropes, marbles and house-cleaning. Some people have settled the matter already and packed their trunks, or are preparing to pack their trunks and fly off to Europe by one of the big liners. Those, however, are of course, principally the persons of leisure and means, and not the great mass of us to whom a summer trip means much planning and forethought both as to time and expenditure. I hope, however, that the opportunity which will await us at our very doors this summer of combining much pleasure with a considerable amount of information will be taken advantage of by all who can do so, and that the grown-ups will realize the value of the same for their boys and girls, and will take them with them to the Pan-American Exposition. Who that went to the Great White City in Chicago in 1893 has ever ceased to be thankful, and who does not realize more and more what their sojourn there did for them in the acquirement of actual knowledge, in the broadening of their horizon, and in the deepening of their artistic perceptions as they dream of it all again, and bring to mind the beauty of those summer nights on the Lagoons, or the loveliness of the place when touched with the early morning sunlight. "The first week I spent here," said a woman to me one day, as we were strolling through the big Arts and Manufactures building, "simply impressed me with my great ignorance about every country under the sun, and things in general, but ever since then I feel as if I was imbibing information through the pores, and at every breath."

OUR SUMMER OUTING.

As its name implies, the extent of the coming Exposition will be limited to the Western world, but a moment's thought will convince anyone that conditions differ so absolutely in the many countries and nations and peoples, that the word "Pan-American" covers, that there will be much variety and freshness, and a wealth of new material to create and sustain interest. To many of us Central America, for example, is a *terra incognita*, while our practical knowledge of life and conditions in the various parts of South America is not much greater, to be quite honest, than was that of the nephew of "Charlie's Aunt," who knew that Brazil was the country "where the nuts grow." Through the kindness of the President of the Woman's Board in connection with the Exposition a quantity of interesting information has been sent to me, some of which I gladly pass on.

From the photographs I have seen of the buildings and grounds we shall revel in beauty on all sides, for there will be artificial lakes, a grand canal over a mile in length, groups of statuary, a court of fountains, rose gardens, sunken gardens with their rich arrangement of fountains and flowers, flowering shrubs, fine trees and lawns, and above all the many stately Exhibition buildings, all of which are covered with staffs decorated in harmonious tints, with much carving and sculpture. But great as will be the beauty of the scene by day, it can hardly rival that of the night, when no less than 200,000 electric lamps will illuminate the courts of the Exposition. Coloured lights playing on the fountains will turn the place into fairyland.

Besides the huge Exposition buildings there will be several others very attractive in appearance, which have been erected by the several States, and which will again remind us of World's Fair days, and of many pleasant, restful hours when we enjoyed the hospitality of "Ohio," "Florida," and "Virginia" in particular. Our own Canadian headquarters will be far more attractive in appearance and comfort than "Canada" was at Chicago, for which we will be thankful.

There is to be a Woman's Building, of course, but in this case it will contain no exhibits, for the work of women will be shown with that of men, and all will be judged on their methods alone, for this plan in these days commends itself to all thoughtful people. Nevertheless, the Woman's Building will have a great attraction for visitors to the Exposition, for within its walls will be held a series of congresses and conferences of women workers, which in turn will deal with the many and varied phases of occupation and interests with which womanhood is concerned. The house was formerly the home of the Country Club, and it has been enlarged and improved at a good deal of expense, so that it is now an exceedingly attractive place. The entrance hall is spacious and contains a wide fireplace. There is a good-sized dining-room, tea rooms, and a large reading-room on the ground floor where will be plenty of papers and magazines for the use of visitors, and which will be used also at times for entertainments. On the ground floor also are the offices of the Woman's Board. Upstairs are some attractive resting rooms and dressing rooms, and a large apartment facing the Amherst gate where the conventions and congresses will be held. The furnishing of the house is very artistic, and is light and summery in style, and its situation is delightful, for it is apart from the main buildings, and is near the Park Lake with its great electric fountain, and on the east it faces the rose gardens.

I have said that the work of men and women will be shown and judged together, but as there are some styles of work, such as embroidery, lace work, leather work, fine metal work, and the like, which are done almost exclusively by women, it has been decided to place in the Manufactures Building a very limited member of collective exhibits, representative of the very choicest work only, that women are doing in the Americas. This exhibit will be in charge of the Applied Arts Committee of the Woman's Board, who have arranged to include in one item of expense, attendance, cases, and the care of an exhibit. The cost per square foot of space occupied will be, approximately, five dollars if an article is shown in the floor cases, and two dollars per square foot if shown in wall cases, with the exception of special locations in each case, which will be treated separately. No exhibit occupying less than two square feet will be accepted. The awards will consist of gold, silver and bronze medals, and honourable mention. If any woman wishes for further information on this point I am requested to direct her to apply to Miss Marian DeForest, 568 Ellicott Square, Buffalo.

Can a woman go to the Exposition alone? I have been asked. Certainly, if she is unable to get some chum to go with her. For the special accommodation of ladies who will be travelling alone, the Woman's Christian Association of Buffalo will have a Lodge, a new building containing 144 comfortable rooms, near the main entrance to the Exposition. Their charges will be reasonable, and, if desired, a light breakfast may also be had in the building, while the other meals can be had on the grounds. From my personal experience in Chicago, I may say that it is possible for women to live very comfortably in this way at a moderate expense. What to wear, you ask? A silk shirt-waist and a trim, well-fitting, light-weight bicycle skirt if you want to be comfortable and happy—and the

less luggage you take with you the better for your peace of mind and also for your pocket.

The following Conventions of Women's Societies will be held in Buffalo during the Exposition :—

Federation of Women's Literary and Educational Organizations of Western New York, June 7th and 8th. Daughters of the American Revolution Day, June 14th. National League of Women Workers, August 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th. International Press Union, either September 4th or 5th. National Council of Women of the United States, Sept. 11, 12, and 13. National Consumers' League Mass Meeting, September 30th. New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, October 8th, 9th and 10th. National Household Economic Association, October 16th, 17th, and 18th. National Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, Oct. 24th, 25th and 26th. A series of meetings for trained nurses will begin on Monday, September 16th. The American Society of Superintendents will have a business meeting September 16th. The National Associated Alumnæ of the United States will hold its business sessions from Oct. 17th to the 21st. The National Congress of Nurses will open Wednesday, continuing through Friday, September 20th. Wells' College Day, June 18th. Wellesley College Day, July 2nd. National Woman's Suffrage Association of America, September 9 and 10.

WOMEN'S WORK.

The Annual Meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada will be held in London beginning on the 16th of this month and lasting for a week. As usual the programme will be very varied and very interesting, and will touch upon many of the most important matters with which women are concerned. Domestic Science, or Household Economics, Women in Agriculture, A Plea for Greater Simplicity in Home Life, The Care of the Aged and Infirm Poor, Women on Boards of Education, and of Institutions where Women and Children are Cared for, and Girls' Clubs, are some of the topics to be considered. As usual, also, the time will not be wholly devoted to work, for already several pleasant social affairs have been arranged by the hospitable people of London, and the delegates who will go there from the Atlantic and from the Pacific are sure beforehand of a most enjoyable visit. As President of the London Social Council, Mrs. Boomer has her hands already more than full with the many preliminary arrangements.

Annual meetings are in the air just now—not literally, of course, but figuratively. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church will meet this year in Toronto for several days, beginning May 7th, and delegates will be present from all parts of the country—some 300 being expected, so it is said. The many local societies for doing charitable work in the various cities are also holding annual meetings, as one sees by the daily press. Whether it is better to hold these meetings at the close of the season's work, or whether the interest then aroused would be more sustained and would be more likely to be of lasting value were they to be held in October at the beginning of the season is a debatable point on which I will be glad to get the opinion of other workers.

E. C.

THE SONG OF THE SKIRT.

(From London Truth.)

With fingers weary and cramped
And a wrist that was stiff with pain,
A lady walked, in a Paris gown,
Down Bond street, in the rain.
Splash, splash, splash,
Through puddle and slush and dirt,
And half to herself, in a sobbing tone,
She sang this "Song of the Skirt:"

"For fashion's sake," she moaned,
"Full many a cross bear we;
Like abject slaves we bow
To her every new decree.

But of all the cruel modes
With which we women are cursed
Our walking-gown with its trailing train,
Methinks is by far the worst.

"Sweep, sweep, sweep,
Where the waste of the street lies thick;
Sweep, sweep, sweep,
However our path we pick,
Dust, bacillus and germ,
Germ, bacillus and dust,
Till we shudder and turn from the sorry sight
With a gesture of disgust."

EXCUSED!

(*From "The Smart Set."*)

I've waited your coming long and late,
And saved myself for our tête-a-tête—
'Tis rudeness to let a lady wait,
O Mr. Affinity!

Mamma is worried, and heaves a sigh,
And poor papa has an anxious eye.
Where are you, I wonder? and why so shy,
O Mr. Affinity?

Who knows but maybe a wind-swept curl,
A moonlit night or a waltz's whirl
Led you to propose to some other girl!
O Mr. Affinity.

Ah, well, no matter; remain with her,
And accept my congratulations, sir!
You're not the man that I thought you were,
O Mr. Affinity.

And—well last night, when the world went dim,
I found myself in the arms of Jim—
And so I promised to marry him,
O Mr. Affinity!

ETHEL M. KELLEY.

UNPAID WORKERS.

In the business world when one hears of a person working without remuneration, a certain suspicion is attached to such conduct. When it is at home, in religious or charitable societies, and the worker a woman, we say, "How good and unselfish she is," and allow her to go on. Her reward? Well, really isn't that her affair? Perhaps hardly as much as we fancy.

There's Marietta, for instance. She is not very well off, but one of your workers, quick, alert and up-to-date. Always busy, she is perpetually being asked to do more, for she can generally contrive to finish tasks which less-occupied women have only time to begin. Any society she belongs to saves money by her labour; her friends all say so, and even her enemies don't contradict them.

Marietta is very proud of the fact, justly, too, in some ways. It isn't every woman who has her brains, good management and health; if they had, of course the institutions she works for would scarcely have any need for existence. I am not sure, though, that after all she is doing as much good as if she made these institutions pay for her services, and wasn't treated so much like a relation at home. If charity vitiates those who are able to work for themselves, what will its effect be on homes and institutions which go on the principle of getting as much work as they can out of certain people? Isn't it possible that they may be actually crippled in their ultimate usefulness by driving the willing horse? Haven't you noticed that non-workers are frequently found sitting in the seat of the scorner and critic? Of course if some persons prefer remaining with folded hands in the societies to which they belong, they should be allowed the privilege, if they pay extra for it.

Societies, not to mention some homes, may occasionally have no souls, but they usually have pocket-books, so why should they refuse to pay Marietta for her work? Is it to their credit that they benefit by her generosity? Are not the societies that distribute the work and taxes on all the members in the best position to meet the demands upon them?

The greatest obstacle in the way of a women's success at home and abroad is the widespread belief that her time is not particularly valuable, and even where she has proved the contrary, a conservative world still dubs it feminine, and hardly worth a man's reward. It hasn't always been a desire to leave home (although the so-called home of an unmarried woman is often a good place to leave) that has made women turn their attention to a labour market

once considered masculine, but because a man's work was generally more remunerative and promised greater independence than that formerly looked upon as purely feminine.

Those who are working for the advancement of their sex, complain that women themselves do not help them as much as they might. The reasons are many and varied, largely perhaps because the movement is shrouded in vagueness, and some of the methods employed in accomplishing it are unacceptable to the large number of our wives and daughters who are satisfied with their surroundings and possibilities. Again, everyone is not sure that the privileges sought for would benefit mankind at large. I think, however, there is a common ground on which all women might strive to help each other, and it is in raising the standard of women's work. This might be done by every woman who employs female labour, and those who work themselves, insisting that work whether for bazaars, shops, in offices or the household should be paid for its *value*, neither less nor more, and in refusing to accept so much work from women for nothing, both in our homes and societies.

Where is the family that hasn't a Marietta ; the society that hasn't thriven largely on her energy? Sometimes, too, when her time is the only thing she has to give away, and she ought to be using it in making provision for her old age. Now, a money standard for everything sounds extremely sordid, but as a test of value it is a good one ; and the principle of getting all you can for nothing both in family life and in societies tends in the direction of over activity on the part of some of the members and inaction on the part of others, and to the sorrow and destruction of many households. Those who drive the hard-working Marietta may also find that, as a direct result of being an unpaid worker, she has developed into a high-handed mistress who cannot be shaken off.

J. M. Loes.

BEFORE SPRING.

WOULD it were not a dream, but Springtime really here—
Not only these tender skies misty with dove-like blue,
Not only this vernal air breaking the heart of the year,
And this magic hint and whisper, old and yet ever new—

Ah, not only these, but the sound of wakened streams,
The brown birds wild with song, the maples, blossomed fair,
Silver catkin-flags a-wave where the river gleams,
And the deep, deep woods rejoicing—and my hand in yours, Hilaire !

Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD
by John A. Ewan

THE Spanish-American war, the South African war and Russia's menacing attitude in Manchuria are curiously connected, and even if we admit the inevitableness of any or all of these events they, nevertheless, involve not only evils in themselves but also threaten to be the occasion of evils in others. In judging the part played by the United States towards Spain, it would be quite unfair to exclude from consideration the provocations which impelled the American people into war. For years Spain had been endeavouring to suppress a rebellion in Cuba. The struggle on both sides had degenerated into a series of barbarous reprisals. When a Spanish soldier fell into the hands of the insurgents he was treated as the Apaches treat their enemies, and the Spanish soldiery indulged in equal horrors when in turn they laid hands on an insurgent. The capstone of this iniquitous warfare was Gen. Weyler's reconcentrado policy. It was not inherently cruel, but either the lack of means or the lack of humanity on the part of the general turned it into a vast engine of suffering, which awakened the intense indignation of the American people when they got to know of it.

There was perhaps some exaggeration in the reports which found their way to the American press, but the stories which the camera told to all who had eyes could scarcely be falsified. I had the opportunity of hearing the story of a young Canadian who was in Havana during the period of the enforcement of the reconcentrado policy. He was a witness implicitly to be trusted, and his testimony is conclusive that not alone did women and children starve to death, but that some of them actually died in the public streets with hundreds of people passing and viewing their death agonies.

Had such events been transpiring at our door we would have been stirred just as the people of the United States were stirred—just as Englishmen were stirred by the relation of the Armenian massacres. While this indignation was at its hottest, the blowing-up of the *Maine* carried the nation off its feet. There was no proof that this event was anything more than an accident, but a breath of wind was all that was needed to convert the glow of public indignation into a blaze. The war followed, with the seizure and retention of Porto Rico and the Philippines as sequences, the latter proceeding placing the great Republic in the ungracious position of the oppressor of a spirited native race which had long struggled for its liberties.

On the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, Great Britain took a



THE BEAR: "Um, yum, yum."
—*The St. Paul Pioneer Press.*



QUITE AT HOME

BRITISH AND GERMAN ALLIES: "Hi! What are you doing there?"

RUSSIAN COSSACK: "I'm the man in possession! Are you going to turn me out?"

BOTH (hesitatingly): "N—n—no. No. We only asked."

RUSSIAN COSSACK: "Then now you know." [*Goes on smoking.*] —*Punch.*

firm position of neutrality, and intimated very plainly that all other Powers ought to do likewise. It has been satisfactorily established, indeed, that Lord Salisbury firmly repressed a disposition to interfere on the part of a combination of the European Powers. Was it prescience? It certainly anticipated a state of affairs that followed hard upon the conquest of Cuba. For with what consistency could the United States, which had declared war on a neighbour, interfere in the South African war on behalf of states which had themselves declared war? There can be no question that a general and outspoken objection to the war on the part of the people of the United States would have been a greater obstruction to the war party in England than the hostile opinion of the rest of the world besides, just as a view adverse to the Spanish-American war throughout the United Kingdom would have been a considerable moral force on the side of Spain.

On the part of both peoples there is a disposition to sympathise with the under dog, so long as the said dog is not under them. Spain and the Boer republics forfeited a great deal of this natural feeling, the one by appearing in the character of a cruel oppressor; the other by the light-heartedness and confidence with which they rushed into war. Thus the two leaders of civilization have been an example and justification to each other—an evil example to each other say some critics. At all events, both nations came out of their respective struggles with the spoils of conquest in their hands, and in a position to have their motives questioned by ill-natured spectators. For if a man goes into another's house in order to stop him from beating his children he is liable, if he emerges with the silver spoons, to have his humanity suspected, even though he has succeeded in his ostensible task.

At all events we can scarcely be surprised if such nations as Russia treat the humanity plea rather disrespectfully and merely regard the proceedings of the last two or three years as a series of incidents by which the United States and Great Britain have made considerable accessions to their terri-



A QUICK FINISH NEEDED.

JOHN BULL: "I 'ope I'll get there soon or my blasted machine will give out."

—*The Minneapolis Journal.*

tories. Russia, at least, is acting in Manchuria apparently on the principle that it is her turn now. We will have other Powers taking Russia's seizures as warrant for theirs and so the game of aggrandizement will go on in ever-widening circles.

Where is it going to stop? The trend towards amalgamation, which is so marked in the business world, seems to have its counterpart in the political world. The first impulse in this latter direction may be traced back to Napoleon. Whatever the conscious scope of his policy was, the actual effect of it was to increase the size and decrease the number of the states of Europe. Before his time there are said to have been some 400 persons exercising sovereign powers on the continent. The German states alone supplied almost 300 of them. Italy was a dismembered reminder of former glories. The little Corsican's great hydraulic war-machine compressed these sprouting principalities into larger states, so that Italy became approximately unified, and the 300 German princelings were reduced to 30. So the process continued throughout. The Congress of Vienna restored the old conditions, but tbe peoples who had tasted unity never ceased to yearn for it, and the eventual consolidation of Italy and Germany may plausibly be traced back to the greatest of the Bonapartes.

Has the process stopped? Wide as the world is, four or five great Powers dominate its political interests, and are visibly assimilating its unappropriated lands. Half of Asia has been parcelled out amongst them. Africa has been swallowed wholly, each of the banqueters having got his mouthful. The isles of the sea have been appropriated. The Monroe doctrine alone prevents South America from seizure and partition. And when we look about we see that but five political entities are engaged in the process—Russia, Germany, France, Great Britain and the United States. Some people are commencing to doubt whether France is in the first rank, but she can scarcely be disposed of while she retains one of the most fertile areas on the most fertile continent, possesses her present industrious, ingenious and patriotic population, and retains the alliance of the Colossus of the North. Austria, Italy and Spain are distinctly of secondary rank. The ruler of the former still retains the title of Emperor, by which he is supposed to preserve, historically at least, the powers and terrors of the Roman Cæsar, but they are now wholly historic. The smaller cluster of autonomous states on the north seem to but await some turn of the wheel to throw them willy-nilly into the overshadowing states by which they are surrounded, and to whom their position on the sea-coast renders them appetizing morsels. When these leviathans have masticated everything that is in sight, we may hope that the torpidity and calm which follows satiety will ensue.



M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU
Premier of France

M. Waldeck-Rousseau, after the severe labours connected with the passage of the associations bill, has gone to An-



M. DE WITTE
Russian Minister of Finance

tibes to recuperate, and as Lord Salisbury is also seeking rest in the same region, the curious rumour has arisen that the two Premiers will have a quiet interview. The relations between the Powers on either side of the Channel are unquestionably more satisfactory now than they have been for the past two or three years. Fashoda and the Dreyfus case exasperated both. A single step in the wrong direction in the Fashoda affair would have had led to deplorable results. Even the press of the two countries are in a more conciliatory and rational mood, and on both sides of the Channel essays on the theme, "Why should we quarrel?" appear in the public prints. The answer on behalf of each of the parties is that there is no sane reason why the best of good feeling should not prevail. Even M. Mercier's academic discussions on how England might be invaded have not served to disturb in any material degree this tendency to return to civilized neighbourliness.

Perhaps the most exasperating cause of contention between the two countries is that with respect to the west shore of Newfoundland. The Newfoundland Legislature has renewed the modus vivendi, but declares that it will do so no more. A year soon passes in diplomatic annals, and we may be almost sure, therefore, that when the Legislature meets again the question will be in precisely the position that it is now, and its members will have to stultify themselves by renewing, "positively for the last time," the obnoxious agreement, or of refusing to do so and proceeding to extremities. What those extremities would be is not very clear. Certainly the French have no right to build lobster factories, and they could legitimately be dismantled. But if the pledged and recorded promise of George III, given with all the solemnity of an appendix to a treaty, is to be respected, the lobster factories of Newfoundlanders, the French will claim, are equally contrary to agreements.

Dr. E. J. Dillon contributes an article to the current *Contemporary Review* on M. Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance. M. Witte is of Dutch extraction, but is a scion of a noble Russian family. He has, nevertheless, practically fought his way up from the ranks. He began as administrator of railways, and to his success in that work is due his appointment to the Finance Ministership. He has no court arts, but is plain, direct and blunt to a degree. Dr. Dillon, while an admirer of M. Witte's career, says that he is neither a heaven-born genius nor an all-powerful Chancellor, although he believes it would be fortunate for Russia if he became its Chancellor. His influence with the Czar has been exaggerated. Russia is now passing through a severe commercial crisis, and the Minister's enemies blame him for it. The fact is, however, that M. Witte's offence in the eyes of these gentlemen is that he prophesied the approach of hard times, and advised the commercial classes to prepare for it. If Dr. Dillon's estimate is right M. Witte is a clear-eyed, far-sighted, courageous man.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THERE is one member of the British Government who is anti-imperialist, and the British people, apparently, have not yet discovered the fact. Mr. Chamberlain is aware of the circumstances, because one Canadian at least has written him a letter on the subject. However, Mr. Chamberlain does not seem anxious to expose this peculiar characteristic of his colleague the Postmaster-General. This anti-imperialist Minister of His Most Gracious Majesty shows his unwillingness to assist in the fusion of the Empire by refusing to allow British literature to be sent to the colonies at a reasonable rate. Every British magazine or periodical mailed to a colonist is taxed at the rate of eight cents a pound, a rate which is almost prohibitive.

ANTI-IMPERIALIST.

Another evil follows. Because the British P.M.G. insists on this high rate, Canada's P.M.G. is forced to charge the same rate on periodicals and newspapers sent from this country to Great Britain. Thus, Canadian periodicals and newspapers are kept out of Great Britain and a double injury caused.

The British P.M.G. cannot plead ignorance of the effect of his tax. The Hon. Mr. Mulock, the Canadian P.-M.G., called his attention to the matter three or four years ago. Mr. Hennicker Heaton, at the suggestion of certain Canadians, has pointed out the iniquity. He has been informed by Canadians in their private capacity as citizens of the Empire.

The consequence of this state of affairs is that the sale of British periodicals in Canada is steadily declining, while the sale of United States publications is steadily increasing; for the United States Government allows its periodicals and newspapers to be sent into Canada at one cent a pound, or one-eighth of the British rate. It costs a New York publisher about twelve cents a year to mail his magazine or weekly paper to a Canadian subscriber, while a British publisher must pay ninety-six cents for the same privilege. It costs seventy-two cents a year to send THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE to a British subscriber.

Attention is drawn to this subject in this strong language in order that public opinion may be informed and awakened. Here is an injustice which is worthy of the immediate attention of Lord Salisbury, of Mr. Chamberlain and of the British Empire League. We should have an exchange of periodicals and newspapers within the Empire at the domestic rate of each country or colony.

The Ontario Educational Association has asked for a modification of the public-school teaching of physiology and temperance. They recommend that the subject be changed to temperance and hygiene. Certainly the present teaching is farcical. There is little use instructing a boy that smoking is vicious and deadly, when he sees his father smoke at home every evening. So there is little to be gained by telling him that drinking is a sin against heaven and humanity, when he knows that his father drinks a glass of ale every night at dinner. The teaching so far in Ontario public schools has been decidedly nonsensical or worse. Scholars have been awarded prizes for essays on the harm done by smoking and drinking, when the scholars who wrote the essays knew that what they were writing was untrue in practice even if consonant with the theory which they had been taught. In other words, scholars have been

TEACHING TEMPERANCE.

taught to lie and then have been praised and rewarded for their sophistry. This is a strong statement, but, in making it, I have the backing of many teachers and trustees with whom I have discussed the situation.

The Toronto *Star*, in an editorial on this kind of teaching, concludes:

"The danger we foresee in this practice of teaching children in the public schools all kinds of things not comprised in 'book-learning' is that parents who consider some things too important to be entrusted to strangers will begin withdrawing their children from public schools and sending them to private establishments, where they will not be taught to distrust their father's red face, nor to look when he lights a cigar for a shuffling in his gait and a weakening of his mind."

Very little is heard at present about young men deserting Canada for the United States. The exodus is now almost wholly confined to a few Chinamen who object to paying the tax collected at San Francisco on live animals of the pig-tail variety. No doubt a few of our young men are straying across to Uncle Sam, but then we cannot expect all our young men to be brainy. A few weak ones are not a great loss.

A FORGOTTEN EXODUS.

It is a positive pleasure to meditate upon this new state of affairs. There was a time when our meditations were of the Rachel variety. We are thankful that we have passed the Ramah period, and we have hope that our children shall come again to their own border. This is the day of joy for Canada. No springtime of the past century was filled with such brightness and hope as this the first spring of the new century. Even that famous spring season of 1867, when our fathers looked forward to the first day of July which should inaugurate the new Dominion of Canada, is equalled if not surpassed. Our population was never so large, nor so well employed. Our industries were never so numerous nor so prone to develop and multiply. Our governmental revenues were never so large, nor our governments so progressive. Capital was never so active nor so plentiful. It is as if Providence had sent us the Jerusalem blessing: Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces.

The development of the pulp industry proceeds apace. The Ontario Government has concluded an agreement with a company to build a million-and-a-half-dollar pulp and paper mill on Tunnel Island, at the outlet of the Lake of the Woods. The Quebec Government has concluded a similar agreement with capitalists who will erect huge mills at the Grand Discharge of Lake St. John. Other companies in both Provinces are developing fast. Our exports of pulp and paper are growing with startling rapidity. Great Britain never heard of Canadian pulp until a few years ago, and now the paper-makers there declare it to be the best in the world. They want more of it. In another ten years our exports of pulp and paper will total up to millions of dollars in value.

NEW PULP INDUSTRIES.

It is gratifying, also, to know that recent explorations in Northern Ontario have shown the existence of a great spruce forest whose size passes all present powers of estimation. There are hundreds of square miles between the Canadian Pacific Railway and James' Bay, and some day that district will be dotted with paper-making villages.

Ontario and Quebec are making more progress in this direction than the Maritime Provinces. Nova Scotia sends its pulp to England to be made into paper, and then buys back the English product. There should be a large paper mill in the Maritime Provinces to supply the local market. The people by the sea must wake up to the necessity of developing this industry. They must not trust alone to the fickleness of the tourist, or the generosity of the Federal authorities towards a couple of harbours. If they lack capital they can easily get it in Toronto and Montreal. Mr. Moxham and Mr.

Whitney found five millions for the steel industry of Cape Breton. A Maritime Province paper mill can get two millions inside of thirty days if the mill be properly located, and the provincial governments take a proper interest in the undertaking. The banks of Ontario and Quebec are full of money awaiting investment.

Ontario is a wealthy Province with two million inhabitants. Some thinking people have been considering whether or not the Province is spending too much money. It is just as reasonable that a province should consider this point as that an individual should examine his receipts and expenditures, and try to make up his mind as to the wisdom of his course. The Province spends money in three ways ; through the municipalities, through the provincial government and through the federal government. Funds for the first are raised by direct taxation, and the amount is definitely ascertained. The second, or provincial fund, is raised from Crown lands, franchises, federal subsidy and other sources, and is likewise accurately known. The contribution to the federal treasury is not so easily ascertained, except through the Custom-house returns. Roughly estimated, the yearly expenditure in Ontario for government purposes is as follows :

ONTARIO'S EXPENDITURES.

ONTARIO'S ANNUAL EXPENDITURE.

Municipal expenditure (1899)	$12,535,000
" debentures (additions)	8,000,000
Provincial Government	4,000,000
Dominion Government (Customs)	10,000,000
	$34,535,000

This is a fairly heavy burden for two millions of people. There is also a fair prospect for increase in all the items. Under the circumstances, inquiry into the possibilities of retrenchment is eminently wise and opportune.

The most remarkable feature of the legislative record of the past few months is the evidence of the change in attitude toward railway legislation. The Province of Manitoba has determined by a vote in its Legislature that it will keep itself in a position to control railway rates within its jurisdiction. It has done this by leasing all the lines of the Northern Pacific and re-leasing them under certain conditions to the Canada Northern, with almost absolute control of rates and a possibility of government ownership.

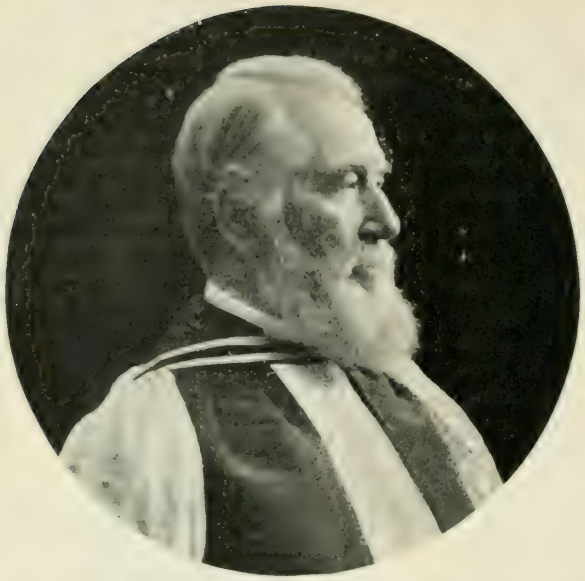
RAILWAY REFORM.



This cartoon, published in the New York *Journal*, shows how government ownership is looked upon in the United States. The railway magnates are pictured getting the railroads into one bag, and Uncle Sam says :— "That's right, boys. When you get everything into the bag, you can just hand it over to me."

The Province of Ontario has announced that it may build a railway into the newer district, and retain the ownership of the same. In a charter granted to the Manitoulin and North Shore railway by the same Province, a number of new conditions have been inserted. The Toronto *World* summarizes these as follows :

A six million dollar railway constructed for two and a half million acres of at present commercially valueless free grant lands.



HIS LORDSHIP ARCHBISHOP BOND, OF MONTREAL, ELECTED METROPOLITAN OF CANADA AT A COUNCIL OF BISHOPS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA, HELD AT MONTREAL ON APRIL 15TH, 1901. HIS ECCLESIASTICAL PROVINCE INCLUDES ONTARIO AND EASTERN CANADA.

Government control of the rates.

Power of the Province to purchase within 15 years.

No monopoly of the running rights, the road to be available for Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific and other trains.

The construction of a smelter with a 300-ton capacity.

The company to place one thousand settlers a year on the lands.

The land grants to alternate, in squares of township size, with Government land.

The company to throw in half the Dominion cash subsidy in case of Ontario buying the road.

The lands to be purchasable by the Province at 50 cents an acre.

The railway to be obtainable by the Province at a 6 per cent. annual interest advance on the construction cost.

A $30,000 ferry service to be established from Little Current.

The company to pay the cost of both railway and land grant surveys.

The Province to retain the whole of the pine.

This is a wise move on the part of the Ontario authorities and one which deserves high commendation. Ontario requires many more miles of railway before her newer districts are all opened up; and, therefore, an extravagant policy would be suicidal.

The Dominion Government in granting a charter for a railway from Collingwood to Toronto refused to give a bonus, and inserted a clause providing for possible Government ownership.

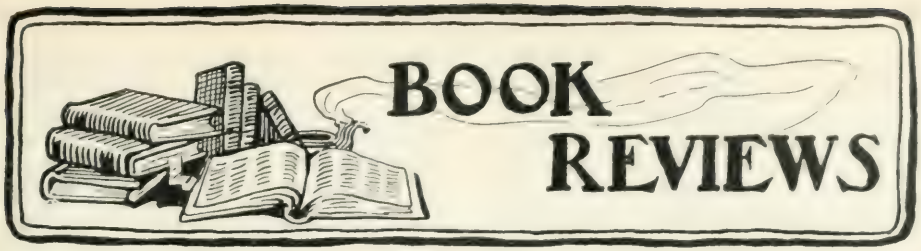
The Province of British Columbia will grant a bonus to a railway through the southern part, it announces, only on the condition that it have the control of rates and receive a yearly return of 4 per cent. of the gross revenues.

The Toronto *Globe* of March 16th commences an editorial with the words:

"Public opinion seems to be rapidly forming against the subsidizing of railways. We have given away a lot of money in this country for this purpose, and the conviction is growing that we have not got full returns for our outlays, and that the time has come to call a halt."

Mr. Willison, of the *Globe*, Mr. Maclean, M.P., of the Toronto *World*, and Mr. Richardson, M.P., of the Winnipeg *Tribune*, have been the leaders in this reform of public opinion, and are to be congratulated upon their success. Mr. Richardson's four articles in the last four issues of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for 1900 were widely read, and are still eagerly sought after. Those of our rulers who have been quick to see this change in public thought are also to be congratulated. The day of the subsidy-hunter is almost past, never to return. Let the reformer take heart.

John A. Cooper.



IMPERIAL BRITAIN.

THOU shalt not speak disrespectfully of anything that is Imperial, may fairly be considered one of the new commandments. The literary critic, however, is a law unto himself, and entitled to risk life and limb in any cause that may appear a just and necessary one. To say, therefore, that Prof. Cramb is at once profound and prolix, analytical and hysterical, scholarly and scribaceous is to indicate that his book* is not meant for the plain, practical person who takes Imperialism as he does socialism or law reform or naval construction—a question of high policy to be determined rationally, soberly, and after careful thought. The author of this work, which we are glad to learn is published only in part now, appeals to a different class—those who regard Imperialism as a fetich, a philosophy, even a religion. Of such we must confess we are not, even if we risk our windows being broken by the angry crowd. Nor are Prof. Cramb's views on war those of the average civilian. War is a cruel necessity sometimes, but that it is glorious, inspiring, almost Divine is a theory which should be left to the soldier to expound. We who do not draw the sword ought to hesitate before glorifying those miseries and dangers which we are not obliged to share. To prevent misconception we may briefly define what we conceive to be the position of the rational Imperialist. The British Empire, surely, is a great and noble structure, partly due to the strenuous courage of our ancestors, the foresight of our statesmen, the insular strength of England and to those admirable institutions and love of liberty which in a democratic age endear British rule to many millions of people. Every act or every policy which created our Empire cannot be defended. But it exists, it is the greatest secular agency for good known to us and we intend to preserve it at all hazards believing that this may be done without offensive national boastings or menaces to the other empires that help to rule the world. The British Empire is not an English Empire or a Saxon Empire, although England is the predominant partner. Prof. Cramb admits the comprehensiveness of race, but his theory is not easily reconciled with many of his arguments. In short, we believe that Imperial Britain must justify itself in this twentieth century by its own merits (which are so numerous that the task is comparatively simple), not by amiable enthusiasm about destiny, an Imperial race or a Divine voice from Sinai.

* Reflections on the Origin and Destiny of Imperial Britain. By J. A. Cramb, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

SCOTLAND, 1745-1845.

It is by no means to the discredit of the Scotch that they took generations to reconcile themselves to the loss of their legislative independence, that they cherish a kind of sentimental attachment to the Jacobite legend, and that their religious squabbles during the last century and a half have tended to strengthen, and even to ennoble the national character. Sir Henry Craik* has compiled a very interesting work, and if we cannot always get his point of view and sympathize with his judgment of men and movements, we are able to recognize his honesty of purpose. It must appear to the impar-

*Scotland after the Union. By Sir Henry Craik. Edinburgh: Blackwood s.

tial outsider that however successful Scotland was in preserving its national independence against the continual encroachments of a powerful neighbour, and however picturesque its early history is, the real greatness of the people is best exemplified by their achievements in quite modern days. The rebellions of 1715 and 1745 were due, probably, as Sir Henry Craik argues, as much to the bad judgment of the English Ministers as to conditions inherent in the situation of the Scotch and the intrigues and ambitions of the exiled Stuarts. The author devotes more space, perhaps, than was required to the rising of '45. From many aspects it was a brilliant campaign, and few can read of the last stand of the brave Highlanders at Culloden without a feeling that their exploits close one of the most gallant and picturesque episodes of history. Some have thought that if Charles Edward had pushed on with his army to London instead of retreating north from Derby the throne of the Guelphs might have fallen. But the theory is little less than fantastic. The attempt was foredoomed to failure. Bitterly the Scotch Jacobites paid for their brief dream of folly, and the story of the reconstruction period, the settling down of Scotland to the inevitable, is highly interesting. By turning to literature, to commerce, to husbandry, in a word, to all the arts of peace, the Scotch showed the stuff they were made of, and created the Scotland which now fills so creditable a place in modern national life. The politics of the country during the century under review are not, we must confess, of special importance, nor does the author, in spite of his evident earnestness in stating the Tory position, do much to commend to us Lord Bute and Mr. Dundas. But the puzzled onlooker does really obtain some insight into the ecclesiastical complications of the country, and despite a perceptible bias in favour of the Established Church and the system of patronage, Sir Henry recites clearly enough the events that led up to the Disruption of 1843. To this famous event he hardly does justice, for, little as men of other races and creeds can understand the fine distinctions which have split up the Scottish Presbyterians into separated bodies, they can easily see what strength of conviction, unselfishness and courage were exhibited by the founders of the Free Kirk. That episode, one feels almost sure, will be cited in remote ages to the undying honour of the Scotch, and no attempt to belittle or explain it away will have much success. Notwithstanding Sir Henry Craik's industry and knowledge, we still think there is room for a history of Scotland during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.



THE ANCIENT WOOD.

A passion for writing stories about animals has broken out, and some delightful books it has produced. When the witchery which such writings as those of Mr. Seton-Thompson, Mr. Fraser and Mr. Roberts exercises over the imagination wears away, and we come back to dull, prosaic earth again, does not a suspicion strike you that animals are not exactly as civilized and fascinating as they appear in these pages, and that we have only been beguiled by Æsop in a modern dress? Be that as it may, the charm is there. It is a healthy reaction from the problem novel and the historical romance, and should be encouraged. Of Mr. Roberts' book* we can say in cold blood, and with no conscious effort at exaggeration, that it is altogether charming. A more captivating heroine than Miranda—does she not indeed rival Shakespeare's heroine in "The Tempest"?—we have not found in recent fiction. This pure, loving, fearless maiden, becoming in her gentle yet imperious attachment to all animals so familiar to them that even the wildest of them spare her life and pass her in the forest as one of themselves,

*The Heart of An Ancient Wood. By Chas. G. D. Roberts. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

is a very alluring picture. The poet's fancy is again and again exemplified in these bright pages. The artist, we must presume, knows his business, and it was needful to show Miranda against a background of Young Dave, the hunter. But he jars on one, nevertheless, and we could as easily resign Miranda to perpetual maidenhood as to the muscular arms of this commonplace young savage, with the drawl of a "Down Easter" and the instincts of a butcher. It breaks the spell, and this, after all, is what we must welcome, or a temptation to walk into the woods some day and shake hands with the nearest bear might overcome us. But many a day must elapse before we can quite forget the sorcery of this primeval existence drawn so cunningly by a master hand.

A ROMANCE OF COLONIZATION.

The early attempts to colonize Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh and other English adventurers of the sixteenth century teem with romance. A plain recital of fact, such as is so frequently set forth in the antiquarian records, is sufficient to make entertainment for the modern reader of fiction. In the novel entitled "John Vytal," * Mr. Payson makes free use of the material which has survived to our day concerning the Roanoke colony, and its ill-fated members. It does not appear that he has taken great liberty with the facts as we know them. In the main the misfortunes of Governor John White's party are followed and the names of the chief persons are preserved. The author makes no parade of the historical basis for his story. In fact, in his preface he seems to claim that his explanation of what became of the Roanoke settlement is merely an effort of imagination. Yet it does not differ very widely from a commonly accepted opinion that the colony partly suffered massacre and were in part absorbed by intermarriage with an Indian tribe. At the urgent request of the Roanoke colonists Governor White returned to England in 1587 to obtain fresh supplies and other necessities. His daughter Eleanor, married to Ananias Dare, one of his assistants, gave birth to the first white child born in Virginia and named her daughter after the colony. White was unable to return until two years later. He found the place deserted. He never saw his daughter and grandchild again. This is White's own account in his letter to Hakluyt in 1593. The only explanation of the disappearance of the Roanoke colonists is that given by Indians years after to the settlers at Jamestown—that they had intermixed with the natives and, except four men, two boys and a girl, had ultimately been killed. The survivors, protected by one of the chiefs of the Indians, were incorporated into the tribe, and the grey eyes which distinguished the Hatteras Indians from other natives are ascribed to their English progenitors. Mr. Payson has drawn for hero a certain John Vytal whom he supposes to have been left in charge of the colony on White's departure, and who is in love with Eleanor. The latter's husband, unworthy and a drunkard, perishes. Spanish emissaries help to attack the colony and finally—in the novel—Vytal and Eleanor and a few survivors settle down with friendly Indians. The author also introduces Christopher Marlowe, the dramatist who—without historical warrant—attaches himself for a time to the colony. The story is the result of some study of the period, is gracefully written, and intensely interesting as a record of Elizabethan manners and the exploits of the early colonizers.

GARDINER'S CROMWELL.

The news that Prof. S. R. Gardiner was recently stricken down by an attack of paralysis followed quickly upon the issue of the third volume of his History of the Commonwealth.* It is much to be hoped that the historian

* John Vytal, a tale of the Lost Colony. By Wm. F. Payson. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

* History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, Vol. III. London: Longmans.

may live long enough—he is 72 years of age—to complete his able and impartial study of the political rule of the Puritan ascendency. In this work, as in his other books dealing with the same period, the historian combines the qualities of adequate scholarship, a love of accuracy, and a telling literary style. The value of his study of the Cromwellian period is thus great. It cannot in time fail to correct the fallacies of those writers who, on the one hand, regard Cromwell as a compound of fanatic and hypocrite, or those who, on the other, picture him as a saint and a hero. The present volume brings the narrative down to within five or six years of the restoration of the monarchy. If the great conflict between King and Parliament was inevitabe, as the struggles between extreme forces are often held to be, so was the restoration. We are apt to forget that the rule of the Cromwell party was as distasteful to those who lived under it as it would be to Englishmen living now. It was a military despotism, narrow, persecuting, inquisitorial, utterly hateful to the liberty-loving English. These pages indicate that clearly, although Prof. Gardiner never indulges in rhetorical generalization, but presents the record in an unbiased spirit after complete and impartial investigation. The authority of such historical work is deservedly high. Every great act of Cromwell is set forth with significance, his strength of foreign policy, his efforts to establish law and order, his desire to afford toleration to religious opinion at home. But as the creature of the army, the only weapon at his command, he failed to do more than bequeath to posterity a reputation for courage, intense conviction, and military skill. Sentiment and the admiration for strong leaders inherent in English character erect monuments to him. But the best political thought of today rejects the sword as a means to settle civil disputes, and denies to any religion, however pure and well-intentioned its advocates may be, an exclusive claim to speak as the only inspired oracle of God. The views of Gardiner are those of a well-balanced intellect fortified by research. Those who prefer the qualifying spice of fiction in their historical reading will find it magnificently compounded in the brilliant pages of Macaulay or Froude. Like the melodrama of the modern stage it is impressive, and in the last degree entertaining, even inspiring. But it is not history.

A YANKEE IN ENGLAND.

By far the most striking characteristic of Hamlin Garland's new novel * is the comments of its hero—a young Western miner who visits England to find capital to work a mining venture—upon the people and institutions of the Old Country. The drollery of the Western vernacular doubtless enhances the humour. But in themselves his criticisms are shrewd and telling. We may suppose that they represent with some accuracy the feeling of a typical Western Yankee for the older civilization of Europe, and that they possess at least some bearing upon the future relations of the two countries when the "wild west" exerts a stronger influence on the policy of the United States. One can enjoy the handsome young miner's trenchant phrases without endorsing them, since there is always a refreshing frankness in the views of a member of a primitive society upon the dull conventionalities of a highly complicated system like that of England. If it were not that "Jim" is a likeable fellow in spite of his appalling conceit and ignorance, interest in his fortunes would wane when he returns to the mountains. But he manages to hold us in thrall to the very end, helped by a thrilling description of a trip up a mountain trail which really leaves one with little breath or patience for the orthodox sentimental windup. However, "Jim" on the peerage, Westminster Abbey, and the English railway trains imparts merit enough to one book.

* Her Mountain Lover. By Hamlin Garland. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

LITERARY NOTES.

LAST October John Murray, one of England's most famous publishers, started "The Monthly Review," a monthly without advertisements. It was printed on the best paper, with an embossed blue and black cover of suitable character. The type was large and clear, and the general appearance most dignified. The first number did not contain the editor's name, but it is now known that Mr. Henry Newbolt fills the position. Each number was two and six, and the yearly subscription was placed at £1 10s.

In these days of keen competition among 10-cent and six-penny magazines, it might have been thought that such a publication would be doomed only to failure. No advertisements! Preposterous! But there appears to have been a sufficient number of people in Great Britain who were willing to buy such a dignified publication, and it is encouraging to know this.

A Canadian edition was prepared for G. N. Morang & Co., Toronto, and a large number of Canadians were discovered who will pay $5 a year for a literary, political and scientific review. To indicate its characters some of the articles in April (No. 7) may be mentioned: The Civil Service and Reform, Sir Robert Hart on China, The Administration of Patriotic Funds, German Anglophobia, The Native Problem in Our New Colonies, The Distribution of British Ability, The Evolution of the Englishman, Reflections on the Art of Life. Besides, there are an illustrated exploration article and an instalment of Anthony Hope's new story, "Tristram of Blent."

A less ambitious review has been started at Ottawa. It is entitled "The Commonwealth," and January was Vol. I., No. 1. Mr. A. C. Campbell, Mr. John Lewis, Mr. George Johnson, Miss A. C. Laut, Mr. W. Wilfred Campbell, Mr. W. D. LeSueur, Capt. C. F. Winter, and Prof. A. B. de Mille have been the leading contributors so far. "The Commonwealth" is only a dollar a year and is certainly worth the money. R. J. Jemmett is the publisher, and Dr. Charles Morse, it is understood, is the editor.

Another Canadian publication is "Odds and Ends," a family literary magazine published by James Wallis & Son, Yarmouth, N.S. It is small but clever and bright, judging from March which is Vol. I., No. 1.

New literary publications have been appearing above the surface of this country at various and irregular periods during the past 150 years. Some have been published once, some twice, and many twelve times. The story of these would fill many dramatic pages of Canadian history. Part of the story will appear in the *June Canadian Magazine*. It is a continued story, for the process continues, and ever will so long as ambitions stir the human breast.

The "Prince Edward Island Magazine" is doing well. It deserves the generous support of the people of that province. It is more than worth its subscription price of 50 cents a year.

Mr. F. H. Clergue, the financial king of Northern Ontario, has made two public addresses, one on each side of the line. Both have been printed in pamphlet form and are worth securing. They show the spirit of the man, and also indicate to the thoughtful reader the differences between the enterprise that is successful and that which is not.

The April "Smart Set" (New York), contains a pretty little story by Mrs. H. A. Keays, whose portrait recently appeared in these pages. Canadian

women writers are steadily coming to the front.

John A. Copland, of the Harriston *Tribune*, has written, printed and published several stories. His latest is "A Meteor King." If Mr. Copland knew the value of the words which any man may use without money and without price he would not say, in speaking of Richard III, that his "career had been distorted by the majority of historians." The story



MRS. VIRNA SHEARD

itself is a fair conceit, showing the author to have imagination.

The Alumni Conference number of the "Queen's Quarterly" contains some valuable papers. "The Outlook in Philosophy," by Prof. John Watson; "The Function of Journalism in Democracy," by J. S. Willison; and "Legislation and Morality," by Prof. Adam Shortt, are all worthy of close study. "Queen's Quarterly" is undoubtedly the best University publication in Canada. Prof. Cappon, in "Current Events," deals with Mark Twain in his new role as a writer of serious articles, pointing out that he was a great thinker when he was a joker, but now that he has taken to writing articles about wars and empires the same compliment does not seem applicable.

The second specimen number of "The Russian Journal of Financial Statistics," published by W. Kirshbaum at twenty-three Millionnaia, St. Petersburg, is a valuable volume. It contains more than 700 large pages of matter dealing with the railways, joint-stock companies, iron and coal industries, etc., of that great Empire. One very interesting feature is the evidence of the great amount of British capital invested there, especially in the oil industry. The next number of this publication will appear January, 1902.

The "Anglo-American Magazine" (New York), reprints in its April issue two amusing letters from the New York *Times* on the present day French-Canadian. The first writer inclines to the idea that the French-Canadian is superstitious, averse to taking baths, and unable to speak good French. The second declares they are no more superstitious than Americans, that they are as cleanly as other people, and that their French is purer than what is spoken by the provincials of France. The second letter mentions Messrs. Sulte, Frechette and Cremazie, and spells their names thus: Salte, Fréchetti and Cremagie. This letter also states that Laval University is the greatest university on the continent. The writer seems to be better informed when speaking of the French-Canadians in the New England States. He says: "During the last thirty years they have founded parishes and a complete educational system, where they maintain the national traditions and continue to speak the language of

their country. They readily become citizens and are steadily invading the threshold of several legislatures. Rhode Island elected a French-Canadian Lieutenant-Governor two or three years ago. They seem to be rather too progressive, and have already deserved the thunderbolts of the American Protective Association."

Clifford's Smith's new story, "A Daughter of Patricians," which has just been issued in Canada by the Publishers' Syndicate, has been attracting some attention in London, where it is published by Unwin. The critics are praising it highly and pointing out its bearing on the peculiar marriage laws of Quebec. Mr. Unwin feels that it will make a good drama, and he has arranged with Mr. Ernest Bodington, of New York, for the dramatization. It will be a decided novelty to see St. Anne de Beaupré and Montreal on the stage. The novel itself will also appear shortly in the United States, Fenno & Co. having arranged for that market.

Among the newest set of Canadian writers, one of the most promising is Virna Sheard, whose six-part story, "A Maid of Many Moods," commences in this issue. Mrs. Sheard has been writing only five years, but has done some clever work. Herself the mother of several children, she has an intimate knowledge of children and their ways. This she embodied to some extent in "Trevelyan's Little Daughters," published in New York and Toronto in 1899. She has also a deep sympathy with young people in their early struggles. This is evident in "A Maid of Many Moods," and an unfinished story of a medical student, to be called "Fortune's Hill." Mrs. Sheard's husband is a professor in a Toronto medical college, and Mrs. Sheard has had many opportunities of coming in contact with the struggling medical student. "The Lily of London Bridge," a two-part story, was published in an American magazine and in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. Short stories and poems by this writer have appeared in the *St. Nicholas*, Christmas *Mail and Empire*, Christmas *Globe*, Christmas *Saturday Night*, *Massey's Magazine*, Chicago *Courier*, *Canadian Home Journal*, etc. Mrs. Sheard is a keen and enthusiastic student of people and history. She writes only when the mood seizes her and never attempts to force her production. Writing is her pleasure rather than her vocation. Her imagination is strong and her creative faculty fairly well developed. Many of her admirers will be much disappointed if she does not some day produce something which will eventually become a classic.

The Historical Pub. Co., of 36 St. James Ave., Toronto, will issue in October a reprint of Major Richardson's "The War of 1812," with Notes by A. C. Casselman.

The original edition of "the War of 1812," by Major John Richardson, has become one of the scarcest of Canadian books. It is nearly unobtainable at any price. Recently it has not been offered for sale; but some years ago it was catalogued in London, England, by one bookseller for £10 10s., and by another for £50.

Accordingly the time seems opportune for another edition of this valuable and authentic work, which will be an accurate reprint of the original edition printed at Brockville, Ontario, in 1842. The book will be divided into chapters, and explanatory and biographical notes, and a full index added. The numerous portraits, maps and plans will add very much to the value of the book.

Major Richardson was a native of Upper Canada, and enlisted in the Canadian army at Amherstburg. He was a soldier of the small army that opposed General Hull's invasion of Canada, and was present when that General surrendered his army, the Fort of Detroit and the State of Michigan to General Brock.

IDLE MOMENTS

KAFFIR TELEGRAPHY.

THE battle of Majuba Hill was fought on February 27th, 1881. Pietermaritzburg is, as nearly as possible, 150 miles from Majuba. Yet the native servants of officers quartered in that garrison town heard the news of the battle and told their masters of the result within ten hours, and long before any official telegraphic information came through.

Again, the total defeat of the Zulus at Ulundi, in 1879, was heard of by the natives at a distance of 270 miles within twelve hours.

How was it done?

Many explanations have been offered, but none of them are entirely satisfactory. Perhaps the most plausible explanation for the rapid transmission of news is the following: The various Kaffir languages, particularly that spoken by the Zulus, have very many broad, open vowels. The "a" is pronounced as in father. Such words as "amba gashle" (go carefully), "Ikona mali" (no money), "hamba kaya" (go home), are all words that carry far. The natives are said to shout to one another from hilltop to hilltop, and these long-drawn-out vowels can be heard for immense distances. The extremely rarefied air of the high veldt also helps the sound to travel; and a chain of natives being arranged, one on each hilltop, four or five miles apart, the message flies from one to another with amazing rapidity.

Another explanation, which seems less likely, although many old residents among natives declare that it is true, is the tapping of an outcrop of ironstone or other magnetic mineral with a succession of light blows, after the manner of the Morse alphabet. These, it is said, can be heard along the whole length of the outcrop, even if the reef dives underground for miles and then reappears on the surface. The recipient places his ear on the stone and receives the impression of the taps over a distance of many miles.

When there is a stream of running water it is known to be possible to convey sounds along the surface over a considerable length thereof. But this would hardly be applicable to the South African natives' methods, as the streams through the veldt flow only for a few months in the summer, and then only intermittently, after thunderstorms; for the rest of the year they are practically dry beds of sand and rock.

Whatever their method may be, it has been proved over and over again that natives get news of any great event, reported accurately and succinctly, long before it has flashed across the telegraphic wires.—*London Mail.*

THE SLEEPING-CAR TUMBLER.

(*From the Toronto Star.*)

Have you loitered in the smoking-room
 Of a palace sleeping car,
Keeping tab upon the water-tank,
 As you smoke your last cigar?
Have you observed the tumbler?
 Has it occurred to you,
The many different uses
 That people put it to?

Here's a fellow with a colic,
 His face is pale and drawn,
Pours paregoric in it,
 You hope his pain is gone.
Next comes a bilious drummer,
 Who at the tumbler halts
And fills the vessel blithely
 With a slug of Epsom Salts.

He's followed by a person
 With the customary whim
That a seidlitz powder nightly
 Is just the thing for him;
And, on his heels, comes some one
 Who fancies "something hot,"
And takes a swig of Radway
 To touch the chilly spot.

One takes a morphine tablet,
 Which the tumbler has to drown;
And another drinks a bumper
 To help a blue pill down;
One mixes up a gargle
 (We would all this were bosh!)
Another gives his mouth a bath,
 And then his teeth a wash.

*The contributions to this Department are original unless credited to some other journal.

One fills his fountain pen thereat ;
 Another, then and there,
Takes a bottle from his pocket
 A mixture for the hair—
He puts a spoonful in the glass,
 A thousand miles from home,
At sixty miles or more an hour,
 He makes his own sea-foam.

And twenty-seven other men
 At various stages try
To send themselves to bye-bye
 With a thimbleful of rye.
And just as many other chaps—
 You may count them if you watch
Will use that willing tumbler
 For a thimbleful of Scotch.

You may talk of golden beakers,
 You may boast of pewter mugs ;
You may chortle over tankards,
 You may dream of silver jugs,
But there's not a drinking vessel
 In restaurant or bar
That's in it with the tumbler
 Of a palace sleeping-car.

—H. F. G.

THE CHILDREN.

(Selected.)

A Sunday-school Superintendent who always conducts the lesson review in his school, spends about five minutes in explaining the lesson, and then asks : "Now, has any one a question to ask ?" One Sunday he explained the lesson as usual, dwelling at length on its chief thoughts, and wound up with the usual question : "Now, has any one a question to ask ?" A member of the boys' junior class raised his hand. "Well, what is your question," asked the Superintendent. "Please, sir, are we going to have a picnic this summer ?"

The teacher of a Sunday-school class approached one little fellow who was present for the first time, and inquired his name, for the purpose of placing it on the roll. "Well," said the youngster, "they call me Jimmie, for short ; but my maiden name is James."

The little boy had come in with his clothes torn, his hair full of dust, and his face bearing unmistakable marks of a severe conflict. "Oh, Willie, Willie !" exclaimed his mother, deeply shocked and grieved, "you have disobeyed me again. How often have I told you not to play with that wicked Stapleford boy !" "Mamma," said Willie, washing the blood from his nose, "do I look as if I had been playing with anybody ?"

First Little Girl—Oh, you told a lie. You'll go to hell if you tell lies. Second Little Girl—Hell? Where's that? "What ! You a good Methodist and don't know where hell is ?" "No, I don't. They don't teach geography in our class."

ANECDOTES OLD AND NEW.

(Selected.)

Pat's Absent-Mindedness.—Three men, a barber, a bald-headed man and an Irishman, were travelling together. Not liking the looks of the place where they were to rest over night, they decided that one should keep watch while the other two slept. The barber was to take the first watch, the Irishman the second, and the bald-headed man the last. The barber amused himself by shaving the head of the sleeping Irishman, and promptly on the stroke of twelve, said : "Pat, wake up !" Pat, half awake, yawned, and passing his hand over his head said : "Holy Moses, he's gone and waked up the bald-headed man when he should have waked up me."

The Barber's Brave Boy.—A young officer one day went into a barber's shop, and, seeing only the boy there, thought to frighten him. Said he : "Boy, I want a shave, but be careful not to cut me. If you do," drawing his sword and laying it across his knees, "I shall put this through you." "Yes, sir," replied the boy, calmly, as he proceeded to his task, which he finished satisfactorily. "You are a good boy," said the officer, giving him a shilling. "But weren't you afraid ?" "Not at all, sir," said the boy. "But I should have done as I said if you had cut me." "You wouldn't, sir." "Why

not?" "Why, because if I had cut you at all I should have cut your bloomin' head off!"

The Scotch of It.—Nothing galls the natural pride of the true-blue Scotchman more than to have his country overlooked. A striking instance of this feeling is said to have occurred at the battle of Trafalgar. Two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, happened to be stationed near each other when the celebrated signal was given from Admiral Nelson's ship: "England expects every man to do his duty." "No a word aboot puir Scotland," dolefully remarked Donald. His friend cocked his eye and, turning to his companion, said: "Man, Donald, Scotland kens weel eneuch that nae son o' hers needs to be tell't to dae his duty. That's just a hint to the Englishers."

The Cardinal's Jest.—Cardinal Manning used to tell this amusing story of his publishers. He was a man who did not keep his own books in any great number on his private shelves, and so one day found it necessary to go to his publishers for a copy of his volume Confidence in God. To his surprise this conversation took place in the loudest voices between the front and back offices, the men calling to each other at the top of their lungs: "Say, you send up some of Manning's Confidence in God." "Can't do it. Manning's Confidence in God is all gone."

THE INDIAN AND WHISKEY.

"Yes," said the man in the far corner of the smoking compartment of the C.P.R. sleeper, "the Indian is very fond of whiskey. I remember once being out with an exploring party in the foothills country. We were a long way from any village and had met very few Indians. Late in the afternoon we noticed two Indians come along the valley of the river. We met and exchanged greetings; when we were parting one of the Indians asked me if I had a bottle of whiskey to spare. I replied that I hadn't, telling him that I had only one bottle. He wanted that bottle and pleaded for it. I said 'No,' a half dozen times. Finally he offered me his saddle in exchange. I declined to be shaken in my determination. He added his beautiful hunting knife. Still I refused. Then he added his horse and offered all three. He thought that would bring me."

"Of course you gave it to him," remarked the quiet man with the meerschaum.

"Well, no, I didn't give it him. You see, that was the only one that I had. But it shows you how fond an Indian is of whiskey."

MINERAL WATER.

He was mayor of an Ontario town and a prospective M.P. He had come to Toronto and taken two friends to McConkey's to dine. The meal passed pleasantly. After they had eaten enough the waiter brought in the finger-bowls. The mayor watched his friends to see what this new feature meant. The friends, though ignorant, were discreet. They said nothing.

"What is this stuff?" said the impatient mayor.

"Darn if I know," replied one of the friends.

The mayor hesitated a moment and then decided to taste the crystal liquid.

"Well, I'll be blowed. This is a new game, serving mineral water at the end of a meal."



FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE MAISONEUVE MONUMENT, MONTREAL

THIS IS BY HEBERT, THE CANADIAN SCULPTOR, WHOSE WORK HAS CONTRIBUTED MUCH TO RAISING THE STANDARD OF NATIVE ART. MAISONEUVE WAS THE FOUNDER OF MONTREAL

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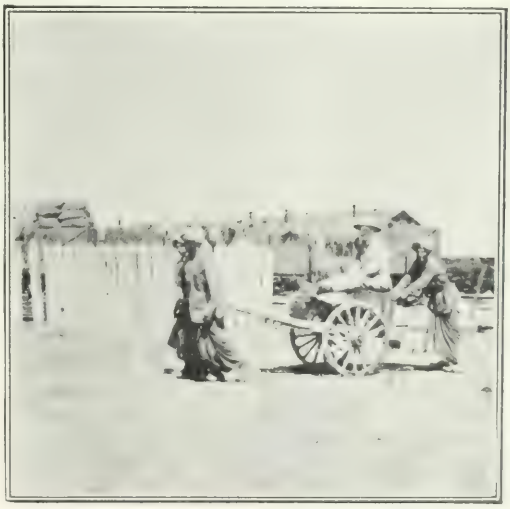
A CANADIAN IN CHINA

DURING THE LATE WAR.

By H. B. Manley.

THE author had the good fortune to go to Peking as the assistant to Mr. J. C. Hemment, special war artist for *Black and White*, of London, England. We left Vancouver on the *Empress of China*, July 9th, 1900, and arrived at Yokohama on July 23rd, after an uneventful passage. Not a craft of any kind was met during the whole trip.

At Yokohama our stay was very short, but not too short to teach us that large Calcutta sun helmets must be worn to avoid sunstroke. Desiring to see a little of Japan, we decided to break the water trip, and go inland as far as Tokio, the seat of government, and the residence of the Mikado. From Tokio we proceeded to Kobe, and there we met our steamer. Our next stop was Wei-hai-Wei, and the most interesting thing there was the "coaling up." Extraordinary as it may seem, this is done by hand from large lighters which come alongside the ship. A temporary stair is built, and on each step stand diminutive Japs, male and female. The coal is put in small wicker baskets and passed up the stairway from one person to another. The process goes on with great rapidity for a whole day. We were told by the engineer that this process is cheaper and quicker than steam power. The heat was terrific, and the Japs occasionally took a plunge into the ocean to cool themselves off.



THE AUTHOR AND HIS EFFECTS BEING TAKEN TO THE TIENTSEN RAILWAY STATION BY SIKHS

After leaving Wei-hai-Wei we traversed the Inland Sea, passing through the finest water scenery in the Orient. The numerous islands, some mountainous, some flat, and almost everyone under cultivation by the thrifty Japs, made up a wonderful panorama of

charming scenery. We passed numbers of Japanese forts, the majority of them only a few feet above high water mark, all the works being below water line.

Sixteen miles from Shanghai our huge vessel came to anchor in the Woosing roads, and a tender was in waiting to take the passengers and luggage to Shanghai. The "Empresses" draw more water than most war vessels, and, consequently, do not take the risk of running into Shanghai harbour.

In going up the Woosing River we passed under the guns of the Woosing fort, well manned by Chinese troops, some 1,000 strong. They were well watched by the warships at anchor, and strange, as it may seem, the Chinese were very busy at the earthworks and have not been molested in the slightest by the Allies in consequence of their not showing any hostility. The searchlights of the various warships were kept playing on this fort every night so as to keep in close touch with their movements. It may be mentioned that this is the strongest fort (Chinese) in China. The Chinese had been drilled by German instructors previous to the war, and their arms and accoutrements are of the most modern kind supplied by Krupp.

A grand sight presented itself to our vision upon entering Shanghai harbour. There, riding at anchor were representative warships, about 90 in number, from all the naval Powers of the world. Thousands of Chinese gather at the beautiful water-front, the "Bund," as it is called all over China —a large strip of sodded ground about one mile long and 200 feet wide, serving as a recreation ground for the citizens on the hot, sultry afternoons so



OFFICERS OF THE INFANTRY OF THE WOOSING ARMY AND THE GERMAN INSTRUCTORS INSIDE THE FORT AT SHANGHAI

prevalent in China. As I have said, the Chinese gather in droves and look with amazement at the iron monsters from the foreign devils' country. There is not the slightest doubt that the presence of the large number of warships saved Shanghai, made the Chinese behave themselves and prevented an uprising, as they outnumber Europeans in the ratio of 500 to 1. There was great fear manifested in Shanghai before the arrival of warships and troops, and when we landed there were about 20,000 Allied troops garrisoned in and around Shanghai. There exists in this city a corps of volunteers, numbering about 1,000, each company of 100 representing different nations. It is called the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, and was formed at the time of the Taiping rebellion and has been in existence ever since.

Our stay in Shanghai was cut short on account of our being fortunate enough to secure transportation to the scene of hostilities and we embarked on the British transport *Wo-Sung*, which was going to Taku—a four days' trip, with 100 Sikhs, 604 sheep, 120 horses, 103 mules and 62 cows. These poor creatures were penned up in a space only about one-third it should have been, and the death rate in consequence was great on account of the fearful heat. In the hold of the steamer, there were four staterooms (?) allotted to



LI-HUNG-CHANG'S PRIVATE SECRETARY, CHING, ON THE PLATFORM OF HIS PRINCIPAL'S PRIVATE CAR. CHING IS A GRADUATE OF HARVARD



NANKIN—THE HOUSE WHERE LI-HUNG-CHANG STAYED ON HIS WAY TO PEKING. THIS IS A SAMPLE OF HOUSES BUILT BY EUROPEANS AND SOLD TO RICH CHINESE



PEKING—ON THE SPOT ON WHICH AUTHOR AND CHINAMAN ARE STANDING, BARON VON KETTLER WAS MURDERED



TIENTSIN—IMPERIAL CHINESE RAILWAY YARD, SHOWING THE DESTRUCTION WROUGHT BY THE ARTILLERY OF THE ALLIES. THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE ADMIRAL SEYMOUR'S COLUMN WAS REPULSED THREE TIMES. THE STATION SHOWS TWO RUSSIAN FLAGS

fifteen of us, chiefly artists and correspondents on the way to the front. Amongst our party was a German Count, who was representing a German paper, also Schomberg, a "London Illustrated" artist. Arriving at the end of our water trip, we had to wend our way through the Allied fleet, consisting of 40 war ships and cruisers, riding at anchor at the Taku roads. We silently glided up the Pei-Ho, some four miles, going past the captured Taku forts, from which Russian, French, Japanese, German, English and American flags were flying. It was an impressive sight to see the fearful havoc wrought on the Taku mud forts by the awful storm of lead from the guns of the Allied fleet. All along up the river front up to Tonku, can be seen indescribable desolation. Whole villages have been swept away, where desperate fighting occurred.

Upon our arrival at Tonku we noticed unusual activity amongst the Russian and German troops; we discovered that they intended to make an attack on the Peitang (Chinese) forts some five miles away. We learned that the Russians had made an unsuccessful assault a week previous. We went out with the

troops and watched a most interesting attack in which the Chinese were worsted. It was an experience which we will not soon forget and were space available a description of it would no doubt be interesting.

On our return we boarded the train at the Taku station, after waiting five hours, and started for Tientsen, 27 miles distant. This road, the Imperial Chinese Railway, is entirely under Russian Control, a chance everyone thought England missed, and any other but a Russian or German receives scant courtesy. The carriages are in a filthy condition, occasioned by the constant passage of Allied troops to the front. A very slovenly lot are the Russian officials, attired in rough canvas uniforms with the regulation Russian cap.

On our way into Tientsen, all along each side of the track, were noticed very ingenious breast works, thrown up by the Chinese troops, about 20 feet apart. On each side of the track about 50 yards away are thousands of Chinese graves consisting of mounds conical shaped, ranging from 8 to 20 feet in height, according to the number interred. They are constructed of mud, covering acres upon acres. Looking at the demolished villages all along the line and the diminutive size of them, one at first wonders where so many bodies came from, but upon



PEKING. SHOWING THE STATE IN WHICH THE ALLIES LEFT LEGATION STREET ON THEIR WAY THROUGH. NOT ONE BUILDING WAS LEFT INTACT



line were completely demolished by Seymour's column, and the desolation is terrible. One dare not think what suffering and privation will take place the coming winter. What puzzles one most is where those thousands upon thousands of Chinese could have gone who fled upon the approach of the Allies.



being made aware of the fact that they have been burying there for hundreds of years, one need not express any surprise. The mud villages all along the



We arrived at Tientsen after a six hours' ride, and upon our arrival our real campaigning commenced. We found desolation everywhere. At this particular spot, the Tientsen R. R. station, Admiral Seymour's column was repulsed four times, and had to retire to wait for reinforcements. The Boxers and Imperial troops fought like demons, and were mowed down

1. Japanese Cavalry outside German H.q., Tientsin. 2. Chinese Prisoner being bamboozled on Calves of Legs.
3. Interior of Chinese Police Station, Shanghai—Prisoners being led away to be bamboozled

by thousands. They actually threw themselves on top of the field pieces and hampered the gunners. It was the stubborn resistance of fatalists who knew no fear.

Upon our arrival we found Russian predominance everywhere. What little was left of the stone station was entirely under Russian control, and they showed it in no unmistakable manner. We managed to unload our cameras, plates and effects, although a terrible rainstorm was pouring down on us. This was eight o'clock in the evening, and our great anxiety was to get our effects under cover, contrary to the wish of the pompous Russian station-master. Tact of no mean order which was resorted to by my chief, accomplished our purpose, and we were allowed to temporarily place our stuff in the small room used for telegraph and other purposes. Our next and most difficult task was to







1. Temple of Heaven, Peking—Steps and Railing are beautifully carved white marble. 2. Bombay Lancers, Captain and Trooper. 3. The Allies in China—Temple of Heaven Grounds—Russian, British, Annamite, German, Japanese and French

get quarters for the brief period we were to stop in Tientsen, before proceeding to Peking. The only hotel, the Astor House, kept by a German, left partially intact from the bombardment, was three miles from the station and it had been commandeered by the Russian general and his staff two weeks before our arrival. No one else was, by their order, allowed accommodation, but nothing daunted we started out with three Chinese coolies to seek a place to lay our heads. Tientsen at this time was under martial law, and no Chinese could be trusted. Sniping was a very popular amusement as darkness set in every evening, and we were advised to take shelter in any kind of a box car for that night, and not undertake the risky task of running the gauntlet to get to the hotel, but my chief being of a determined nature, was bound to get under shelter that night so as to get a change of clothing. After making our coolies understand by gestures that it was the hotel we wanted, the start was made, the rain coming down in torrents. We followed the Chinese with our revolvers ready for use at the least sign of treachery, and we found our way after a terrible walk through the devastated and looted city. The streets strewn were with all kinds of wreckage, whole blocks of houses and fine stores completely demolished, not a few of the dismembered parts of Chinese dead bodies lying in the gutters of the streets, filling the air with the most repugnant odours, while dogs could be seen skulking away from the loathsome piles upon our approach. We at last landed up in front of the hotel, where unmistakable signs told us that it was in the hands of the Slavs, for a large Russian flag was displayed from the window with the announcement posted on the main entrance to show that it was the headquarters of the Russian general and his staff. Here is where Mr. Hemment's tact, which carried him successfully through the Cuban war, stood us in good need and won the day. After a considerable amount of parleying with the German landlord and the general's secretary, Mr. Hemment produced an official letter from the U.S. War Office, Washington, claiming protection as an American citizen while in China on artistic work in connection with our paper. It had the desired effect and we were assigned a room at the top of the house.

We started out early next morning with our camera and plates to take pictures, and it was our painful duty here to witness and take photos of the shooting and decapitation of six Boxers. We noticed a procession winding its way to the Chinese graveyard, five miles from the outskirts of the city. The first three prisoners were blindfolded, and bound to square posts planted three feet in the ground, and a detachment of fifty French soldiers were formed up at twenty paces distant. The end was soon over, for it must have been instantaneous death for the poor wretches, as not a movement was noticed after the smoke cleared away. The best shots were chosen from the French regiment for this service. It proved to be a more merciful and humane method than that resorted to by the Japanese. The three others were led off by a company of Japanese, about one mile away in the same graveyard, said graveyard covering an area of three square miles. Arriving at the allotted spot, the poor wretches were made dig a large square pit, and one by one they were made kneel at the edge with their hands tied behind their backs. A Japanese officer stepped forward, and with the ordinary service sword drew it back and forward over the poor wretch's neck, and then with a swift blow it descended, cutting off the head. The next one was as successful, and then came a terrible spectacle. Up walked the Japanese officer, after wiping his sword, and drew the back to and fro over the poor wretch's neck three or four times before he struck the fatal blow. Down came the blade on the apex of the skull, cutting about two inches into the neck. The poor wretch fell into the pit, the Japanese officer climbing down and



BOMBAY LANCERS ON THE BANKS OF THE PEI-HO STARTING ON THEIR LONG TRAMP INTO PEKING

sawing away at the neck until the head was severed. The heads were immediately carried over to the main road and strung up on poles, as an object lesson to the large number of Chinese who were congregated around with blanched faces. I would not care to look upon such a sight again.

We spent the next day taking pictures in and around the place where General Liscom, U.S. army, was killed in the advance into Tientsen, and we were up by break of day packing and getting ready to proceed on our tortuous six-days' journey up the Pei-Ho river to Yung-Sing. Our effects were loaded on a British transport hand-waggon, drawn by four strapping big Sikhs, kindly loaned us by their colonel.

Arriving at the Bund on the banks of the Pei-Ho where about 100 Chinese comandeered junks were being loaded with supplies by the different Allies to be conveyed into Peking, we noticed the British bluejackets loading up one of the large junks with Capt. Perry Scott's gun, which did such fine work at the relief of Ladysmith. They were taking it down the river to where the *Terrible* was riding at anchor. There, as at Ladysmith, it proved invaluable. We were allowed by courtesy of a Japanese officer to store our effects on board, and go up the river with him and his men. Each junk is provided with a large, square sail, which was of very little service on account of light winds all the way up. A rope about 100 yards long is attached to the top of the mast, and Chinese coolies—generally about twelve—are yoked to the other end, and they walk along the river bank at a snail's pace. Coolies are also at the stern on board, rowing with flat oars about twenty feet long, working on a pivot.

We made the start in the wake of a long string of junks, representing every nation, with their respective flags flying from the stern; and it was a picturesque sight beyond description. All along the banks of the river could be seen Allied troops on their long march into Peking, Russian and British native troops preponderating. At the approach of darkness every night all of the junks would be run into the mudbank close to the shore, and with guard mounted would stay there until daybreak. The guard mount was simply a matter of routine, as not a hostile Chinese could be found for miles around, so well did the advance column do their terrible work of carnage and rapine. Farm buildings and whole villages were swept away, to afford safety to the convoys going up and down the river. It looked as though each nationality had tried to outdo the others in their devilish work—only a straggling dog here

and there was left behind to remind one that an industrious village once existed before these human fiends started their butchery and carnage. Hundreds of old, infirm and sick who could not flee were ruthlessly slaughtered, and scores of bodies were left in their tracks as they attempted to escape. Their sacred joss-houses and gods were demolished and scattered around. Half-way up we noticed an encampment of Austrians, and we landed to renew our water supply. Our attention was called to the large excavation resembling a canal at right angles to the Pei-Ho, dug by the Chinese with the intention of diverting the original course of the river so as to ground the large number of convoys down the river. Their efforts would have been rewarded by success if the advance of the column had been delayed one week longer, and inestimable damage would have resulted. Their ingenuity was much commented upon by the Austrians and officers. Thousands of Chinese must have been at work with their crude implements night and day working at this large ditch. The Allies relieve each other in guarding this particular place.

On our way up the river scores of dead Chinese were noticed floating down and quite a few were stranded on sand bars. Their presence was easily located on account of the frightful stench arising from the putrid bodies. This most sickening journey terminated the afternoon of the sixth day and we arrived up river as far as navigable craft of any kind can go.

This place is called Yung-Sing. Hundreds of junks flying flags of all nations were unloading supplies all along the river front and troops of all nations were here waiting for the junks to furnish them with supplies before proceeding into Peking. We were compelled to remain here for three days before moving on over the remaining 40 miles of road into Peking, as nothing in the shape of a conveyance was obtainable to take our effects with us. We were allowed by courtesy of the U. S. Marine Corps to occupy quarters in their compound and, thanks to the same source, we were enabled to purchase from their commissary, tin goods for our future use. We were rewarded at last by being able to purchase for a big figure, a Peking cart (two wheels) and two mules from an American correspondent who had just made his way out of Peking. After loading our stuff we started off in the wake of an American convoy of twenty Manila waggons brought from the Philippines. There was one continual stream of convoys of all nations going into Peking. It was the same as coming up the river, as far as desolation and massacre was concerned. The heat was terrific as this was the hottest time of the year. They have the two extremes here, the winter being very severe, the glass often registering 10 below zero, and in summer the glass goes up as high as 120.

Having started early in the morning we came within sight of the great wall surrounding Peking at five in the afternoon and proceeded to the western gate through which most of the Allies entered the city. We walked through the desolated streets, passing a few barricaded stores which were not looted and demolished. We discovered that those remaining intact were saved by the craftiness of the Chinese who owned them, in nailing up the flag of some nation on the door before they fled. It, in almost every instance, had the desired effect.

Our first business in Peking was to find quarters, which we did in a house occupied by Mr. Hernan and Mr. Lynch, two correspondents. Their abode was the abandoned mansion of a rich mandarin and we were assigned a room which had been occupied by the mandarin's two daughters. The bed consisted of brickwork, built about two feet high and ten feet long, with an oven beneath. The Chinese build a fire in these ovens hours before they retire and the bricks are heated thoroughly; over these they spread expensive rugs. We adopted the same plan, using straw for fuel and our army blankets to sleep in. We were thus



THE AUTHOR WALKING BESIDE CART ON HIS WAY HOME FROM PEKING, PASSING ALONG (OUTSIDE) THE GREAT WALL WHICH DIVIDED THE CHINESE CITY FROM THE TARTAR CITY

very comfortable during our ten days' stay in Peking. Our food was drawn from the British commissariat, we being on the list as correspondents. Our daily rations consisted of meat, rice, carrots, sugar and rum.

We had a big ten days' work before us, so we started out early the next day to see the sights. Our first and great desire was to get into the Emperor's Palace inside the Forbidden City, and we fortunately obtained a letter from Major Conger, U.S. Consul, to the Japanese general, who held the key to the situation, so we harnessed up our two mules and loaded up our apparatus, and started off for the Palace, some four miles outside the city proper. We arrived there after witnessing some awful carnage results on our route. The Palace is inside a large, high stone wall, about a half-mile square. A moat runs all around the wall, so we crossed the bridge and stood before the massive gates and announced ourselves. After a considerable amount of parleying we were admitted into the holy of holies. A peculiar feeling overcomes one which one cannot account for. We were met on the threshold of the Imperial apartments by a number of high court dignitaries, who were left behind by the Emperor and Empress to look after the Palace and contents. They were very old men of commanding appearance and true Chinese dignity, and were very polite. Such a characteristic Chinese one never meets outside China. It is a very crude article which reaches America. We were escorted to the tea-house where we partook of that beverage made as only Orientals can make it. We were then escorted through the Imperial bedrooms. The decorations were old and beyond description, and priceless in value. The handiwork of the ruthless vandals who preceded us was very much in evidence, although those who visited here before us were supposed to be officers and gentlemen. In some of these apartments was noticed costly rugs of great age, full of dust. Cobwebs were plentiful and the two extremes prevailed—richness and dirt. We were kept religiously away from the compound which contained the harem. The grottos containing gold-fish scattered throughout the gardens were very picturesque. His Royal Highness had a mania for clocks. One room was given up for the large collection, and they were there the most ancient as well as modern. Some were pointed out to us which Li-Hung-Chang brought him from America. Our tour throughout the Palace occupied one-hour-and-a-half. We were not allowed by the Jap General to take any photos. It is not

prohibited, but he insists upon the rule being enforced. It is chronic with the Japs. No one is allowed in Japan with a camera for the purpose of taking pictures (outdoor). So we gratified our desire outside the Palace in the Forbidden City. We visited all the encampments around the Palace. We were pointed out the identical spot where Baron Von Kettler was murdered; we took pictures of the place and then spent the remainder of the afternoon in and around the Imperial Chinese Carriage Park (forbidden ground) now occupied by the British, comprising Sikhs, Bombay Lancers, Royal Engineers and Royal Welsh Fusiliers. To make room for the men for sleeping quarters and commissary department, the beautiful royal carriages of rare beauty and great age, with beautiful trimmings, were ruthlessly dumped out on the grounds exposed to the elements. As my chief remarked, His Highness "won't do a thing" when he is made aware of the fact! This park is divided from the British Legation by a high wall, the Boxers having made this their stronghold. One very ingenious device was resorted to here. The Boxers and Imperial troops dug a long tunnel. Starting from the inside of a large building alongside the Legation-wall, they had dug down twenty feet and tunnelled parallel along the wall up as far as where the Ambassador's residence was situated. They had branched off partly up to the wall when the Royal Engineers, who were digging a ditch along anticipating such designs on the part of the Chinese, heard the sound of digging and they immediately started to countermine. The Chinese detected them and immediately branched off, as they thought, alongside the wall farther along, but they miscalculated and came back almost in their own track with the result that if the mine had been charged and fired the damage to themselves would have been terrible. It was not to be, however. While they were charging the mine the alarm came that the sound of the artillery of the relief column was heard in the distance. The Chinese fled pell-mell. It was, as General Gazelee said, a very bold and clever piece of work on the part of barbarians. We took excellent pictures of the opening to the mine. Our day's work being done, we retired for the night.

We made our way to the Temple of Heaven and Temple of Agriculture grounds next morning. The former place is where the Emperor and Empress worship once a year; to the latter place he repairs once a year to pray for a bountiful harvest. The gorgeousness of the Temple of Heaven cannot be described; it is roofed with the Imperial Royal Chinese yellow-and-blue tiles; the effect of the sun's rays on it is enchanting. It is now in possession of a company of British Sikhs, and the large grounds (forbidden) are occupied by the British camps, the Americans occupying the Temple of Agriculture and grounds; these Temples are five miles out on the outskirts of the city. I may say that it was here I met the only Canadian besides myself in Peking. He was Capt. Charles Dobell, of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who was sent with his regiment from South Africa to Hong-Kong, and from there to Peking. He is a son of Hon. R. R. Dobell, of Quebec, and also a distinguished graduate of the Royal Military College. The meeting of two Canadians in such a remote part of the world can better be imagined than described.

After taking pictures in the British, American and Russian Legations and portraits of the Ambassadors, we made preparations to take our departure for the sea coast. It would be harrowing to go into details of all the horrible sights we saw, and our great and longing desire was to get away from such a desolate place. I might mention that when we were in Peking large numbers of the Chinese exiles were returning, being positively assured that no harm should come to them. Some of these were wealthy merchants who had fled only to return and find everything they owned swept away. There was no distinction made and the Allies commandeered them upon their approach to the city.

Their lot was a happy one, comparatively speaking, if they fell into the hands of either the British or Americans, who paid them 20 cents per day, including chow (grub). Their work was not very hard, gathering together firewood, sprinkling lime around the streets, etc., but their great dread was to fall into the hands of either Russians or Germans.

I must draw a veil over the rest of the horrors which we witnessed and conclude by quoting from Sir Robt. Hart, who is the greatest authority in China on Chinese character. We had several interviews with him, and he declares that the days of Taepingdom, when native warred with native, showed nothing worse than the atrocities committed by the Allied forces in China. Geo. Lynch, in conversation, said the massacre of Taku was a fit beginning for the blood-stained track of terror which marked the progress of the Allies from the sea to Peking.

I may say that the most brutal and cruel of the Allies were the Russians we met, and the Germans are not much better. The largest part of the loot can be found in the possession of the Russians and Germans. The finest all-round soldier in China from what we saw is beyond doubt the little Jap. He is possessed of great pluck and endurance. The Austrians were very fine, blonde-complexioned fellows, obliging to a fault, and the French were a very slovenly lot drafted from the French provinces. Their allies, the Annamites, were a finer class fighting under the French flag. The British and Americans were as of one family in this campaign. Where one was there was the other, and their past history can easily vouch for the fine work they did in China. The handsome and fine Sikhs and Bombay Lancers were a feature in this war, and the valuable transport work they did was invaluable. The respect paid to correspondents and civilians by these fine fellows will linger long in one's memory. After going through the experience we did we have come to the same conclusion as did Mr. George Lynch, that this war has been a great blot on civilization and has set it back a decade. The missionary has to go all over his work again.

A SONG IN SPRING.

SPRING comes singing from the south,
Singing with a smiling mouth,
Breathing o'er the frozen north,
Bidding leaves and buds break forth.

Hope comes surging from the past,
From the chains that held it fast
In its prison-cell of pain,
Bidding life be glad again.

May Austin Low.



A CANADIAN-BORN NEGRO WHO WON THE V.C.; AND TWO VIEWS OF HIS HOME AT HANTSPORT, N.S.

A CANADIAN NEGRO V.C.

By D. V. Warner.

NOW that the war in South Africa is over, and our men have returned, Canada, as an integral portion of the Empire, has a just right to be proud of the noble manner in which her sons have borne their part in the conflict. They have not only done their duty on all occasions so as to win the admiration of prominent British generals, but four of their comparatively small number have so distinguished themselves as to be awarded for "conspicuous bravery" that most coveted of all decorations open to all classes of Britain's defenders, without regard to rank.

It will, no doubt, be interesting to many Canadians at this time, to those of us, especially, who have a more or less pronounced "race prejudice," to know that a negro native of this Dominion won the Victoria Cross during the Indian Mutiny, within a few years after the institution of the order; and for an act of bravery which was remarkable both for the number of lives which depended upon it, and for the coolness which characterized it throughout.

William Hall, the subject of this sketch, was born in Summerville, Hants Co., N.S., in 1832. His parents were extremely poor; and the boy, showing more independence than is usually found among young coloured men in this country, shipped before the mast in 1844, sailing in a small vessel from Hantsport, the nearest shipping port to his native village. The following six years were spent in the merchant marine of Nova Scotia. During this time Hall served in vessels of various rigs, and visited most of the well-known ports of the world, developing finally into a strong, active young man, and, for his years, a seaman of experience. For about eighteen months he served in the American Navy, then, once more, for a few months only, in a trading vessel.

The winter of 1852 found him in Liverpool, England, where on February 2nd, at the Recruiting Office in Red Cross Street, he enlisted in the British Navy as a seaman, and was appointed to the *Rodney*, Captain Graham, a vessel of 90 guns then lying in Portsmouth Harbour. With a number of other young naval recruits he proceeded to London, and thence to Portsmouth, where he and his fellow volunteers were under orders to report on board the receiving ship *Victory*. Nelson's famous flagship, after so many years of service in the front rank of Great Britain's "wooden walls," was still in use at that time, although in a somewhat humbler capacity.

For two years the *Rodney* was attached to the Channel Fleet; when, at the beginning of the trouble in the Bosphorus, which resulted in the disastrous Crimean war, she was ordered to the Mediterranean, and joined the fleet at Malta. During the long naval campaign which followed, Hall was present at the bombardment of Odessa, where, as he himself expresses it, "we chastised the Russians for not recognizing the flag of truce," and later on at the siege and fall of Sebastopol.

At the conclusion of the Crimean war there were many changes made in the crews of the vessels forming the war fleet. New men were drafted to fill the numerous vacancies, and the survivors were, in many cases, transferred to other vessels. Seaman Hall, who had gone through the whole campaign without a serious wound, was transferred to the frigate *Shannon*, which was then under orders to sail for Singapore, from which port she was to have the honour of conveying

to Hong-Kong, Lord Elgin, ex-Governor-General of Canada, who had, on account of serious complications in China, been then recently appointed Plenipotentiary Extraordinary to that country. At Singapore the *Shannon* was gaily decorated with flags, and when the distinguished Minister was brought on board a salute of twenty-one guns was fired ; and, as a special mark of honour to the representative of Her Majesty, all the yards were manned.

From Hong-Kong the *Shannon* proceeded to Calcutta. The terrible Indian Mutiny had then broken out, and several British warships then cruising in Eastern waters were ordered to various ports in India. After lying for a short time at Calcutta, hurried orders were received by the captain of the *Shannon* to send as many men as could be spared overland to Lucknow. Accordingly two hundred and fifty seamen and marines, including Hall, were selected from the ship's company, and ordered to co-operate with the relieving forces under Colonel, afterwards Sir Henry, Havelock. Besides being well supplied with small arms, the men took eight of the ship's guns. The use of naval guns on land, which has been such an important feature of the war now happily over, was recognized at that time, although the effectiveness of the cannon was slight when compared to the frightful execution wrought by their successors of to-day.

The march to the besieged city was, as we all know, long and accompanied with great loss of life. The naval guns were frequently found to be of great service. Each of them was operated by six men, numbered from one to six, beginning with the captain. If the officer in charge of a gun happened to be killed or wounded, man No. 2 took charge of the weapon, and so on. This arrangement prevented any confusion when a man was disabled, each man having a number and knowing what to do if his comrade holding the next lowest number was put out of action.

The Sepoys were continually hovering on the flanks of Colonel Havelock's men, and the *Shannon's* contingent suffered much from their annoying attacks. Each time, however, they succeeded in repelling the enemy with but slight loss, until one day, long to be remembered by the survivors.

As the British forces approached nearer and nearer to Lucknow the attacks of the Sepoys became more and more determined. On the day mentioned above the enemy fought desperately, and nearly succeeded in surrounding the British. The men of the *Shannon*, finding themselves hard pressed, endeavoured to gain a position nearby, where there was a ruined building surrounded by a high stone wall, their object being to use the building as a temporary fort and refuge for the exhausted men. In order to effect this they directed the fire of some of the guns against the walls. Breaches were finally made in the thick walls, through one of which the men, after heavy loss, dragged a gun, and from that point of vantage began to use it with effect to cover the retreat of their comrades.

This gun now occupied such a commanding position that the Sepoys, seeing the havoc it caused in their ranks, directed their fire to the spot so as to make it in a few minutes a very perilous situation. The men operating the weapon fell rapidly, and the officer in charge of the corps finally gave orders to abandon the piece.

Seaman Hall was then acting as "No. 2" at one of the other seven guns, but seeing the importance of the piece in the breach, he left his position and hurried across the intervening space to assist in working it. The two survivors of the original crew took courage when they saw help coming, and the officer in charge of the gun, Lieut. Salmon, shouted, "Ah, Hall ! you're a man." Three more deserted their original positions, and the gun's crew was once more complete. Against the express orders of the commanding lieutenant, the gun continued its work of destruction for

several minutes longer, until the Sepoys drew off with heavy loss. Of the six heroes who saved the corps from annihilation but three were left alive. They were Lieut. Salmon, now prominent in our navy as Rear-Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, K.C.B., and Seamen Robinson and Hall. Each man was recommended for and subsequently received the Victoria Cross.

After many years of faithful service in Her Majesty's navy, Hall was honourably discharged with a good pension, and after knocking about the world for a short time longer, finally settled on a small farm about four miles from the village of Hantsport, N.S., where he has lived quietly for the past twenty-four years.

Among the few heroes who have won this highest distinction which our sovereign bestows "for intrepid bravery in the face of the enemy" there are none who have merited the decoration better than our Canadian hero, none upon whose particular act of daring greater issues hung; and, as I will proceed to illustrate, none who are more modest in speaking of the occasion when they won the honour.

The old veteran lives in a little farmhouse overlooking Minas Basin. The property is protected from heavy winds by a row of spruce trees bordering the road, so that only the upper windows can be seen when driving past. For a small farm it is well stocked with cattle and poultry, and there is a two-acre orchard of thrifty young trees adjoining the house. The proprietor of the place was busy sharpening a scythe when I called to see him one afternoon early in September last.

"It's rather late for haying, isn't it?" he observed, when I had taken the place of the small boy who was turning the stone, "but I just want to get a little salt hay off the marsh."

"By the way," I said, after a few turns of the stone, "haven't you been in the British navy?"

"Yes; I served a good many years in the navy," he replied; then, lifting the scythe from the stone, and carefully feeling the edge, "I think she'll cut that grass all right now, thank you; it doesn't require a very sharp scythe."

"Better sharpen the point a little more," I suggested; then, when the scythe had again been applied to the stone, "I hear you have the Victoria Cross," I said.

"Yes; I won the 'Cross' in India in '57, time of the Mutiny, you know."

In the course of the afternoon I obtained the account of the old sailor's life, which I have already given. He described minutely incidents which seemed to me to be of no particular importance, such as the reception in honour of Lord Elgin at Singapore. He had said very little about the march to Lucknow, not mentioning himself except as belonging to the *Shannon's* contingent, and was describing the character of the Sepoys, and the distressing scenes in the Residency during the relief, when I interrupted him with—"but I want to hear about the way you won the Cross; I've heard about the Relief of Lucknow."

"Oh!" he answered, with evident impatience, "that was way back on the march; I almost forgot about that."

After talking with him all the afternoon I obtained from him the account which I have given. When he had brought his story down to the time when he was pensioned off, and settled down to a more peaceful occupation, near his old home, he surprised me by saying, "Thank you very much for taking note of me."

Of course I hastened to point out that the gratitude was all on my part, and then asked if I might see the Cross.

"See it, yes; come right in;" and we walked through the hall into a neatly furnished sitting-room, on the walls of which hung pictures of British war-vessels of fifty years ago. The old sailor stepped to the mantel, and taking down a small cardboard spool box, emptied the contents on the table. The blue ribbon from which the Cross was originally suspended is missing, having been "borrowed" by a relic-hunter several years ago; and it is now

attached by wire to a heavy watch chain, and bears the date "16 Nov., 1857." There were three other commemorative medals in the collection, two of the Crimean war and one of the Indian Mutiny.

"It's nothing to have a Cross now; they're as thick as peas," the old man said.

"Do you know," I said, "that there are thousands of officers in the British army and navy who are longing to possess the medal that you have won; many of them, too, holding very high rank."

"Well," he answered slowly, "it isn't worth very much to a man after all, only ten pounds a year. If it wasn't for my regular navy pension of forty pounds a year besides I don't know how we'd get along here. The farm is small, and my two sisters live with me, you know."

GROWN BABY.

By Jean Blewett.

MY Lady examined the canvas critically. "For one who has left the pleasant plains of love and hope behind, and come into the land of grayness and perpetual weariness, your Mariana is a cheerful creature, I must say. She looks more like a town belle sitting for her photograph than like anything else. The subtle something which reaches down from a really great picture and takes hold of our imagination is wanting. Give us a bit of landscape, flowers, a group of children. Leave that sort of thing," with a contemptuous flourish of her fan toward the canvas, "to those who know what life is, what love is. You don't. You're not a woman, you're only a grown baby."

Grown Baby laughed, and My Lady noticed that it was a child's laugh, merry, sweet, free from any hint of tears.

"'Tis a pity," said My Lady, wheeling about and facing the other, "you can't stay just as happy and care free as you are. But 'tis you women—no, grown babies of thirty, who have never wasted blush or smile on any man, who love too hard, and fast, and long, and strong, when you set about it."

"And why not, if the right man comes along?" asked Grown Baby.

"Because there is no man worth it; because—but what is the use casting pearls of worldly wisdom before such as you? You'll be able to paint pictures which will take hold of our emotions when you've learned your lesson, but you won't be able to laugh as you laugh to-day. Love is the best thing in life, they tell us. It ought to be; it exacts the highest price. If you were more like other women I wouldn't worry; but you're queer. The precocious girl who begins having 'affairs' when she's in short frocks is in no danger of conceiving a grand passion when she reaches womanhood, her poor little emotions are worn to shreds. But you—oh! 'tis in store for you."

"I don't see why I stand in special danger," protested the other.

"Because you're bound to be a spendthrift. No man deserves too much, but you'll never take his deserts into consideration."

My Lady looked at the bright face opposite, smiled, then sighed. "Let the time-and-eternity business alone." She went on: "Many a woman who starts out with the man of her choice on a pilgrimage of love which is to cover this world and the next finds herself travelling alone after the first few milestones are passed. There, I've criticized your picture and given you heaps of good advice, I must go now. Ponder my words, won't you?"

Grown Baby said she would, but as she turned Mariana's face to the wall she thought more of the criticism than of the advice, much more.

The Right Man came. His dark eyes looked into her grey ones, yet neither knew as yet. They were friends, congenial, much together, but until that languid summer afternoon when they sat side by side on the sofa in her studio, reading a letter from a mutual friend, they were not lovers.

Her head almost touched his shoulder. Looking down he could see her warm cheeks, her white neck, the soft curves of her bosom. And she was so near him! "I love you," he cried, and drew her almost roughly into his embrace; "I love you." But she only trembled and grew pale. "Surely you love me," he urged; "give me a kiss, darling, just one."

"Wait," she whispered, "wait. I've never kissed anyone that way. It is like surrendering oneself. I'm afraid, and——"

"Look at me, straight at me—so."

Slowly, slowly the grey eyes lifted themselves to the dark ones, opened wide, filled with love's radiance, then drooped.

"My own!" he said, and their lips met. As they stood thus, Grown Baby passed away—in her stead was a woman alive to a thousand possibilities of joy and grief she had not dreamed of.

The woman was more desirable. Her face took on a new fairness with the passing days, her carriage a new grace, her eyes, in losing their old soft, childish expression, deepened and darkened into subtle beauty.

They were foolish after the fashion of lovers, these two. He said her love was the best of earth, was heaven, was everything to him. Over and over again he said it; she liked to remember this later on. She said—but what matter?

They had but one altercation. He was for giving her many gifts, and she would have none of them. "A man delights in giving to the woman of his choice," he argued, "and if she is wholly his she delights in receiving."

"Very well," she answered, "you may give me a watch, a tiny jewelled thing, which shall hang from a fine chain about my neck, and find a nest for itself over my heart. Every tick of it will be a message from you, telling me that time cannot touch your love or make you forget. 'Thinking of you! thinking of you!' it will whisper day and night."

"I will order it at once." He put the woman's two arms about his neck, and laid his cheek to hers.

"Why that long sigh?" he asked.

"I'm so happy," she answered, "so perfectly happy."

The harvest moon was kindling highways on the sand at their feet, on the sea stretched out before. Surely God took the radiant night in His hands and swung it softly down upon the world for lovers—only lovers.

"I believe I could paint a picture," she said.

"No," he laughed, "you are too happy."

There came a time when they had to dwell apart for a space. The eyes of both were full of tears when they kissed goodbye. He went back to his work, his responsibilities, his big ambitions—she stayed with her dreams. He loved her; there could be no other woman in the world for him he told himself often during the first weeks of separation. But circumstances control every man of the world to some extent, and circumstances, important, impelling circumstances, arose to keep him from her. These finally took on the guise of duty, and, pointing him straight away from that tender episode of the past summer, bade him forget—if he could forget.

So it came to pass that his letters grew less frequent. His promised visit was not paid; the love gift did not materialize. He was trying to tell her of the change without putting it into words. She was slow to understand, so slow she did not know the meaning of the unrest in her bosom. She counted over tender words and acts of his belonging to other days as a miser counts his hoard. She, who had never

cared to accept the smallest gift from any man, grew covetous of tokens of remembrance from him. She wanted to feel that he thought of her; wanted to know that she belonged to him.

"Suppose," she said to My Lady one day, "suppose a woman asks a certain gift of the man who loves her, and he forgets all about it after a time, ought she to remind him?"

"Not if she had the least bit of pride in the world," exclaimed My Lady. "If he really loved her he wouldn't forget, you know."

She didn't know, but a sharp, jealous pain—the first she had ever felt—went through her heart. What if those horrid things My Lady was always saying of the fickleness of men were true—what if—then the old faith asserted itself, the old, unbounded trust. "He will either bring it or send it at Christmas," she thought. The wish to have it, her first love gift, about her neck, known only to herself, grew to a positive longing. But though Christmas brought her many tokens from others it brought her no gift, or word, or message from the man who filled her life. After a long silence she sent him a letter of farewell, to which no answer came. This hurt. Ah how it hurt! A woman's love! worth all of earth and heaven to a man in the beginning, not worth a goodbye in the end.

She was brave, though, and had her pride. "The dear Lord who made me a woman must keep me one," she said, and no one guessed that it was because her heart was breaking she worked so steadily—and well.

The critics began to praise her pictures—people to pay court to her genius.

She did not write him again. "If there is not enough love and longing in a man's heart to draw him to the woman, no word of hers should bring him," she told herself. But always she saw his face, always she heard his voice, always she felt his touch. She belonged to him in spite of herself—in spite of him.

But she lived a busy, useful life, and so could not be wholly unhappy. When she painted her second Mariana her name was made. My Lady standing before the canvas gave a little gasp. "It's there," she cried, "that power which only God-given genius puts in a picture; it is pressing my throat to aching tightness now, and making my cheeks wet. O, the young face of her, with hopelessness in every line, and the great eyes—tired of the looking and the waiting—which say 'all the to-morrows shall be as to-day.' I can't understand your development, can't understand how you have grown so strong and yet kept your sweetness and serenity!"

The woman changed with the passing years. There came a droop to the lips, a shadow to the eyes, a plentiful sprinkling of grey about her temples. "I'm getting to be an old woman," she said lightly. "With so much to do yet, and time flying past at such a rate, I must improve each shining hour. I love to work for work's own sake."

Then she fell ill and died.

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Into the room where she slept, a room softly lighted, and heavy with the breath of flowers came the Man the night before her burial. He looked long at her. She was so young! The dignity, the age, the shadows, the marks of suffering, all were gone. The Woman had disappeared—that soft little sleeper was Grown Baby. One curl fell over the forehead in the old fashion he remembered so well; on her lips was a smile of mingled wonder and sweetness, as if death in claiming her had whispered something she had been longing to know.

The man lifted a bunch of lily-of-the-valley from her bosom, and slipped beneath the silk and lace of her robe—what? The love token he was to have given her long ago.

"Goodbye, little girl—the sweetest thing God ever made," he cried, and went his way, leaving Grown Baby sleeping softly among the flowers.

The Snakes' Paradise



by W. A. Fraser



THE Borongo Islands lie about halfway between Calcutta and Rangoon. When the snakes die they go to the Borongos. That is their paradise ; there they hold high carnival. I spent three years among them, and know of these things. From the giant python down to the deadly karait they are all there, all the ophidians. Even the salt-water snakes, that are all poisonous—they, too, are there.

Two Europeans had preceded me on the Borongos, so there was considerable natural history on tap when I arrived, and we rapidly acquired more. One can't live among snakes without studying them ; they insist upon it.

An eternal war raged on the island between the forest growth and the sea. The jungle crept down from the hills and pre-empted every foot of land in sight ; the sea rushed up and tried to wrest it from the grasp of the giant creeper and its more stately brothers of the timber growth. The little clearings, worked into tiny rice fields like yellow mosaics, by the natives, were but specks on the green map of the island's extent.

Our bungalow was built on disputed territory ; a bit of sand beach inside of a barrier oyster reef, sea-swept at full tide, over which the hill streams spread a carpet of jungle debris when the rains were on and the tides were neap.

Upon my first introduction to the dining room, I observed a long-handled fish spear placed within easy reach. "Spear fish from the verandah?" I asked Mr. Cooke, nodding towards it.

"No ; snakes," he replied laconically.

As we sat down to the table, I noticed Cooke and the other veteran raise their eyes instinctively, and scan the leaf roof.

"By Jove ! there's one !" exclaimed Cooke, reaching for the spear. "Look out, you fellows !" and he deftly dislodged a long, big-headed green snake. It was an arboreal, or tree snake, and poisonous. Then we ate our tiffin in peace.

Scarcely a day passed during the rainy season that one or more snakes were not killed in the bungalow. During the hot, dry months they burrowed ; when the rains came they were flooded out of their holes, and were always heading for the pleasant shelter of our leaf thatch. Also, there were rats there for them to stalk. There was no ceiling to the bungalow, so we could plainly see the creatures coiled up between the leaves or lying along the bamboos of the roof. It wasn't exactly soothing to the nerves. No man went into a dark room without a light ; no man put on a boot without first turning it upside down ; nor was any one's bed left, day or night, without the strong mosquito curtain tucked in all around.

After I had been there about two weeks and my nerves had become the sum of my existence, I got my first fright. I was awakened from a sound sleep by a stinging pain in my thigh. As I awoke I threw my hands up, and a soft, mobile body went hurtling over my head against the mosquito net. I realized that I had been bitten by a snake. I did not wait to find the opening in the side of the curtain, but came away from that bed very fast. My room was dark, but in the next was a light. Without unnecessary delay I arrived in that room.

"Get up, Bell !" I said, "I've been bitten by a cobra."

"If you don't get out of here and let me sleep you'll be bitten by a club," responded Bell drowsily. That was because practical jokes had been our only form of amusement up to that time.

"For God's sake get up !" I begged him, and something in my voice told it was no joke this time.

Jumping up hastily he took the light and examined the spot where I had felt

the pain. There, sure enough, were two tiny punctures, such as a cobra's fangs would have made, fringed by a drop of red blood. Then Bell became frightened also. The talking had aroused Cooke in the next room. "What's the shindy, you fellows?" he inquired, sleepily, "Going to have a smoke?"

"I've been bitten by a cobra, and haven't an hour to live," I replied dramatically. "Come on, we'll kill him though," I added, and the others followed in ominous silence.

Cooke held the light and Bell lifted the curtain with commendable caution while I stood with a heavy stick ready to have my revenge. There was nothing to be seen.

"He's under the pillow—I threw him over my head."

Bell quickly turned the pillow over, and a dark body scuttled down the white sheet.

It was a rat!

"Let him go," I said. The stick dropped from my hand, the perspiration found its way through the closed, drawn pores of my forehead, and my heart went rippety-tat, a hundred and twenty to the minute. It's not good to feel that you've been bitten by a cobra.

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One day Lah Boh, headman of the Mhug Coolies, brought me the startling information that a snake, about a hundred feet long, was lying in the jungle waiting to be caught. A couple of coolies, under Lah Boh's direction, prepared a snare. A rope was made fast to two long bamboos with a noose in the centre. Taking my twelve-bore to prevent a surprise from the big fellow, we followed Lah Boh. The snake was an immense python, about twenty feet long. He was lying evidently asleep, in the jungle. I sat on a log and held the gun on him, while the two Mhugs, each grasping one of the bamboos of the snare, edged along cautiously until they had slipped the noose over the sleeping monster's head. Then they pulled back, and as the rope tightened about his slim neck, bedlam let loose. The leaves swirled, and branches flew, and it was as though some giant were snapping a yellow twenty-foot whip-lash in the hot Burmese sunlight. The two men rocked back and forth, nearly jerked off their feet at times. Lah Boh and I laid hold of the bamboos with them; and in the end the mottled thing, like a queer-patterned chain, was beaten. Then he sulked.

They dragged him out to the pathway in triumph. As he lay on the hard ground, his big ugly head flattened out, he seemed perfectly indifferent to our presence. He looked so lazy-like, that I went up and incautiously touched him on the nose with my foot. It was as wise as kicking a brick in a hat. Like the stroke of a boxer's arm his hideous head with the meerschaum colored fangs, shot out. Luckily Lah Boh was holding one of the bamboos, and, observing my approach, kept his end of the rope pretty taut. Even now I shudder as I think how close he came to my foot.

He was kept for a long time in a big box, and we fed him generously on chickens—too generously, for he died; and Gaylard, Barnum's man in the East, told me that we had over-fed him.

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When we brought the python in, the evening of his capture, Ramia, an Ooriah, felt called upon to tell me a little of the habits of these big creatures.

He had known a python once, many yards in length it was, who had a tooth for fish. He would go to a large pond, twist his tail around a tree on one side, stretch his body across, grasp a tree on the other side with his teeth, and, swinging his body like a hammock back and forth, throw all the water out upon the land. Then, you see, he ate the fish.

Ramia watched my face narrowly when he had finished, and seeing that I believed, told me a second Ooriah tale. Another snake preferred deer and game of sorts. He bent down trees and vines and made two converging stockade-like fences, running far

out into the jungle. Then he went out and beat up the surrounding country. When he had got everything on the run, he drove them into his funnel-like corral, and caught them down at the small end. I tried to believe this also, for Ramia's sake, but he told me no more.

There were also close calls in that place.

We were sitting on the verandah one evening, and, like men who are bottled up together, speedily got into a virulent argument over something that had happened in America. Three of us were in pyjamas, the usual evening dress ; while Townsend, who had just come down from Akyab, had only taken his coat off, and was wearing a shirt with starched cuffs. This was a trivial thing, and we rather felt the innovation, but it had much to do with the subsequent events.

The argument had reached that point at which something had got to be done. A fight was out of the question ; it was too hot for violent exercise.

"Look here, you fellows!" said Townsend, I can prove that you're all wrong."

Then he did what no other man in that bungalow ever did—went into his room without a light, and commenced fumbling about on the table for a paper. We heard a sharp cry—half anger, half fear ; and the next instant he darted out on the verandah. "I've been struck on the arm by a snake," he gasped.

Bell reached down the swinging lantern, and we explored for the trail of the serpent.

"Here, about the cuff," said Townsend. And there right enough, on the starch-stiffened cuff, half an inch from his wrist, were two little pin-like pricks, with a greenish-yellow circling them where the poison had dried into the linen. That was all ; there was no mark on the arm—not a scratch. We went in and interviewed the snake with a light, and a couple of sticks. He was lying coiled up on a small inclined hand mirror which stood on the table. As Townsend reached for the paper the snake had struck. It was a karait, most feared of all snakes by the natives. They say that if a man looks steadily for a long time into the eye of a karait, he will go stark, staring mad. The eye is small, red, and perfectly devoid of expression.

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Later on my companions went to other parts.

Each evening I killed an hour or so of the monotony by walking up and down the path in front of the bungalow. A big cat was my usual companion. His method of introducing himself to my notice was generally abrupt. He would lie in wait, and, as I came along, spring out upon me, alighting against one of my legs. At other times he would lie on his back in the path and claw at my feet as I passed.

One evening just after turning into the path from the bungalow, I felt something soft and yielding against my foot. Thinking it was "Billy," I gave the mass a gentle push. As I shifted the something, I saw a twisting gleam of white, not at all like the soft grey of Billy's fur. Of course I knew what that meant. Jumping back I brought down my walking stick on the twisting thing, and yelled for a light. The servants came running from the cook-house with a lantern, and I saw that I had laid out a most villainous daboia. One touch from the cat-like fangs on my cotton-hosed instep, and within an hour I would have been dead.

One of our party had occasion to visit a Mr. Savage, a half-caste land owner on the other side of the island. He went in a boat ; and while the coolies were bringing up his traps, went up to the bungalow. He was sitting in a big chair on the verandah, talking to Savage, when he felt something drop from the leaf-roof on his shoulder. Leisurely he started to rise to see what had fallen, when the other man cried out, "For God's sake don't move—keep perfectly still!" Dunlop knew what that meant.

Stealthily the old man took a Bur-

mese dah (sword) from the wall, and, cat-like, crept toward the white man with the thing on his shoulder. Within striking distance he paused, and raised the dah high in the air to cut the thing in two with one swift downward stroke. Then his nerve, rattled and tugged at for sixty years until it was weak, failed him, and the sword clattered from his numbed fingers to the floor.

"My God! I can't do it," he whined, in a broken voice; and reeled back against the wall, where he stood staring with weak eyes at the sahib and his burden.

Dunlop neither moved nor spoke; his only safety lay in keeping perfectly still—motionless. It might be minutes, or a thousand years; they would have to wait till the boatmen came. What would happen then he could not say. He could feel the clinging, pulling thing on his right shoulder. There was an undulating pressure that told him the head of the snake was swaying back and forth just above his neck.

Then the song of the Madrassi boatmen as they came swinging along with his luggage, broke upon his ear. Those gin-thickened voices, carolling the coarse refrain to the time of the measured trot were angel voices. What would the muddle-brained coolies do, he wondered. If Emir Ally, his trusted servant, saw the thing it might be well; he had nerve and judgment even close to that of a sahib.

Emir Ally was in the lead. When he came to the steps, Savage jerked out an expression that called his attention to the tableau. Gathering his loongy tight about his loins, he slipped along the verandah like a shadow, grasped the fallen dah, and, poising his black, lithe body for swift, strong stroke, brought the sword through the air with a swishing cut that laid a full-grown cobra in two neat pieces almost at the feet of the man who had waited.

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Once an evil spirit whispered to one of our party, Ben, stationed at Kyouk Phyou, and he bought a pair of king-cobras (hamadryas) for fifteen rupees. They were very rare, and he meant to send them to the London Zoo. They were a beautiful pair, each being about ten feet long. They were put in a box with slats up the front, and for a time it seemed an interesting investment.

Kyouk Phyou is an old penal settlement, and most of the native workers are exiled murderers, or worse. Ben's brother was married, and his cook, Sundoo, was a past master in crime. But as a cook he was satisfactory—until his horoscope came into conjunction with the cobras. The Master was away, and the Memsahib was alone in the bungalow, when Sundoo took it upon himself to become suffused with gin, or arrack, or something that made him aspire to great things. He spoiled the dinner, but that was nothing—a trifle; not at all worthy of Sundoo, and Sundoo drunk. He threw the spoiled dinner away, and drank out of a black bottle.

Rama! but he wanted to do something—then he thought of the cobras. That was because of the black bottle. He got them both out of the box, somehow, and twined them, Medusa-like, about his neck and arms. They knew he was drunk—just as a horse knows—and did not hurt him. When the Memsahib told the butler to bring in the dinner, he went out to the cook-house, and looked in at the bamboo door where sat Sundoo with the cobras on his shoulders. Then he ran diligently across the fields—many acres of fields—before he stopped.

Presently the Memsahib called loudly for her dinner, and the cook went in with his two friends. It was a terrible thing to do; but Sundoo had taken gin or arrack, or something from the black bottle, and with drunken miscalculation thought the Memsahib would be pleased with the exhibition. When she fainted, it occurred to him that he had failed in his efforts to amuse; so he went back, cheaply enough, and put the king-cobras in the box, scolding them for having frightened his mistress.

It is not written in any book what

punishment Sundoo got for that when the sahib came home ; but Sundoo knows. He will never forget.

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After that the hamadryas were sent up to my bungalow at the Borongos. I did not know that their sole article of diet was other snakes, and tried them with rats, mice, frogs and birds ; but they would eat none of them.

One day a dissipated young rock-snake, about four feet long, swaggered into the bungalow. Now the hamadryas had always appeared as though they were spoiling for a fight, so I transferred the larrikin to their box. His advent started a civil war ; the two cobras rolled up their sleeves and went at it ; while the new comer cowered in a corner, with his head hidden under the folds of his body.

It was a terrible battle. They grabbed each other by the neck with their fangs and coiled their bodies together ; they threshed up and down the big box until one was beaten. The defeated cobra slunk into a corner, coiled himself up and strove to hide his head under the coils, as the rock snake had done. The victor stood over him, striking viciously upon the slightest movement on his part. Then, when thoroughly convinced that all the fight had been knocked out of his mate, the conqueror pulled the intruder from the other corner by his head and swallowed him. It took about six minutes for him to accomplish this feat.

All the bones in a snake's head are loose, and they can even shove one maxiliary, or side of the jaw, forward, independent of the other ; and the cobra shoved this snake straight down his throat by means of these flexible teeth. That solved the food question. After that when snakes strolled into the bungalow, they wound up in the hamadryas' box. There was always a battle, and always a feast afterwards.

They were very pugnacious, those two, and sometimes fought each other when there was really no purse in sight. When I caught them at this I used to pull the slide door in the top of the box and whip them with a small cane.

Every morning the servants soused the box with water to cleanse it. One day while it was being washed out, I heard a great commotion, and cries of "The big snake is out !" The servants all fled except a China-Burmo lad named "Joe." He told me the cobra had gone into the provision room. I rigged up a short bamboo snare, and went on a shikar for the naga. I found him among some cocoanuts on the floor. When I went in he raised his body about two feet, and hissed loudly. I tapped him on the nose with the bamboo, and, remembering the whippings I had given him in the box, he dropped and glided in and out among the cocoanuts. But he was too clever to stick his head in my bamboo noose ; he went under it, and over it, but never through it. Once or twice he raised up threateningly, but a tap from the bamboo brought him down again.

At last, just as he had evaded a carefully planned trap, and was gliding by, I impatiently forgot all caution, and, possessed of a sudden impulse, darted out my hand, and grabbed him by the neck. My hold was so close to his head that there was no chance of his striking me while I held on. I could feel the pulling back of his muscles, and gripped him with much strength.

As I emerged from the store-room even Joe took to his heels.

The problem of how I was to get rid of his snakeship bothered me considerably as I trailed him toward the box, at arm's length, to prevent his reaching my body. At the box I pulled the upper slide, put his head at the opening, and, feeling his muscles set in that direction, released my hold and stepped back quickly. He glided quietly in, I closed the lid and took a big lungful of air. It is not a pleasant thing to capture a cobra with the bare hand.

Standing behind my chair at tiffin, Joe asked me in an awed voice, "Master not afraid of snake ?"

"No," I replied scornfully, "no snake hurt me." But then you see Joe had also taken to the jungle and had not seen my face when I was loaded up with the beastly thing.

Cooke was a man of much guileless faith, and once, when I was away, a snake charmer came along and persuaded him to loan him the hamadryas for a few days; he would break them in and bring them back. Perhaps he did break them in—we never knew.

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The hamadryas is wonderfully like a bulldog. He is pugnacious in the extreme—always ready to fight. He is the most terrible snake among all the ophidia; he is big and strong and quick, and his venom is as fatal as that of the cobra di capello. But with all this he seems to have the same tolerant good nature towards those he feels have a right over him that the bulldog possesses. The snake charmer finds him docile. Here is an authentic incident:

A friend of mine living in Kyouk Phyou, had a little boy about six years old, who used to play beneath the bungalow. He often chattered about his playmate, the snake; but no attention was paid to this. One day the father saw the boy squatted on the sand under the bungalow throwing pebbles and little sticks at a huge hamadryas, which was gliding about, not offering to hurt the little fellow. But when the man appeared, the cobra became enraged and attacked him, causing him to beat a hasty retreat. He got his gun, and shot the king-cobra dead.

It seemed that the hamadryas had been nesting in one of the numerous rat holes under the bungalow, and the boy had often played with him. He declared there were two of the snakes there, but if I remember right they never saw the other one.

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The Daboia russellii is a sluggish beast, and yet possessed of a devilish quickness. You may step over him, and he will lie apparently asleep, touch him and he will strike with the rapidity of lightning, and the fatalness of a Borgia. The danger from the daboia and his brother in sin, the karait, is great because of their lethargic iniquity. The cobra will get out of the way if he can; these two will not. I have often brought my foot down on the neck of a daboia as he lay in the sun, and watched the ugly, squirming head with its big fangs like a cat's claws.

When I was stationed in the jungle back of Kyouk Phyou, a friend wrote asking for a good specimen of the daboia. He wanted him put in a bottle of alcohol, without being smashed up any. In a short time I secured a snake from the roof of the henhouse, and carried him into my verandah. I got a large pickle bottle, and tried to shove him into the neck of it with a pair of short fire tongs. The snake was intensely sluggish, and I grew a little careless. Presently the tongs slipped from his neck, and as I reached to catch him again he struck.

His action was so quick that I had no time to draw back the sixteenth of an inch; but I think his body must have come in contact with the tongs as I held them out, for somehow he just failed to get home. I fancy that the nasal plates of his armoured head touched my thumb.

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On one occasion the sister of one of our party spent a few days on the Borongos. She slept in a small bungalow beside ours. The second morning, just after daylight, we were startled by piercing screams from the little bungalow, and rushed out in time to see her come headlong from her quarters, in sleeping garments only. It was the usual thing—a snake.

When she first opened her eyes she discovered a huge reptile six feet long coiled on top of the mosquito curtain just over her face. The warmth of her breath had evidently attracted him to that spot. He was promptly killed.

. . . .

The little tales that I have told here of snakes' ways are absolutely true. There are others in connection with the natives, more horrible, dealing with the death of the poor creatures from snake bite.

Emir Ally's father was killed on the Borongo by a huge python—crushed to death; and others of the natives were killed also. Yearly in India a matter of 20,000 die of snake bite. I never knew of but one man to recover—and his recovery was only partial, I fancy.

Dr. Vincent Richards, who was a great authority on poisonous snakes, in Calcutta, was showing a cobra to a friend. He was holding the snake by the neck with his right hand and pointing at the fangs with the left, when the reptile suddenly struck him on the end of the finger. He had all the appliances at hand, and took prompt action. He recovered, and I saw him a few weeks afterward. But he died in about a year, and friends assured me that he never fully worked off the poison.

Science stops when confronted with the virus of the cobra—it can do nothing. Permanganate of potassium, ammonia, alcohol and the other vain things which have been tried, are all futile. There is no hope once the poison enters the blood—and this it does with frightful rapidity. Even the mongoose, the natural enemy of the snake, must depend solely upon his agility. Quick as the cobra is, the little creature who flies at his head so fearlessly, is quicker, and crushes his skull with strong sharp teeth. But let those terrible fangs induct the Borgian fluid into the blood of the mongoose, and he, too, must pay the penalty of his temerity.

And the evil does not stop with the death of the victim, for the poisoned blood is quite as virulent, if injected, as the original death fluid. It is true that the immediate amputation of a toe or finger may prevent the induction of the virus into the vascular system, but the action must take place at once. The snake uses this awful weapon to capture his food victim—the poison paralyzes the quarry, and the snake swallows it at his leisure. The poison has no effect upon the reptile, either taken into the stomach or injected into its blood by another snake. The poisonous snakes do not kill each other by means of the poisons, but an innocuous serpent dies quickly when struck by a poisonous one.

LIFE'S STREAM.

WHETHER our life's a stream which gaily flows
'Tween mossy banks where the blue violet grows,
Or rushes angrily where deep rocks lie
And white-sailed shadows quivering fade and die,
To the same ocean we all flow at last,
Our fair green banks or muddy channels past;
And when in rainbow beams we softly lie
We know not which is fairer, you or I.

Helen Baptie Lough.

ROBERT GRANT HALIBURTON.

By Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison.

ON the 6th March last at Pass Christian, on the Gulf of Mexico, there passed away one of Canada's most loyal and devoted sons. Robert Haliburton, eldest son of the celebrated author of "Sam Slick," was in many respects a most remarkable man. He was a master of lore ancient and modern regarding the Pleiades and many other recondite subjects, and among the scientific men of many learned societies he was highly esteemed, his papers and essays showing great research and deep thought. The side of his character, however, which led to my acquaintance with him, and caused a life-long intimate friendship between us was his intense patriotism, his thorough Canadianism, his loyalty to his sovereign and his heartfelt devotion to the cause of the unity of the Empire.

In April, 1868, during the Parliamentary session, I was in Ottawa on business for several weeks. The late W. A. Foster, Q.C., was there at the same time—our mutual friend, Henry J. Morgan, the well-known author, then in the Civil Service, was at that time living at Buck and Sanger's Hotel, and we often spent our evenings in his room. Here we met Haliburton and Chas. Mair, who afterwards wrote "Tecumseh." A warm friendship rapidly sprang up, and we were a great deal together. Confederation was then a very recent event, and naturally exerted a great influence upon the imagination of young Canadians. We were all about the same age, under thirty, except Haliburton, who was a few years older, and it is an interesting fact that the constant topic of conversation was the future welfare of Canada. This was discussed evening after evening from every point of view, with the result that we made a solemn pledge to each other that we would as a primary duty do all in our power, collectively, and individually, to advance the interests of Canada. Shortly afterwards the idea was crystallized in the motto we assumed "Canada First," meaning that Canada as a nation was to be put before party or personal interests.

Haliburton was the first to exert his great abilities in the cause. There were difficulties in the way in those early days of Confederation, and a good deal of friction in Nova Scotia particularly, and as a distinguished Nova Scotian his pleas for unity and consolidation were of great value. His pamphlet on "Intercolonial Trade, the only Safeguard against Disunion and the true means of cementing the Confederation," attracted the attention and interest of our leading statesmen, and was quoted with high approval in the House of Commons by the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee in the last speech he ever made, only a few hours before his assassination. Haliburton followed this by a lecture on "The Men of the North and their Place in History," with the object of showing that the Canadians were the Northmen of the New World, and sure to become a dominant race. The conclusion of this lecture was a poem on "The North," which was of high merit. The whole object of the lecture was the encouragement of a national spirit in Canadians as Canadians.

The first practical question that naturally arose was the necessity for bringing the Hudson's Bay Territory and British Columbia into the Confederation. This was advocated in all available ways. Charles Mair went to Fort Garry late in 1868 and wrote a series of letters to the Toronto *Globe* descriptive of the new country, extolling its capabilities and advocating a migration of the Canadian farmers to its fertile plains. These letters fore-

telling the future progress of the territories were freely copied and eagerly read in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces and prepared public opinion to insist upon the incorporation of the North-West into the Dominion.

There were many hostile elements to face. The people of Lower Canada foresaw the future influence and power of the new provinces which would arise in the West, and were quite willing to delay matters. The Hudson's Bay Company were not anxious to lose the control over half a continent which they had enjoyed for about two hundred years to their great profit, and the efforts to create a national spirit in Ontario and to awaken the enthusiasm of its people in favour of expansion were therefore very necessary and valuable.

Mair enlisted Dr. Schultz, of Fort Garry, (afterwards Sir John Schultz) in our association and gave him a letter of introduction to me, and I introduced him to Foster, and also to Haliburton who at the time happened to be staying a few days with me. This was in the summer of 1869. That autumn Riel's first rebellion broke out, and Schultz and Mair were among the first to be imprisoned by him. It was generally thought that Riel intended to put both to death, for he made threats to that effect. Mair and Schultz, however, both effected perilous escapes, and made their way by widely different routes to Toronto. The agitation that was at once organized in favour of sending an expedition to the North-West was the work of the "Canada First" group which had been augmented by the accession of a number of young men. Hugh Scott, George Kingsmill, Richard Grahame, James D. Edgar, Thomas Walmsley, Joseph E. Macdougall, Dr. Canniff and George M. Rae were prominent among them. Public meetings were organized and articles written for the press which soon led the Government to conclude that the public feeling in Ontario would stand no trifling. Haliburton did his full part in this work. His poem, "A Voice from a Prairie Grave," on the death of Thomas Scott, who was executed by Riel, was very powerfully written. The first and last verses I recall.

'Twas an old, old tale! For the peoples' good
'Tis meet that he should die,
And they led him forth to a lonely spot
Under a wintry sky;
To a lone, lone spot, through the trackless snow,
No help, no pity near;
The very messenger of peace
A minister of fear.
But God is just, and heaven is nigh,
And the cry of the slain
That haunted Cain,
Will rise to a God on high.

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That still small voice from a prairie grave,
It has reached the ocean shore.
From heart to heart, from lip to lip,
It echoes evermore.
Like the voice of many waters—Hark!
The roar of the storm we hear,
"Thrice, thrice ten thousand, we've ne'er served
The Baal whom ye fear;
For God is just, and heaven is nigh,
And the cry of the slain
That haunted Cain,
Has reach'd to a God on high."

The expedition was decided upon, and was sent under Colonel (now Lord) Wolseley in May, 1870. The "Canada First" committee were jocularly called among themselves "The Twelve Apostles," (for the organization was quite secret so far as the public was concerned).

We were constantly considering the danger of intrigues to prevent or delay the bringing in of the North-West Territories. Now that it is all an accomplished fact it is hard to realize the anxieties and forebodings of that time, and the dread of complications which then appeared quite possible to the minds of the more thoughtful. Haliburton, as anxious as the rest of us, happened to be at Niagara Falls on his way to England in July, 1870, when he obtained by chance some important information which was promptly conveyed to "The Twelve Apostles" through Dr. Schultz.

In 1899, Haliburton printed a statement of his connection with the affair,

which he circulated among a few of his friends. It is worth quoting in full as an interesting contribution to that period of Canadian history :

HOW A CABINET SECRET LEAKED OUT, AND THE RESULT.

Soon after the Red River Expedition was sent in 1870 by the Canadian Government there were persistent sinister rumours that the Government was going to make the Expedition "a fool's-errand" by issuing an amnesty ; but weeks elapsed and nothing was done and loyal Canadians began to breathe more freely. At this critical period, harassed by Ontario and Quebec, Sir John Macdonald, in consequence of a fit of illness (a misfortune which had its redeeming and sunny side, as it saved him from a terribly trying ordeal in store for him) had to hand over the destinies of the Dominion to Sir George Cartier, who lost no time in acting on the principle of "making hay while the sun shines," as was unexpectedly forced on my attention.

In July, 1870, I was starting for England, via New York ; and as the Governor-General and his suite were at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, I thought I would stop over on my way and see him about an important point that had apparently not been thought of, viz., the danger that the French laws of Quebec would be introduced into the North-West ; but I was greatly surprised at finding that the Vice-Regal party had two or three days previously migrated to a smaller hotel at the Suspension Bridge, and I felt convinced that there must have been something at the bottom of this odd move.

Next morning I hunted up Sir John Young, and when I had broached the subject I was interested in, he interrupted me by saying, "I expect Sir George Cartier, Archbishop Taché, and Governor Archibald to meet me here on Friday next." (He must have just got a telegram to that effect from the Cabinet, which met that day.)

At once the whole truth flashed upon me,— "His visitors will be on their way through the United States to Fort Garry, to head off Colonel Wolseley with an amnesty. The place of meeting is a safe one for them, as in a minute or two they can 'skip' over to the United States, and be out of reach of the people of Canada."

I was so sure that I was right, and felt so indignant, that I made no comments, and asked no questions, but at once reverted to the subject of the respective merits of English and French legal systems ; and I no doubt surprised him by my apparent lack of interest in Canadian affairs of State. In a minute or two I bade him goodbye, after an interview of about a quarter of an hour, and, hurrying to the telegraph office, I sent Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Schultz, who was then at London, Ont., the following telegram, so far as I can recollect :

"Confidential. Sir George Cartier, Archbishop Taché, and Governor Archibald meet the Governor-General here on Friday. Mischief is afloat. Am writing to you.

R. G. HALIBURTON."

I then wrote to him as to the conspiracy which I felt sure was on foot against the future of the great North-West ; and I begged him to notify "The Twelve Apostles" at Toronto, (the leaders of the Canada First party), to be ready to strike a blow the moment they might find my forecast confirmed.

It proved correct, and my warning was in time.

It is probable that my telegram reached Dr. Schultz, and the Twelve Apostles were on the *qui vive*, before the Cabinet meeting had adjourned !

My connection with these matters only lasted from twenty minutes to half an hour ; and when I left for New York, I bade good-bye to this subject and left it behind me in good hands.

In justice to Sir John Young, it may safely be assumed that, had he not been kept in the dark as to what was coming, he would have been more reticent. Evidently the strings were being pulled by his Private Secretary, Turville, who was in full accord with Sir George Cartier's views, and who married Lady Lisgar after Lord Lisgar's death.

It is now a matter of history, that in consequence of a furious indignation meeting having been held at Toronto, Sir John Young did not dare to send any one through the United States to Fort Garry. So Archibald had to try an all-Canadian route, the "Snow Road," and in time proved the truth of the adage, that "a stern chase is a long one." One of the reasons for this I heard years afterwards in England from one of "The Twelve Apostles," Colonel G. T. Denison, who had promptly sent word to Wolseley to hurry up, as Archibald was after him with an amnesty.

In consequence of my having been the guest of friends of mine in England, who were relatives of Sir John Young, it seemed possible that he might have been more cordial and communicative than he would otherwise have been, so I made up my mind to adopt a policy of silence and self-effacement in relation to the unlooked-for part, which an odd chance had so strangely thrust upon me.

By an equally odd chance, a few minutes after I had sent my telegram, I was in the United States, *en route* to London, England, where I intended to reside. Had I remained in Canada, a prolonged silence on my part as to this subject would have been difficult. Sir John Young became Lord Lisgar and I think was dead when I returned to Canada. I then met Sir John Schultz, who at once spoke of the Red River Expedition. "No one," he said, "has been able to conjecture how we got hold of a profound Cabinet secret, and that too so promptly, that we were able to



PHOTO BY WESTON & SON, DOVER

ROBERT GRANT HALIBURTON

checkmate the government as to the amnesty. They are as much puzzled as we are."

To this I replied, "You seem to have a bad memory." I then recalled my telegram from Niagara, and his being at that time at London, Ont.

The whole story then came back to him. The telegram was "confidential," and he had locked up the secret very carefully, and had lost the key!

It is interesting to reflect on what would have happened, if the clue which Sir John Young gave me had not been grasped by me, or if I had not acted promptly on it, and in the right quarter. The future of half a continent would have been mortgaged; and Colonel Wolseley would have been made a laughing-stock, and might never have won his peerage; while a race war might have grown out of these questions, compared with which that in South Africa would now seem a trifle.

Another peerage, that of Lord Lisgar, would never have been heard of if at the time of these events I had put in print that Sir John Young's chatter had saved the North-West.

R. G. HALIBURTON.

Toronto, Oct. 13th, 1899.

Haliburton remained in England until 1876, but he still kept true to his pledge to his "Canada First" comrades, and earnestly advocated the cause of Canada and Imperial Unity at a time when in England there was great coolness shown towards the Colonies. In May, 1872, he published in the *St. James' Magazine* "The Dream of the United Empire Loyalists of 1776," a most powerful article afterwards reproduced in pamphlet form, which exercised an important influence. He followed this up by purchasing the magazine and giving it a second title, *The United Empire Review*, and not only in its pages, but in lectures and in speeches during the general election, he brought before the English people strong arguments in favour of the unity of the Empire.

He returned to Canada in 1876, but in 1881 was obliged by ill-health to give up his law practice and spend his



R. G. HALIBURTON, AS LIEUT.-COL. AND A.D.C. TO THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, GOVERNOR OF NOVA SCOTIA

winters in semi-tropical climates. I did not see much of him during the last twenty years, but we corresponded, and I received from time to time letters from all sorts of places—Egypt, Morocco, St. Helena, the West Indian Islands, etc.; occasionally able and learned papers prepared for and published by scientific and learned societies would come, always most interesting, showing great research and deep and original thought. A list of these will be found in Morgan's "Canadian Men and Women of the Time." His articles on the Pleiades and the survival of Dwarf Races attracted the attention of learned men in many countries, and the Ninth Congress of Orientalists awarded him a medal for his discoveries. He was elected to a number of scientific societies in England, Denmark, Portugal, Canada and Egypt, and was at one time on the Council of the Royal Colonial Institute.

While engaged in this class of work his mind was constantly turning towards Canada and the Empire, his letters always showing his keen interest in these patriotic questions. His letters to the public on the defences of St. Helena, and on the importance of that post to the Empire, attracted the attention of leading statesmen.

He came to Canada to attend the British Association meeting in 1884, and made two or three visits subsequently. On each visit he seemed to be rapidly aging. He spent the last two summers, or parts of them, in Toronto, where he had bought a house, but his health was shattered, his hearing very defective, and his condition generally alarmed his old friends who could not fail to see the end approaching. His interest in public affairs, however, was as keen as ever, and he was as earnest in his devotion to his native country as when in his prime we first worked together. I saw him last September, shortly before he left for the south, and felt very doubtful if he would ever return. He passed away, as I have said, on the 6th March in his 70th year, a true-hearted, unselfish Canadian, who kept his word to the last, and put the interests of his native country in the front rank in all his thoughts.

The following extract from one of his lectures in opposition to annexation will give an idea of the depth of his patriotism and his power of expressing it :—

"Whenever we lower those we love into the grave, we entrust them to the bosom of our country as sacred pledges that the soil that is thus consecrated by their dust, shall never be violated by a foreign flag or the foot of a foe. And whenever the voice of disloyalty whispers in our ear, or passing discontent tempts us to forget those who are to come after us, or those who have gone before, the leal, the true and the good, who cleared our forests and made the land they loved a heritage of plenty and peace for us and for our children, a stern voice comes echoing on through thirty centuries, a voice from a mighty nation of the past, that long ages has slumbered on the banks of the Nile, 'accursed be he who holds not the ashes of his fathers sacred, and forgets what is due from the living to the dead.'"



JEAN N. McILWRAITH

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

XXIV.—MISS JEAN N. McILWRAITH.

NOTHING is more necessary to a writer than to have had a childhood full of life and feeling, happy or unhappy as the case may be, for, unfortunately, the one will do as well as the other so long as the child who is to be an artist in words enters into life with zest. Miss McIlwraith had an almost ideal childhood for observation. "Cairnbrae," on the shores of Burlington Bay, with its ample spaces and free air, and its sweet, old-fashioned garden, made a home that anyone might long to remember. Mr. McIlwraith, her father, is the foremost ornithologist of Canada, his book, "The Birds of Ontario," having had a wide circulation; and he was usually accompanied on his expeditions by one or more of the children: in this way they learned how enchanting Nature may be when she is approached as the mistress of knowledge. The nearby shores of lake Ontario, the windswept Bay, the beautiful Canadian woods, and the rock escarpment that makes Hamilton one of the most picturesque cities in Ontario, were an inexhaustible treasure-house to the gay and hearty descendants of an old Scottish stock. One of the most striking features of the home in "Cairnbrae"

at the present time is Mr. McIlwraith's fine collection of native birds, skilfully mounted in cases by the collector himself who with unfailing interest will furnish the enquirer with information from the fund of lore in bird life, for which he is justly famous.

Just what such a life, with its mornings dawning on the lake, and the songs of the birds in the apple trees of the garden marking the end of the day, meant to the daughter whose heart was leaping already to what Tennyson has called "The Gleam," may be imagined. Full of purpose, of strength for mind and body, simplicity, knowledge, and hope, with the beauty of nature perpetually unfolding before eyes that were being trained to observe her—what more could anyone wish for a child?

These, however, were not the only influences which Miss McIlwraith was moulded by in "Cairnbrae." On both sides of the house the McIlwraiths are Scotch, intensely Scotch, if one may be allowed to use what seems to be a tautological expression, considering how universally Scotchmen are intense when their nationality is concerned. Mr. and Mrs. McIlwraith came to Canada from Ayr, and were both descended in the direct line from "freemen," followers of Bruce who had fought with him at Bannockburn and had been rewarded with certain lots called "freedoms" on the sea coast at Ayr. Miss McIlwraith inherits from her mother an inimitable Scotch wit, and an irrepressible buoyancy that meets life and duty, no matter in what form they present themselves, as blithely as if every day was a holiday. "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell," announced by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin in their spring publications, owes more, perhaps, than any other of Miss McIlwraith's books to her mother. The philosophic and witty sayings in many instances have been expressions of the clever Ayr gentlewoman who never lost the inflections of the speech of her childhood nor the strong native characteristics of her early home. The bond between Miss McIlwraith and her mother was always one of unusual fidelity and understanding; it grew, if possible, more close in later years when nothing could tempt Miss McIlwraith away from her mother's side at "Cairnbrae" for more than a few hours at a time. The daughter had the satisfaction of knowing that her mother's comfort and happiness depended largely on her; but this in itself made the break all the harder to bear when it came as it did only a few months ago in the beginning of February of this year.

Miss McIlwraith's training has been largely individual; her characteristic ability has not been sacrificed to a school system, a misfortune that is supposed by some to be rapidly overwhelming Canadians. She studied intermittently with the Queen Margaret Correspondence Classes, a Glasgow University extension movement of advanced standing. In this way Miss McIlwraith was thoroughly trained in the work she herself prefers, literary criticism, and formed the habits of intellectual thoroughness and industry which make historical novel writing with her the work of a student and not the hastily prepared subject of one who covers a lack of knowledge with a dazzle of sword-play.

Miss McIlwraith has an unusual capacity for work; but this is not marked by anything laborious or heavy in her writing which is composed by an accurate, light and skilful hand. Her intellectual powers are of a high order; her literary judgment is good, and everything that she writes is full of delightful humour.

The books by which her reputation was first made are "A Book About Shakespeare," "A Book About Longfellow," and "Canada," volumes written for young people which give comprehensive and pleasing accounts of their various subjects. They contain also criticism which is a model of fairness and moderation, and, when her intellectual sympathy is aroused, no ordinary degree of analytic perception. In partnership with Mr. William



MISS McILWRAITH'S HOME IN HAMILTON

McLennan, of Montreal, Miss McIlwraith wrote that charming story "The Span o' Life." which appeared as a serial in *Harper's Magazine* and has continued to delight a large public in book form. "The Span o' Life" was a story of across the seas and Canada, and while it is idle to speculate on the part each author had in its preparation, it must have served as a valuable experience to Miss McIlwraith in forming the plot of her next story which already has been referred to, "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell." The reputation of the firms who are publishing it—Houghton, Mifflin of Boston, and Constable & Company of London—is so high that any novel issued by them must be considered unusually good. Of Miss McIlwraith's work in Roderick Campbell they speak enthusiastically, promising the public entertainment and interest and a somewhat unusual character for a hero. Roderick Campbell is boldly described at the outset by the author as being "fat, bald and forty," and a hater of women; but he has compensating traits, follows the Prince in the Forty-Five, crosses the sea after the defeat at Culloden, and sees the Black Watch in its famous charge at Ticonderoga—Stevenson's Ticonderoga—

"There fell a war in a woody place,
Lay far across the sea,
A war of the march in the mirk midnight
And the shot from behind the tree,
The shaven head and the painted face,
The silent foot in the wood,
In the land of a strange, outlandish tongue
That was hard to be understood."

"The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell" can bear comparison with any recent historical novel in regard to its construction, its unfailing adventure, and its accuracy. But the character of Roderick himself is the

point in which Miss McIlwraith excels. Given a certain talent for writing and some experience in it, it does not seem to be difficult to write a historical novel. But the personality of Roderick needs more than that. No writer who was without the power of making people could have conceived this townguardsman of Edinburgh who is far from wishing to be conspicuous in a fight and yet cannot keep away from war, either social or military ; who is bored by women and loves children ; finds the North American Indian mode of existence rather agreeable ; and is consistent to the last page of the book. Roderick Campbell is, in short—barring his objection to risking his own skin—very much the kind of Scotchman who found life in the backwoods of America irresistible when the Old Country became too thoroughly civilized for his taste.

Although Miss McIlwraith herself prefers criticism, "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell" will confirm many of her admirers in the opinion that it would be a mistake for her to devote more of her time to that than to fiction.

Marjory MacMurchy.

WILD MOTHERHOOD.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

WITH DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR HEMING.

THE deep snow in the moose-yard was trodden down to the moss, and darkly soiled with many days of occupancy. The young spruce and birch trees which dotted the trodden space were cropped of all but their toughest and coarsest branches, and the wall of loftier growth which fenced the yard was stripped of its tenderer twigs to the utmost height of the tall bull's neck. The available provender was all but gone, and the herd was in that restlessness which precedes a move to new pastures.

The herd of moose was a small one —three gaunt, rusty-brown, slouching cows, two ungainly calves of a lighter hue, and one huge, high-shouldered bull, whose sweep of palmated antlers bristled like a forest. Compared with the towering bulk of his forequarters, the massive depth of his rough-maned neck, the weight of the formidable antlers, the length and thickness of his clumsy, hooked muzzle with its prehensile upper lip—his lean and frayed hindquarters looked grotesquely diminutive. Surprised by three days of blinding snowfall, the great bull-moose had been forced to establish the yard for his herd in an unfavourable neighbourhood ; and now he found himself confronted by the necessity of a long march through snow of such softness and depth as would make swift movement impossible and fetter him in the face of his enemies. In deep snow the moose can neither flee nor fight, at both of which he is adept under fair conditions ; and deep snow, as he knew, is the opportunity of the wolf and the hunter. But in this case the herd had no choice. It was simply take the risk or starve.

That same night, when the moon was rising round and white behind the fir-tops, the tall bull breasted and trod down the snowy barrier, and led his herd off northward between the hemlock trunks and the jutting granite boulders. He moved slowly, his immense muzzle stretched straight out before him, the bony array of his antlers laid back level to avoid the hindrance of clinging boughs. Here and there a hollow under the level surface would set him plunging and wallowing for a moment, but in the main his giant strength enabled him to forge his way ahead with a steady majesty of might. Behind him, in dutiful line, came the three cows ; and behind these, again,

the calves followed at ease in a clear trail, their muzzles not outstretched like that of the leader, but drooping almost to the snow, their high shoulders working awkwardly at every stride. In utter silence, like dark, monstrous spectres, the line of strange shapes moved on ; and down the bewildering, ever-rearranging forest corridors the ominous fingers of long moonlight felt curiously after them. When they had journeyed for some hours the herd came out upon a high and somewhat bare plateau, dotted sparsely with clumps of aspen, stunted yellow birch, and sprûce. From this table-land the streaming northwest winds had swept the snow almost clean, carrying it off to fill the neighbouring valley. The big bull, who knew where he was going and had no will to linger on the way, halted only for a few minutes' browsing, and then started forward on a long, swinging trot. At every stride his loose-hung, wide-cleft, spreading hooves came sharply together with a flat, clacking noise. The rest of the line swept dutifully into place, and the herd was off.

But not all the herd. One of the calves, tempted a little aside by a thicket of special juciness and savour, took alarm, and thought he was going to be left behind. He sprang forward, a powerful but clumsy stride, careless of his footing. A treacherous screen of snow-crusted scrub gave way, and he slid sprawling to the bottom of a little narrow gully or crevice, a natural pitfall. His mother, looking solicitously backward, saw him disappear. With a heave of her shoulders, a sweep of her long, hornless head, an anxious flick of her little naked tail, she swung out of the line and trotted swiftly to the rescue.

There was nothing she could do. The crevice was some ten or twelve feet long and five or six in width, with sides almost perpendicular. The calf could just reach its bushy edges with his up-stretched muzzle, but he could get no foothold by which to clamber out. On every side he essayed it, falling back with a hoarse bleat from each frightened effort ; while the mother, with head down and piteous eyes staring upon him, ran round and round the rim of the trap. At last, when he stopped and stood with palpitating sides and wide nostrils of terror, she, too, halted. Dropping awkwardly upon her knees in the snowy bushes, with loud, blowing breaths, she reached down her head to nose and comfort him with her sensitive muzzle. The calf leaned up as close as possible to her caresses. Under their tenderness the tremblings of his gaunt, pathetic knees presently ceased. And in this position the two remained almost motionless for an hour, under the white, unfriendly moon. The herd had gone on without them.

II.

In the wolf's cave in the great blue-and-white wall of plaster-rock, miles back beside the rushing of the river, there was famine. The she-wolf, heavy and near her time, lay agonizing in the darkest corner of the cave, licking in grim silence the raw stump of her right foreleg. Caught in a steel trap, she had gnawed off her own paw as the price of freedom. She could not hunt ; and the hunting was bad that winter in the forests by the blue-and-white wall. The wapiti deer had migrated to safer ranges, and her gray mate, hunting alone, was hard put to it to keep starvation from the cave.

The gray wolf trotted briskly down the broken face of the plaster-rock, in the full glare of the moon, and stood for a moment to sniff the air that came blowing lightly but keenly over the stiff tops of the forest. The wind was clean. It gave him no tidings of a quarry. Descending hurriedly the last fifty yards of the slope, he plunged into the darkness of the fir-woods. Soft as was the snow in those quiet recesses, it was yet sufficiently packed to support him as he trotted, noiseless and alert, on the broad-spreading pads of his paws. Furtive and fierce, he slipped through the shadow like a ghost. Across the open glades he fleeted more swiftly, a bright and sinister shape, his

head swinging a little from side to side, every sense upon the watch. His direction was pretty steadily to the west of north.

He had travelled long, till the direction of the moon-shadows had taken a different angle to his path, when suddenly there came a scent upon the wind. He stopped, one foot up, arrested in his stride. The gray, cloudy brush of his tail stiffened out. His nostrils, held high to catch every waft of the new scent, dilated; and the young cows, one or another of which he might hope to stampede by his cunning. The same instant's scrutiny revealed to him that the herd had passed nearly an hour ahead of him. Up went the gray cloud of his tail and down went his nose; and then he straightened himself to his top speed, compared to which the pace wherewith he had followed the scent up the wind was a mere casual sauntering.

When he emerged upon the open plateau and reached the spot where



"THAT SAME SIGHT WHEN THE MOON WAS RISING ROUND AND WHITE"

edges of his upper lip came down over the white fangs, from which they had been snarlingly withdrawn. His pause was but for a breath or two. Yes, there was no mistaking it. The scent was moose—very far off, but moose, without question. He darted forward at a gallop, but with his muzzle still held high, following that scent up the wind.

Presently he struck the trail of the herd. An instant's scrutiny told his trained sense that there were calves and the herd had scattered to browse, he slackened his pace and went warily, peering from side to side. The cow-moose, lying down in the bushes to fondle her imprisoned young, was hidden from his sight for the moment; and so it chanced that before he discovered her he came between her and the wind. That scent—it was the taint of death to her. It went through her frame like an electric shock. With a snort of fear and fury she heaved to her feet and stood, wide-eyed and with

lowered brow, facing the menace.

The wolf heard that snorting challenge, and saw the awkward bulk of her shoulders as she rose above the scrub. His jaws wrinkled back tightly, baring the full length of his keen white fangs, and a greenish phosphorescent film seemed to pass suddenly across his narrowed eyeballs. But he did not spring at once to the attack. He was surprised. Moreover, he inferred the calf, from the presence of the cow apart from the rest of the herd. And a full-grown cow-moose, with the mother fury in her heart, he knew to be a dangerous adversary. Though she was hornless, he knew the force of her battering front, the swift, sharp stroke of her hoof, the dauntless intrepidity of her courage. Further, though his own courage and the avid urge of his hunger might have led him under other circumstances to attack forthwith, to-night he knew that he must take no chances. The cave in the blue-and-white rocks was depending on his success. His mate, wounded and heavy with young—if he let himself get disabled in this hunting she must perish miserably. With prudent tactics, therefore, he circled at a safe distance around the hidden pit; and around its rim circled the wary mother, presenting to him ceaselessly the defiance of her huge and sullen front. By this means he easily concluded that the calf was a prisoner in the pit. This being the case he knew that with patience and his experienced craft the game was safely his. He drew off some half-dozen paces, and sat upon his haunches contemplatively to weigh the situation. Everything had turned out most fortunately for his hunting and food would no longer be scarce in the cave of the painted rocks.



"AT THE REPORT THE WOLF SHOT INTO THE AIR"

III.

That same night, in a cabin of unutterable loneliness some miles to the west of the trail from the moose-yard, a sallow-faced, lean backwoodsman was awakened by the moonlight streaming into his face through the small square window. He glanced at the

embers on the open hearth, and knew that for the white maple logs to have so burned down he must have been sleeping a good six hours. And he had turned in soon after the early winter sunset. Rising on his elbow, he threw down the gaudy patchwork quilt of red, yellow, blue and mottled squares which draped the bunk in its corner against the rough log walls. He looked long at the thin face of his wife, whose pale brown hair lay over the bare arm crooked beneath her cheek. Her lips looked pathetically white in the decolourizing rays which streamed through the window. His mouth, stubbled with a week's growth of dark beard, twitched curiously as he looked. Then he got up, very noiselessly. Stepping across the bare hard room, whose austerity the moon made more austere, he gazed into a trundle-bed where a yellow-haired, round-faced boy slept, with the chubby sprawling legs and arms of perfect security. The lad's face looked pale to his troubled eyes.

"It's fresh meat they want, the both of 'em," he muttered to himself. "They can't live and thrive on pork an' molasses, nohow !"

His big fingers, clumsily gentle, played for a moment with the child's yellow curls. Then he pulled a thick, gray homespun hunting-shirt over his head, hitched his heavy trousers up under his belt, clothed his feet in three pairs of home-knit socks and heavy cowhide moccasins, took down his rifle, cartridge pouch, and snowshoes from their nails on the moss-chinked wall, cast one tender look on the sleepers' faces, and slipped out of the cabin door as silent as a shadow.

"I'll have fresh meat for them before next sundown," he vowed to himself.

Outside, amid the chips of his chopping, with a rough well-sweep on one hand and a rougher barn on the other, he knelt to put on his snowshoes. The cabin stood, a desolate, silver-gray dot in the waste of snow, naked to the steely skies of winter. With the curious improvidence of the backwoodsman, he had cut down every tree in the neighbourhood of the cabin, and the thick woods which might so well have sheltered him, stood acres distant on every side. When the woodsman had settled the thongs of his snowshoes over his moccasins quite to his satisfaction, he straightened himself with a deep breath, pulled his cap well down over his ears, slung his rifle over his shoulder, and started out with the white moon in his face.

In the ancient forest, among the silent wilderness folk, things happen with the slow inexorableness of time. For days, for weeks, nothing may befall. Hour may tread noiselessly on hour, apparently working no change; yet all the time the forces are assembling, and at last doom strikes. The violence is swift, and soon done. And then the great, still world looks inscrutable, unhurried, changeless as before.

So, after long tranquillity, the forces of fate were assembling about that high plateau in the wilderness. The backwoodsman could not long endure to see the woman and boy pining for the tonic, vitalizing juices of fresh meat. He was not a professional hunter. Absorbed in the clearing and securing of a farm in the free forest, he cared not to kill for the killing's sake. For his own part, he was well content with his salt pork, beans and molasses, and cornmeal mush; but when occasion called, he could handle a rifle as a backwoodsman should. On this night he was all hunter, and his quiet, wide-open eye, alert for every woodland sign, had a fire in it that would have looked strange to the wife and child.

His long strides carried him swiftly through the glimmering glades. Journeying to the north of east, as the gray wolf had to the north of west, he too, before long, struck the trail of the moose, but at a point far beyond that at which the wolf had come upon it. So trampled and confused a trail it was, however, that for a time he took no note of the light wolf track among the heavy footprints of the moose. Suddenly it caught his eye—one print on a



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

"I'LL SAVE HIM FOR THE BOY TO PLAY WITH"

smooth spread of snow, emphasized in a pour of unobstructed radiance. He stopped, scrutinized the trail minutely to assure himself he had but a single wolf to deal with, then resumed his march with new zest and springier pace. Hunting was not without its relish for him when it admitted some savour of the combat.

The cabin stood in the valley lands just back of the high plateau, and so it chanced that the backwoodsman had not far to travel that night. Where the trail broke into the open he stopped, and reconnoitered cautiously through a screen of hemlock boughs. He saw the big gray wolf sitting straight up on his haunches, his tongue hanging out, contemplating securely his intended prey. He saw the dark shape of the cow moose, obstinately confronting her foe, her hindquarters backed close up to the edge of the gully. He caught the fierce and anxious gleam of her eyes as she rolled them backward for an instant's reassuring glance at her young one. And though he could not see the calf in its prisoning pit, he understood the whole situation.

Well, there was a bounty on wolf-snouts, and this fellow's pelt was worth considering. As for the moose, he knew that not a broadside of cannon would scare her away from that hole in the rocks so long as the calf was in it. He took careful aim from his covert. At the report the wolf shot into the air, straightened out, and fell upon the snow kicking dumbly, a bullet through his neck. As the light faded from his fierce eyes, with it faded out a vision of the cave in the painted rocks. In half a minute he lay still; and the cow-moose, startled by his convulsive leaps more than by the rifle-shot, blew and snorted, eyeing him with new suspicion. Her spacious flank was toward the hunter. He, with cool but hasty fingers, slipped a fresh cartridge into the breech, and aimed with care at a spot low down behind the fore-shoulder.

Again rang out the thin, vicious report, slapping the great silences in the face. The woodsman's aim was true. With a cough the moose fell forward on her knees. Then, with a mighty, shuddering effort, she got up, turned about, and fell again with her head over the edge of the crevice. Her awkward muzzle touched and twitched against the neck of the frightened calf and with a heavy sigh she lay still.

The settler stepped out from his hiding place, and examined with deep satisfaction the results of his night's hunting. Already he saw the colour coming back into the pale cheeks of the woman and the child. The wolf's pelt and snout, too, he thought to himself, would get them both some little things they'd like, from the cross-roads store, next time he went in for corn-meal. Then, there was the calf—no meat like moose-veal, after all. He drew his knife from its sheath. But no; he hated butchering. He slipped the knife back, reloaded his rifle, stepped to the side of the pit, and stood looking down at the baby captive, where it leaned nosing in piteous bewilderment at the head of its dead mother.

Again the woodsman changed his mind. He bit off a chew of black tobacco, and for some moments stood deliberating, stubby chin in hand. "I'll save him for the boy to play with and bring up," he at last decided.

A Century of Canadian Magazines

By Arthur H. U. Colquhoun

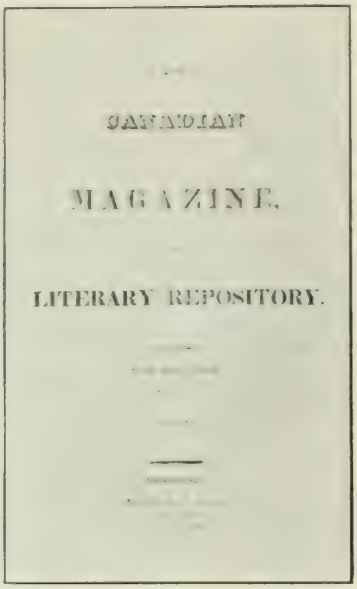
IN the early days of the British Provinces in North America the magazine field was naturally limited. Where there is not much wealth, a scattered population, and primitive printing conditions, publishing enterprises of the higher class can hardly flourish. This was the situation in all our provinces for many years. In consequence if you take away half-a-dozen or less from the list of magazine ventures down to 1900 you will find that what remains are more curious than impressive. Their vicissitudes are as apt to create amusement as to excite pity. To find them you explore libraries, archives, and the private collections of benevolent antiquarians. You come upon forgotten files, unknown names, and, unfortunately, much accumulated dust. You might wring your hands if you were not kept so busy cleansing them. The old magazines are neglected, unread and despised.

Omitting, as has been said, the few important enterprises which met with a moderate measure of prosperity, the story of the others is identical. They took themselves very seriously. The intense solemnity of the old Prospectus, the note of complacent confidence in the addresses "To our Readers," the conviction that the literary needs of the country were at last to be met, are convincing—if they were not so quickly followed by "a word of farewell," or a business "valedictory," in which disappointment, cynicism and anger struggle for the mastery. The early magazine had not learned to develop its revenue from advertisements. Its readers were appreciative, but they seldom paid. Then, as now, the printer wanted his money. While the matter was being argued out the press stopped. Usually there was time for "a parting word." Sometimes there was not, and the magazine expired without a moan.

In one case the editor had returned to Canada after twenty years' absence, and he found a community panting for a magazine. His picture of the literary prospects glows with inspiration. In a few months he withdraws from the scene abruptly; there is not even a civil good-bye. He had enough of everything except subscribers. Another brave soul addresses "our readers" in an essay thirty pages long! The end came—soon, of course—and he, too, departs without a word. Still another editor was charged, after his first number was out, with introducing party politics. "However," added the malicious critic, to make sure the envenomed shaft would strike home, "the Conservatives should all subscribe." But, as matters turned out, they were only too conservative—of their cash. The subscribers of those days must have been a peculiarly callous and malignant lot, compared to the modern subscriber, who always pays up. One pioneer magazine in Canada printed a list of its subscribers. When its turn came to go it took a neat and quiet revenge, intimating that hard times had driven one-third of its patrons into bankruptcy, so it retired to bear them company.

Complaints were made that one of those early periodicals appeared irregularly. Would you know the reason? asked the editor. "It is because our subscribers will not send in their money." Later on, the same magazine printed a list of ten names, adding, with pathetic dignity, "they have paid in full." But ten righteous men could not save a magazine, however successful they might have been in Sodom. It is, therefore, easy to understand why so many of our old literary monthlies went under. The field was small. People were apathetic. Competition of foreign magazines steadily increased.

The earliest attempt was the *Nova*


CANADIAN

MAGAZINE,

LITERARY REPOSITORY.

VOLUME TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST MAGAZINE PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY WITH THE NAME "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE." MONTREAL, 1823

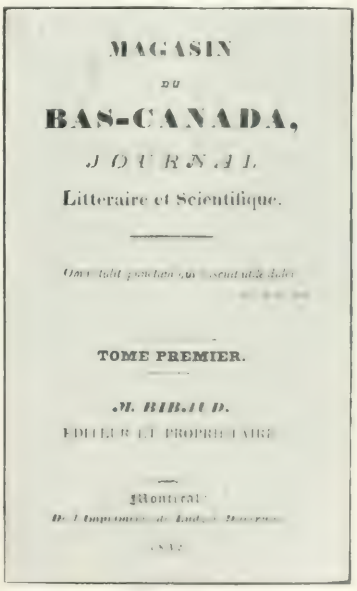
Scotia Magazine which appeared in 1789 and came to an end in 1792. It was printed in Halifax, but was edited in Windsor where, in the latter year, King's College was founded. The magazine contained more selected than original matter. Primitive as the effort may have been it encouraged others later. One number is extant of *Nova Scotia and New Brunswick or Historical, Literary, Theological and Miscellaneous Repository* issued at Halifax in 1806. The *Acadian Magazine* appeared in 1826 and lasted for two years, while the *Halifax Monthly Magazine* began in June, 1830, and reached its third volume. This was a creditable production. It was "printed and published by J. S. Cunnabell, Argyle St., opposite the west end Dalhousie College," and its subscription rate was 12s. per annum. It dealt with current politics, contained fiction, poetry and sketches, most of them, apparently, original, and an article on the death and character of George IV. may well have created a stir in its time. Nearly twenty years afterwards the *Provincial, or Halifax Monthly Magazine* was launched. It was printed by James Bowes & Son, and was edited with marked talent by Mrs. Wm. Lawson. The articles on copyright, on the new system of telegraphs, and on various subjects of timely interest indicated good editorship and a staff of competent writers. But in December, 1853, after two years' dauntless effort the periodical gave up with a cry of "no subscribers." The *Mayflower, or Ladies' Acadian Newspaper*—they loved imposing names in those days, in fact most of the early magazines have subtitles — appeared during 1851, five numbers at least being published. Miss Herbert was the editor. After 1853 we find no more magazines in Halifax, and must migrate to New Brunswick where Dr. George Stewart began *Stewart's Quarterly* in 1867, a magazine of distinct merit, a monument to the industry and patriotism of its kindly and able founder. No extended reference is needed in this place, except a word as to its encouragement to native writers and its well-conceived literary programme. The *New Brunswick Magazine* and the *Prince Edward Island Magazine* belong to our own day and the latter still flourishes as it deserves to do.

The literary activity of French Canada is well known. The list of periodicals in the French language published either in Quebec or Montreal is imposing and to separate those which were magazines from literary or religious publications appearing oftener than once a month is not always easy. The *Quebec Magazine* (1791-1793 or longer) was the first, and it may suitably be mentioned here because it was partly written in French and its secondary title was *Magasin de Québec*. Each issue contained about sixty pages and it was "printed for John Neilson, 3 Mountain Street, Quebec." More than one copy of this old monthly survives in private libraries. *L'Abielle Canadienne* was edited by E. H. Meziere and lasted but a year. Of all the early enterprises in French, however, the *Bibliotheque Canadienne* is the most

noteworthy. It lasted for nine years and was succeeded by a number of short-lived magazines, chief among them the *Magasin du Bas Canada.* Its editor was Michel Bibaud (1782-1857) the famous historian of Canada under French rule, and the author of our first book of French poetry. The magazine contained many short and entertaining contributions and was published at $2 a year. In one of its issues I find a friendly greeting to the *Montreal Museum, or Journal of Literature*, the first issue of which seems to have appeared in December, 1832, and which was edited by two Montreal ladies whose names are not mentioned. Among other French monthlies the *Foyer Canadien* (1863-1866) had for contributors Abbé Ferland, M. Louis Frechette and Sir James Lemoine, while the recent *Canada Francais* was issued under the direction of a scholarly band of professors in Laval University. It may be said generally of the French magazines which are included in the list appended to this article that they were of a high class and were distinguished by learning and excellent diction.

Considering the relatively small English-speaking population of the old Province of Lower Canada, it must be said that in the production of magazines they were not lacking in courage. Two of the best, as well as the longest-lived, magazines ever issued in British North America, we owe to this intelligent minority in Quebec—the *Literary Garland* and the *New Dominion Monthly*. But to speak of the earlier ventures first, the *Canadian Magazine and Literary Repository*, published in Montreal from 1823 to 1825, challenges attention. It was printed by Nahum Mower, the publisher of the *Canadian Courant*, an influential newspaper of that period. In examining the volumes that survive, one is impressed by the knowledge and talent displayed in the articles. In the departments of history, politics and poetry it was especially strong, and if the literary circle to which it appealed had been larger, it could hardly have failed to live. There seems to have been a passing fancy for this kind of literature, for we find that the *Canadian Review and Magazine* was another venture belonging to this period. It appeared quarterly, and its articles on public questions betray insight and skill. There is a difference of opinion as to who the editor was. It is often associated with the name of Dr. A. J. Christie, (1788-1856) M.P. for Gaspé, who had been a merchant in Halifax, and who, coming to live in Lower Canada, had been admitted to the bar and entered the Provincial Assembly. The other person credited with the editorship is David Chisholm (1796-1842) a journalist who came to Canada from Scotland, and was a personal friend of Lord Dalhousie.

Two other provincial magazines, which demand a note before passing to more important ventures, appeared in the early sixties. These are the *British Canadian Review* published in Quebec in 1862, and the *Canadian Patriot*, which was issued by "J. Willett at the office of J. C. Beckett, 38 Great St. James Street, Montreal," in 1864. The former bears the imprint of T. W. Wil-


MAGASIN
DU
BAS-CANADA,
JOURNAL
Litteraire et Scientifique.
TOME PREMIER.
M. BIBAUD.
EDITEUR ET PROPRIETAIRE
Montreal:

VOLUME TITLE OF SECOND "CANADIAN MAGAZINE." MONTREAL, 1832



COVER OF THIRD "CANADIAN MAGAZINE." YORK, 1833

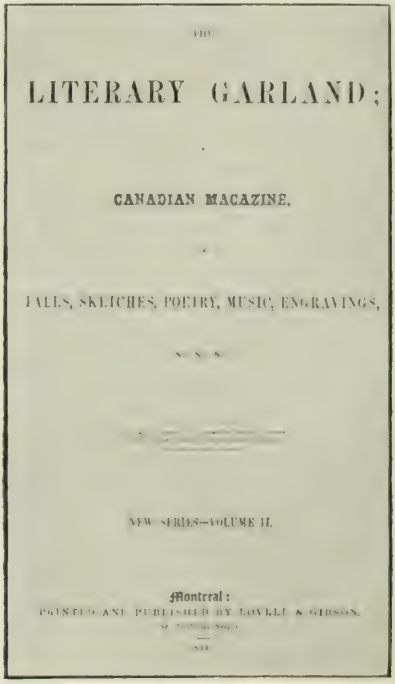
lan, St. George Street, Quebec, was sold at $2 a year, and its prospectus makes the time-honoured announcement that it filled a long-felt want.

The latter was on a modest scale, and in the solitary number I have been able to find, the names of George Martin and H. B. Small are among the contributors.



COVER OF FOURTH "CANADIAN MAGAZINE." YORK, 1833

Of the *Literary Garland* it may fairly be said that its merits were of a high order, and it can be compared without fear with its contemporary magazines in other countries. The first number appeared in December, 1838, the editor being Mr. John Gibson, of Lovell & Gibson, who were the publishers. The *Garland* lasted for thirteen years, and the closing issue in December, 1851, states, among the reasons for abandoning the enterprise, that the want of native support and the cheapness of foreign periodicals were at the root of the matter. Yet the magazine was well supported by native writers. The stories of Mrs. Leprohon and Mrs. Maclachlan had a great vogue in their day, and among those who wrote regularly were Mrs. Traill, Mr. and Mrs. Moodie, Mrs.



VOLUME-TITLE OF THE LITERARY GARLAND, 1838-1844. THIS RANKS AS THE FIFTH "CANADIAN MAGAZINE," ALTHOUGH THESE WORDS WERE USED ONLY AS A SUB-TITLE

Cushing (who, in the later volumes, was assistant editor), Fennings Taylor, Sir F. G. Johnson, Hugh E. Montgomerie, Charles Sangster, Mrs. Cheney and Rev. Joseph Abbott (father of Sir John Abbott). Mr. John Lovell, a publisher who did much in his time for Canadian literature, and whose memory will always be gratefully remembered, would hardly have relinquished the task of issuing a good magazine if circumstances had not forced his hand.

The birth of Confederation in 1867 would naturally seem a propitious season for launching a magazine, and this opinion must have encouraged Messrs. John Dougall & Son, the founders and publishers of the *Witness*, to issue the *New Dominion Monthly*. Its first number bears date October, 1867, and it appeared regularly until 1878. The magazine was edited by Mr. John Dougall, assisted by Miss Dougall, the novelist. It, too, commanded articles, sketches and poems from the best known writers in Canada, including Thos. D'Arcy McGee, John Reade, Sir J. G. Bourinot, Sir James Lemoine, S. E. Dawson, George Murray, Douglas Brymner and Miss Morgan. The magazine improved with time and its disappearance was regretted. The only other publication of the magazine class produced in Montreal since the termination of the *Dominion Monthly's* career was the *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*. This grew out of the *Dominion Illustrated*, a well conducted weekly, which had for editors men of note like the late John Lesperance and (happily not the late) John Reade. It became a monthly in 1892, and was then edited by J. P. Edwards. With excellent illustrations and literary material it deserved a longer existence than fate ordained that it should have. The contributors included C. G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, W. W. Campbell, E. W. Thomson, J. Hunter Duvar, Miss Fairbairn, W. D. Lighthall and Miss Blanche Macdonnell, a proof, if any were needed, that the repeated failures of magazine ventures cannot be laid at the door of Canadian writers, as they certainly cannot at the door of the publishers.

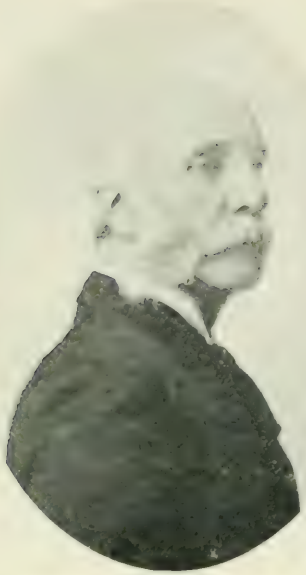


COVER OF THE SIXTH "CANADIAN MAGAZINE." KINGSTON, 1846

One would suppose that Upper Canada, with its steadily expanding homo-



EDWARD JOHN BARKER, EDITOR "BARKER'S CANADIAN MAGAZINE"



G. MERCER ADAM, EDITOR "CANADIAN MONTHLY"

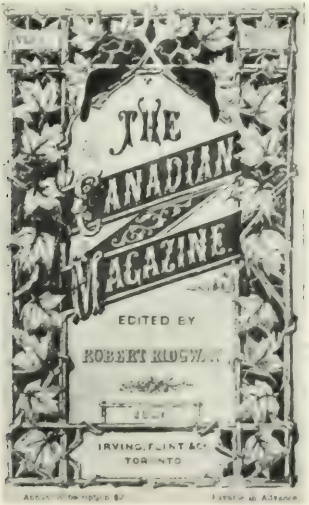
geneous population, might have given to magazine literature the support denied elsewhere. There were not wanting venturesome individuals who thought so. The fever did not capture them until more than forty years after the birth of the Province. Then, at intervals after 1830, came a number of efforts to establish such periodicals. The record is strewn with wrecks. In 1833 two magazines made their appearance. Before 1833 I can find no trace of any literary magazine in Upper Canada. The first number of the *Canadian Literary Magazine* was published in York in April, 1833. It was not equal in merit to its Montreal namesake of ten years earlier, but its articles were of fair, average merit. A fact of some interest is that it contained the prize poem at Upper Canada College in 1832, the prize boy being Henry Scadding, afterwards the historiographer of Toronto, and laid to rest a few days ago in honoured old age. The *Canadian Magazine*, the other York monthly in 1833, seems to have lasted till March, the month preceding the birth of its rival. It is believed to have been edited by Mr. Sibbald (which accounts for the armorial design on the cover), a Scottish gentleman who took up land in the vicinity of York, and who used to come into town when his editorial duties demanded his presence at the printer's. Little is known by those interested in such matters concerning either of these monthlies. How long they lasted I know not. They should have been warning examples to the projectors of subsequent publications. In point of fact they stimulated an unwise activity. Newspapers, and periodicals connected with church, profession, movement or organization, were founded and flourished. For literary magazines, during nearly forty years, there was no success. There was the *Monthly Review*, originally projected in Kingston, but printed in Toronto, in 1841. It was edited by Dr. John Waudby, a political pamphleteer and journalist of that day, but it was really the organ of Lord Sydenham, who wanted his constitutional views expounded and defended. When he passed away the magazine disappeared. Dr. Waudby died in Kingston in 1861.

The experience of *Barker's Canadian Magazine*, which lasted from May, 1846, to April, 1847, was that less than 400 subscribers were obtainable. Its founder was Dr. E. J. Barker, of Kingston, whose object was to lessen



GEORGE STEWART, EDITOR "CANADIAN MONTHLY" AND "STEWART'S QUARTERLY"

the importation of light literature from the United States. The subscription price of 10s. per annum proved too small to cover the cost of a 52-page magazine. About this time the *Victoria Magazine* was issued at Belleville by Mr. and Mrs. Moodie, who had removed there from Stony Lake on the appointment of Mr. Moodie to the shrievalty of Hastings. It was withdrawn in a year, with hopes of a revival that were not realized. The *British Colonial Magazine*, a copy of which I have not seen, is said to have been an English periodical having a Canadian imprint. None of these efforts, however, were comparable to the *Anglo-American Magazine*, issued from 1852 to 1855. The personality of the editor, Rev. R. J. McGeorge, impressed itself upon the *Anglo-American*. Mr. McGeorge was a Scottish Episcopalian minister living in Streetsville, Ontario, where his literary talent displayed itself in the local paper. The humour and scholarship of this stout, jolly priest were well adapted to magazine work. His chief collaborateur and assistant was another striking character, G. Auchinleck, a typical Grub Street *litterateur*, who had been in Australia and had drifted to Toronto. Auchinleck worked hard,



COVER OF THE SEVENTH "CANADIAN MAGAZINE," TORONTO, 1871



ROBERT RIDGWAY, EDITOR "CANADIAN MAGAZINE" OF 1871

drank beer, and surprised the quiet folk of those days with his pronounced bohemianism. A feature of the magazine was "The Editor's Shanty," an imitation of the *Noctes* of Christopher North. The persons who figured in this department were drawn from life. "The Laird" was the late James Paterson of Bonniebraes, Streetsville—a Scottish farmer equally devoted to sheep-raising and literature. "The Boy"—and, as far as I can learn, the only survivor of these "Shanty" discussions—was Mr. Richard Brown, of Brown Bros., a veteran of the old book trade in Toronto. Mr. McGeorge subsequently returned to Scotland and died rector of Oban. In 1863 Mr. G. M. Adam made his first essay in magazine literature with the *British American Magazine*. It contained political articles, reviews, stories, etc., was published by Rollo & Adam, and was a favourable specimen of what Canada could produce in this line. In the same year the *Canadian Quarterly Review and Family Magazine* was begun. Its political articles were strongly Protectionist. Its career was brief.



REGULAR COVER OF THE PRESENT OR EIGHTH "CANADIAN MAGAZINE"



J. GORDON MOWAT, FIRST EDITOR OF EIGHTH "CANADIAN MAGAZINE"

The Dominion was four years old when another *Canadian Magazine* came upon the scene. The publishers were Irving, Flint & Co., and the inscrutable countenance and characteristic smile of Mr. T. C. Irving, the Canadian manager of Bradstreets—long may he flourish !—remain to convince us that magazine experiments are not always fatal to their projectors. The editor, too, Mr. Robert Ridgway, is to the fore. The magazine published Mrs. Craik's novel, "Hannah," and contained a good selection of material. The illustrations appear to have been drawn with a jackscrew, and one of them—a baby in its cradle—must have disturbed many a happy home. Otherwise, the merits of the periodical are undeniable. The promoters had to struggle against New York competition and actually got one of their enemies excluded from the country for a time. At the end of a year inexorable fate appeared to claim its own.

In January, 1872, the *Canadian Monthly and National Review* was launched with Mr. G. Mercer Adam as editor. "Where several attempts have failed," the magazine modestly declared in its opening address, "the success of a new attempt must always be doubtful." The conditions were, it was hoped, more encouraging. For ten years this able periodical lasted. The list of writers contains many distinguished names. Chief among them was Mr. Goldwin Smith, who contributed from time to time. In December, 1876, *Belford's Monthly* was begun. This was a very ambitious effort. Continued stories by eminent writers and illustrations were some of its features. It coalesced in June, 1878, with its contemporary which then became known as Rose-Belford's *Canadian Monthly, etc.*, until it too ceased publication in 1882. Mr. Adam's name appears as editor in all the volumes except the first of the Rose-Belford regime, when Dr. George Stewart filled the post. Number one of the series of "Papers by a Bystander," which Mr. Goldwin Smith afterwards continued in his famous publication *Bystander*, appears in the *Monthly* for January, 1879. Scarcely a man of note in Canadian letters failed to contribute to the *Monthly* during its existence—Martin J. Griffin, George T. Denison, Daniel Wilson, W. D. Lesueur, S. E. Dawson, Arthur Harvey, and many others are to be found in the list. The death of this magazine was a literary misfortune. The monthly field was practically unoccupied for several years. The *Lake Magazine* was begun in July, 1892, by Mr. D. K. Mason, a native of Kentucky, for many years resident in Canada. It lacked adequate financial basis, and had no editor, although Mr. J. Gordon Mowat, who founded the present CANADIAN MAGAZINE in 1893, lent it some assistance in the

early stages. The only other venture which seems to call for reference is *Massey's Magazine.* This promised well for a short time with capital, brains and enterprise behind it, and was a brave attempt to make a ten cent magazine pay in Canada. The result was a loss of several thousand dollars, and the projectors wisely united with THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE in 1897.

The data contained in this sketch of Canadian magazines since 1789, were gathered from many sources. The collections, as well as the memories, of Mr. James Bain, Mr. John Reade, Mr. F. Blake Crofton, Mr. R. W. McLachlan, and others have been drawn upon. The record may be imperfect, because it was designedly restricted to publications of the magazine class.

A LIST OF CANADIAN MAGAZINES.*

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

The Canadian Magazine. York, 1833.
Canadian Literary Magazine. York, 1833.
Anglo-American Magazine, vols. 1-7. Toronto, 1852-55.
The Monthly Review, vol. 1. Toronto, 1841.
Barker's Canadian Magazine, vol. 1. Kingston, 1846-7.
Victoria Magazine, vol. 1. Belleville, 1847-8.
British Colonial Magazine, vol. 1. Toronto, 1853.
Canadian Merchants' Magazine, vols. 1-5. Toronto, 1857-9.
British-American Magazine, vols. 1-2. Toronto, 1863-4.
Canadian Quarterly Review and Family Magazine, vol. 1. Toronto, 1863-4.
Canadian Magazine, vols. 1-2. Toronto, 1871.
Canadian Monthly and National Review, vols. 1-13. Toronto, 1872-8.
Belford's Monthly Magazine, vols. 1-3. Toronto, 1877-8.
Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly and National Review, vols. 1-8. Toronto, 1878 82.
Lake Magazine, vol. 1. Toronto, 1892-3.
Massey's Magazine, vols. 1-3. Toronto, 1896-7.
Bystander, vols. 1-4. Toronto, 1880-90.
The Dominion Review, vols. 1-4. Toronto, 1896-99.
Canadian Magazine, vols. 1-17. Toronto, 1893 to date.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC—ENGLISH.

The Quebec Magazine, vols. 1-3. Quebec, 1791-93.
The Canadian Magazine, vols. 1-4. Montreal, 1823-25.
The Canadian Review and Magazine, vols. 1-3. Montreal, 1824-6.
Literary Garland, vols. 1-14. Montreal, 1838-51.
British-Canadian Review, vol. 1. Quebec, 1862-3.
New Dominion Monthly, vols. 1-23. Montreal, 1867-78.
Dominion Illustrated Monthly, vols. 1-3. Montreal, 1892-3.
The Montreal Museum, or Journal of Literature and Arts. Montreal, 1832.
Canadian Patriot, vol. 1. Montreal, 1866.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC—FRENCH.

Bibliotheque Canadienne, L'Observateur, Magazin du Bas Canada, Encyclopædie Canadienne. Montreal, 1825-42.
L'Abeille Canadienne: Journal de Litterature et de Sciences. Montreal, 1818-19.
Revue Canadienne: Journal scientifique et littéraire. Montreal, 1845.
Album Litteraire et Musical de la Revue Canadienne. Montreal, 1846-48.
La Ruche Litteraire et Politique. Montreal, 1853-59.
Soirees Canadiennes, Nouvelles Soirees Canadiennes. Quebec, 1861 and 1882-83.
Foyer Canadien. Quebec, 1863-66.
Revue Canadienne. Montreal, 1864-73 (since revived).
L'Echo de la France. Montreal, 1865-67.
Le Musée Canadien, Nos. 1-2. Quebec, 1875.
Revue de Montreal. Montreal, 1877-80.
Le Canada Francais. Quebec, 1888-91.
Le Chercheur: revue eclectique, etc. Montreal, 1888-9.
La Revue Nationale, Nos. 1-14. Montreal, 1895-96.
Le Courier du Livre. Quebec, 1896-1901.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

Nova Scotia Magazine, vols. 1-5. Halifax, 1789-92.
Nova Scotia and New Brunswick or Historical, Literary, Theological and Miscellaneous Repository. Halifax, 1806.
Acadian Magazine, vols. 1-2. Halifax, 1826-8.
Halifax Monthly Magazine, vols. 1-3. Halifax, 1830-3.
Mayflower, or Ladies' Acadian Newspaper (monthly), vol. 1. Halifax, 1851.
The Provincial, or Halifax Monthly Magazine. Halifax, 1852-3.
Stewart's Quarterly. St. John, 1867-72.
Maritime Monthly. St. John, 1873 (also Halifax and Montreal).
New Brunswick Magazine. St. John, 1898-99.
Prince Edward Island Magazine. Charlottetown, 1899 to date.
Acadiensis. St. John, 1901.

MANITOBA.

The Manitoban, vols. 1-2. Winnipeg, 1892-3.
The Great West, vols. 1-14. Winnipeg, 1891-98.

*This list does not include religious, medical, educational, scientific, sporting, juvenile, college and class publications, or literary weeklies. Great pains have been taken to make the list correct, but errors may have crept in.

A Decade of Canadian Prose

by Professor L. E. Horning

CANADIAN poetry has had a wonderful and invigorating growth since 1890, but the progress of prose writing since that date has been no less remarkable. This is especially true of historical writings and of fiction. As it is by the latter that our writers are best known, I shall deal with it first in this review and, as my space is limited, no attempt will be made to enumerate all the writers nor to speak of each work in particular.

Several names will occur to us at once when mention is made of our fiction and probably the first one will be that of Gilbert Parker. There is no question that he is one of the leaders in point of excellence of matter and quality of style as well as in productivity. The "Chief Factor," "Mrs. Falchion," "The Translation of a Savage," "The Trespasser," were among his first works, but the book which gave him a name amongst us was "Pierre and His People" (1892). These short stories centering about the hero Pierre discovered to us our Northwest as a land of legend and stirring adventure, and have contributed to the success of many another book the scenes of which which are laid there. This was followed by "An Adventurer of the North," and in the two volumes are found gems of description and of poetic characterization hardly equalled by anything else the writer has done. Of course it is objected that there is no such Northwest as is described in these books, but for me this objection has little weight. We are not looking for history and do not measure the excellence of such a work by its fidelity to historical facts. Of the other works of Parker which have a Canadian setting, I am inclined to value highest, "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" and "The Seats of the Mighty." Valmond is a wonderful character and some of the chapters in the latter work are very powerful. "The Battle of the Strong," is Parker's most ambitious work and to my mind marks a distinct advance in his character drawing.

Probably the next author to be considered is C. G. D. Roberts, certainly so in point of productivity. Personally, I like the style of this author very much. It is clear and limpid, choice in form and rich in vocabulary and he has something to say. Perhaps this is not so much true of his historical novels, "The Forge in the Forest" and "A Sister to Evangeline;" but the historical novel is being written to death in these latter days and my rising distaste for such may be warping my judgment. In his short stories, however, he is much stronger, especially in his animal studies. In these he is a master. His entire sympathy with his subject, his keen observation and his power of translating the dumb thoughts of the animals seems to me to be of a very high order. And "In the Heart of the Ancient Wood" shows the lover of wild nature at his best.

It may just be that some one may feel like objecting to my estimate of Roberts in this regard, but if sales go to prove anything, they do not as a rule, then no one will refuse to give a high place to Ernest Seton Thompson. "Wild Animals I Have Known" is one of the most charming books I have ever read, and one which every boy, old and young, should read, yes, re-read. It often occurs to me that if our boys and girls knew how much sweeter life in the country is and how much there is in a love for the animals, found on every farm, to keep the heart whole and to heal, then there would not be a mad rush to get to the city. "The Biography of a Grizzly" and "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag" are welcome additions to this same literature.

The old Beast epic seems to be coming into popularity once more, for we

in Canada have a third clever writer in this line, W. A. Fraser, whose "Mooswa" has met with such a flattering reception. This writer excels especially in *motion-pictures*, as witness, besides certain chapters of "Mooswa," the racing story in "The Eye of a God." Enough has been said to show that in the matter of animal-story writers Canada has reached a proud pre-eminence, and to my mind these writers may justly be considered the peers of Kipling, for disciples they are not rightly called.

A writer who has all the breezy Western style in his work is Ralph Connor. "Black Rock" is the story of missionary effort among the mining and lumber camps of the great West and the characters are very human. The preacher of the West must be resourceful, broad-minded and warm-hearted to be of any use out there, for *humanity* and not creed is the "Open-sesame" and the little narrownesses of creed must be forgotten. "The Sky-Pilot" is a very fitting sequel to the first book. These books are very interesting from the sociological standpoint and will be valuable for reference even when the life they depict has passed away. Let us hope for more such work from this writer.

We have long known of William McLennan's work, for in the field of the historical novel he is the compeer of Parker and Roberts. His works are "Spanish John" and "In Old France and New," a collection of short stories in a most charming vein, which have plenty of reserve power. In collaboration with Miss McIlwraith he wrote "The Span o' Life," a capital romance.

Mention of Miss McIlwraith brings me to the subject of women writers, and here Canada can well afford to be proud. Miss Wood, Miss Dougall, Miss McIlwraith, Mrs. Harrison (Seranus) and Miss Laut have all written works in which Canadian scenery furnishes more or less of the background, and all are writers of no mean order. Of the works of Miss Wood I am inclined to put "The Untempered Wind" at the top, for "Judith Moore" is too colourless, though there is plenty of the pink and white, and "The Daughter of Witches" seems to be a bit overdrawn. Mrs. Harrison's work is too well known to need any word of mine to recommend it. Besides I have elsewhere expressed myself on her last work and first novel, "The Forest of Bourg Marie." Miss Laut made her mark in the historical romance in her "Lords of the North," which suffers, to my mind, from being overcrowded with incident. A little more of the human and less of the history would have been to the advantage of the book. But it gives promise of power. Miss McIlwraith is on the threshold of the new decade, and so I shall pass her by with scant mention which, however, must not be called scant courtesy. But of the five names mentioned at the beginning of this paragraph I am inclined to favour Miss Dougall most strongly. Not that her books are the most popular, but yet I venture to think that her work will live longest; she is an analyst of motives such as we rarely see among our writers, too rarely, indeed, among present-day writers for English readers. "Beggars All," her first ambitious work, is capital stuff, and her "What Necessity Knows," "The Madonna of a Day," "Zeitgeist" and "The Mormon Prophet" are all good studies of character and motive. It does seem time for a reaction and that it is near at hand. Surely the historical romance has held the field long enough.

Another name might be added here, that of an old schoolmate, Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes). But of all her sprightly works not one has a single Canadian scene, and possibly very few outside of the circle of her acquaintances, know that she is a Canadian. But I cannot tarry to mention many other authors, such as E. W. Thompson, W. D. Lighthall, F. Clifford Smith, Blanche MacDonell, and Jean Blewett, who have been and are industriously contributing their quota to our rapidly growing Canadian Literature. Now if I were inclined to moralize it would be just

in connection with this rapid growth. A broad definition of literature includes in it everything that is written, but any thinking person will at once object that a great deal is written that is not worthy to be called literature. The danger nowadays, indeed the crying evil, is that production is overhasty, and, therefore, faulty. A few weeks ago there was published in one of our leading dailies, by an author who has done some very excellent work, a short story which promised well at the beginning, but which weakened so decidedly as it proceeded, that no reader could pass any other judgment than that it was an overhasty production. It really contained no message; the author had nothing to say. That the public at large likes such immature stuff, and that cheques are forthcoming for such effusions, is really no justification for these sins of commission, and they are legion. Popularity and money ought to be very secondary considerations with all self-respecting authors. Critics, least of all, should let such matters weigh with them. The German philosopher, Schopenhauer, has some very caustic words on the multiplicity of books and their bad effect on the power to "do thinking," but is there not some, or rather a good deal of justification for his pessimism? "Read less and think more" is, however, not yet likely to become a popular aphorism. A second trite saying, "when a new book appears, read an old one," might also not be altogether out of place as a guiding principle, for then we should be saved from wasting our time reading many so-called "books of the day" which pass out of sight and out of mind when their ephemeral popularity comes to an end. We should lose very little but gain much if this rule were followed. Let our authors guard against hasty production, let the Canadian public make demand for the best that an author can give, and let critics study to become proficient in their art, and then there will be no need for logrolling on the part of an author, and publishers will encourage true literature. Will such a day ever come?

Among the biographies published in the last decade the most important are "A Veteran of 1812," by Miss FitzGibbon, Read's "Life of Brock" and Fenety's "Life of Howe." All such works have a great historical value, especially in a young country like ours where history is so inseparably connected with the lives of the leading pioneers in every department.

There have been numerous publications of a historical nature—school histories, such as those by Clement, Roberts, an exceedingly readable book, Bourinot's "Story of the Nations," annals of districts such as Kirby's "Annals of Niagara," MacBeth's "Selkirk Settlers," Gow's "Cape Breton," a wretched piece of work, memoirs of companies such as Lizars' "In the Days of the Canada Company," records of industrial progress and many similar monographs. The one ambitious attempt at real history has been Kingsford's, and a great deal of honest labour and patient application was expended on that excellent work. But even it suffers from the lack of material which is encountered by every student of our history. Our forefathers were, for the most part, singularly careless of the records of our Canadian origins. Even to-day there are found too few to take an interest in such matters. In the meantime the old settlers, from whose lips we might learn much of our history, are fast passing away; old newspapers are being sold to the ragman; old records of churches, councils and societies are being lost or destroyed; in one way or another very valuable historical matter is rapidly disappearing. It does seem a pity that neither at Ottawa nor at the Provincial capitals is adequate provision made by the authorities for the instant and thorough collection of such records. There should be at Ottawa a systematic collection of all sorts of records from all parts of the Dominion, under the care of a librarian thoroughly interested in Canadian literature in all departments and acquainted with up-to-

date methods of library classification. This collection should be continued from year to year and in a very short time the National Library would become the Mecca of all students of our life and history.

Not much has been said of the historical prose of the decade, but with the admirable annual review of Historical Publications edited by Prof. Wrong and Mr. Langton there is little need for my comments.

To this same series I may refer all who wish for information on the works of bibliography and science which have been issued in the last few years.

In conclusion attention might be called to two very interesting books containing fine descriptions of the folklore of our French citizens—Fréchette's "Christmas in French Canada" and Greenough's "Folklife and Folklore."

A Decade of Canadian Poetry

by Duncan C. Scott

MODERN Canadian poetry may be said to have begun with the publication, in 1880, of "Orion," by Charles G. D. Roberts. It struck the original note that had been absent, or present only fitfully, in the work of the poets that had preceded him. It connected the poetry of Canada with all that is excellent in English poetry the world over. It maintained the traditions of form and diction that must be respected if poetry is to continue as the art through which the utmost aspiration of the human spirit is to be expressed.

Looking back over the years that went before the publication of "Orion," there is only one name that represents the same spirit, Charles Heavysege.

With this exception there is scarcely any work of the elder period that is remarkable for original power. But in the main, judged by the highest standards, this early Canadian poetry is by no means contemptible or unworthy of attention.

It is not worse in kind nor less in quantity than the mass of American verse produced at the same time under like conditions.

Anyone who at that period had been used to read Canadian poetry and lament its lack of power must have recognized in the work of Mr. Roberts a new and potent force; the academic imagery, the forced cadence, the lack of invention had disappeared. Almost for the first time a Canadian reader whose ear was attuned to the music of Tennyson, Keats and Arnold might, in quoting one of his own poets, do so with the feeling that here at last was verse flowing with the stream of general poetical literature. Six years later Mr. Roberts published "In Divers Tones," and at that time, so far as books of verse are concerned, he was the sole representative of the now existing school of Canadian poetry.

It was during the next year that the poems of George Frederick Cameron were collected. They proved the great loss that Canadian letters sustained by the untimely death of this brilliant man.

One year later, in 1888, Archibald Lampman joined Mr. Roberts with "Among the Millet"; Frederick George Scott with "The Soul's Quest," and in 1889 William Wilfrid Campbell with "Lake Lyrics." Previous to the year 1890 there appears to be no other books

of importance whose authors have contributed to the poetry of the last ten years.

The term, School of Canadian Poetry, might be accepted with hesitation and some diffidence had not various competent critics, adopted it uniformly. As applied to the group of writers usually mentioned under the appellation it may be too pretentious. It is valuable in that it conveys the idea of nationality, and if the Canadian people cannot thank its poets for immortal verse it may thank them for having forced the recognition of a growing national literature separate from that of the American Republic.

The decade of 1890 was in its second year before Mr. Roberts added another to the books I have mentioned. "Ave, an Ode for the Centenary of the Birth of Shelley," was published in 1892 and was included in "Songs of the Common Day," issued during the following year. The latter book included also a series of sonnets dealing "with the aspects of common outdoor life." They exhibit Mr. Roberts in one of his happiest moods and they show the kinship that exists between the most prominent of this group of writers.

The remainder of "Songs of the Common Day" was occupied by lyrics and ballads, that repeated with a firm and unfailing touch the accent to which the earlier volumes had accustomed his readers. There was but one reminiscence in "Marysas" of that earlier, classical manner that has unfortunately in succeeding books quite disappeared.

In 1891 Mr. J. F. Herbin, of Wolfeville, made his appearance with a small group of poems, and in 1893 and 1899 added "The Marshlands" and "The Trail of the Tide" to this first venture.

Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison, under the pen-name of "Seranus," had been a frequent contributor to periodical literature, and in the year 1891 she published "Pine, Rose and Fleur de lis," a collection of old world forms, for the most part, with a Canadian and French-Canadian atmosphere, the result being happily suggested by the title. The book contains a tribute to Isabella Valancy Crawford, that fine genius who by her fiery temperament and her natural gift of expression must be counted the most richly endowed of our native poets.

While mentioning Mrs. Harrison's deft verse the performances of her sister-poets come to mind. Miss Pauline Johnson and Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald published their volumes in the same year, 1895. Their verses occasionally published in the magazines had prepared the public for the very great poetic pleasure that these books gave. Miss Johnson's virile touch and strong imagination may be contrasted with the delicacy and shyness of Miss Wetherald's genius.

Mrs. Jean Blewett, whose verse has that warm human touch that has given infinite pleasure to her readers, added to their delight by collecting her scattered poems in 1897 under the apt title of "Heart Songs."

Much of the charm of the book entitled "Northland Lyrics," breathes from Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald's share in it. Her lyrics are equal in power with those of her brothers, Theodore Roberts and W. Carman Roberts. The three have joined powers to produce what is, even considering its source, a noteworthy book. Miss Machar, whose excellent verse has been admired by a generation of readers, also collected her scattered poems in a volume called "Lays of the True North."

By its lamentable finality the complete edition of the poems of Archibald Lampman is the most important addition to our poetic literature in the last decade. I do not feel called upon to state his rank with his contemporaries or to attempt a forecast of what the future has in store for his present fame. He was himself careless as to the one and unthinking as to the other. As regards everything worldly connected with his art, he had a perfect innocence; his one great concern was to produce his best.

The memorial edition of his poems was made up with the most catholic

spirit. Consulting my own taste and with an eye to a final judgment, I might have omitted a few things that seem to me not to add to its value. But the most of those were included in books that had already seen the light, and I felt that they might be missed by many who had an equal right with myself to be pleased with poetry.

The narrative poem, "The Story of an Affinity," while weak in construction and lacking the invention of incident that is the life of such work, has many fine qualities, and is set in a framework of such beauty that it stands against any adverse criticism.

The Drama, or Poem in Dialogue, contains much of his finest blank verse; the characters are clearly differentiated, and the whole treatment is cogent and sincere. His sonnets are, of course, everywhere glorious, and hardly another poet since Wordsworth can show so many of the highest quality, or a whole series of such varied interest.

I trust the collected poems dispelled the illusion that had arisen, that he was a poet occupied altogether with descriptions of nature. Nature in his interest came very near to man, but did not occupy the foremost place.

In his work, however, the use made of natural phenomena is very large, either where the matter is treated in a descriptive way, purely, or where it comes in by way of illustration to the *human* nature.

But this has been largely the practice of poets from all time and will continue so to be. A great proportion of the poetry that holds a very lofty place in the estimation of the world depends for its effect upon the happy blending of images and similes drawn from external nature with the thought-substance or emotion of the poem.

There are but few of Lampman's poems that do not lead from nature by a very short path to human life. The first impulse of his genius was the interpretation of nature, no doubt, but the desire to deal with human emotion, with the springs of human action, with the great hopes and desires of the human soul, was implicit in his mind. From the earliest of his writings to the latest this secondary quality demands attention, will be heard, keeps gaining strength and importance.

A year or two before he died he had begun to observe a more just balance between the divisions of his genius. In such grave, noble and suggestive poems, as "The City of the End of Things," "The Land of Pallas," "The Largest Life," and very many others that I might mention we possess his natural accent not less than in such pieces of realism as "Heat," or "Among the Millet."

There are several attributes in which his genius resembled that of Keats, and no one of them is more striking than the power of growth and development which may be determined from a study of his poems. That other attribute, a generous nobleness of soul, and its various confederate qualities, he shared in degree with his more gifted forerunner. Where a discerning reader finds the greatest cause to lament the broken work of Keats is in his letters. There may be seen vestiges of the deep mentality upon which the poems were based. Lampman left no such record, but another in the hearts of his friends. There it exists. To the mind of one of them, at least, it is clear that the power for growth and the solid philosophy which possessed his mind would together have produced a finer, more spiritual poetry, a poetry giving more of comfort and more of insight into life than any he has left.

While closing the last paragraph the thought of another, who shall no more draw upon his genuine gift for our profit, springs to mind. Dr. Theodore Rand, who for years had been associated with all that was purest in Canadian poetry, died in 1900.

During his last years he gave much of his leisure to the compilation of an exhaustive anthology of Canadian poems which was published in 1900 under the title, "A Treasury of Canadian Verse."

Another distinct loss to letters was that occasioned by the death of Sir

James D. Edgar, whose last work was published in 1893, "This Canada of Ours."

Mr. E. B. Brownlow's scholarly verse may be found in the volume published posthumously in 1896, entitled "Orpheus."

But I must complete the record of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts' achievement during the decade by mentioning that delightful book which holds between its covers so much of Canada as to be called "The Book of the Native." It was published in 1896. "New York Nocturnes" followed two years later, a collection of striking *genre* pieces, having for motive, chiefly, the turbulent life of the great city.

The whole of Mr. Bliss Carman's production in book form falls within the period with which I am dealing. "Low Tide on Grand Pré" appeared in 1893; two years passed and "Behind the Arras" was published; in 1897 came "Ballads of Lost Haven"; in 1898 "By the Aurelian Wall"; and "A Winter Journey" in 1900. With the help of a kindred spirit he produced three books that are unique in their way and that have received much attention from a public that cares for a definite attitude. The "Songs from Vagabondia" were closed just the other day by the issue of the third and last volume, for Richard Hovey is lost forever to his companion and fellow-craftsman, and to us who admired his genial power. Each separate volume of Mr. Carman's has a distinctive tone. "Low Tide on Grand Pré" is given over to the spirit of unrest, to the longing that looks "before and after and pines for what is not"; "Behind the Arras" is taken up with allegories of human fate; "Ballads of Lost Haven" with concern of the sea, its mystery and the mystery of those who traffic upon it; "By the Aurelian Wall" is a book of Elegies; "A Winter's Journey" contains tropical pictures, and recollections of the northland from the equator. Each of these books, so diverse in content, is permeated with the charm of Mr. Carman's manner, a manner that came in with him and that remains inimitable.

Mr. William Wilfrid Campbell's first book belongs to the earlier decade, but "The Dread Voyage," which was issued in the year 1893, better displays the essentially dramatic quality of his gift and the rare instinct that he possesses for a sympathetic interpretation of nature. None of our poets have so frequently grappled with the greatest problems of life and destiny, and the humanism of his poems is their most striking quality. After "The Dread Voyage" came a book of tragedies in 1895; one, "Mordred," upon the Arthurian legend, and the other, "Hildebrand," dealing with the life of Pope Gregory VII, his character and his aims. After this book, in 1899, appeared a collection of Mr. Campbell's poems under the ægis of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., bearing the title of the initial poem "Beyond the Hills of Dream." The selection was happily made; it includes such notable work as "Lazarus" from "Lake Lyrics," and "The Mother," "Pan the Fallen," "An August Reverie," from "The Dread Voyage." It comprises newer pieces, some of the strongest of which appeared first between covers in this volume. I refer to the powerful poems, "Peniel," "The Vengeance of Saki," and "Phaeton," and those others, less forceful but not less important, the elegy, "The Bereavement of the Fields," and that charming idyl, "The Wayfarer." The book contains also several stirring contributions to national poetry under the titles "England," "The World-Mother" and "The Lazarus of Empire."

In the natural selection of strenuous subjects Mr. Campbell has a companion in the Rev. Frederick George Scott. In the three books he has given to the public, "My Lattice" in 1894, "The Unnamed Lake" in 1897, and "Poems Old and New" in 1899, the greater space is occupied by poems that deal with stormy motives, such as "Thor," "Samson," "The Frenzy of Prometheus." Such subjects are full of opportunity for vigorous writing and

are dealt with by Mr. Scott in a direct and forcible style.

The only Canadian poet who can be said to stand in a class by himself is Dr. W. H. Drummond. Long before "The Habitant" made its appearance in 1897 his name was a household word in Canada and the humours of the "Wreck of the Jule Leplante" were known even where his name had not penetrated. Popular clamour led to the collection of the poems that had appeared in the newspapers from time to time. The book had an instantaneous success. It was purchased as no other book of verse published on this continent has been, and its success was deserved. The quaint dialect in which it is written had something to do with "The Habitant's" good fortune, but it was the least potent factor in the case. It is true the dialect throws about the book a native and essential atmosphere, but that constituent is so mingled with deep humour and fine pathos that the vehicle and the matter expressed cannot be divided. The dialect we may liken to *etoffe du pays*, the substance and spirit of the poems to the flesh and soul of Jacques Bonnehomme. The result of this union is, that we have reproduced, in variety, a most lovable individuality, whose heart is easily moved, whose humour is contagious because it is so natural, and whose pathos is piercing from the same cause. "Phil-o-rum's Canoe" and "Madeline Vercheres" were issued in 1898 and repeated the triumphs of the earlier volume.

Merely as a matter of record I may here interject that in 1895 I published "The Magic House" and in 1898 "Labor and the Angel."

Mr. Francis Sherman commands attention by his first book "Matins" issued in 1896 and by several privately-printed booklets. The most remarkable of the latter is that entitled "In Memorabilia Mortis," a series of sonnets in memory of William Morris whose work is re-called in more than a superficial way in reading that of Mr. Sherman. The latter's work unrolls itself in a tapestry glowing with subdued but deep colours and shrouded in an atmosphere of romance.

Another book that I recall with an impression that it has not had the attention it deserves, is Mr. John Henry Brown's "Poems Lyrical and Dramatic," which was issued in 1892. The sonnets contained in this volume are of excellent workmanship, and throughout the book gives the impression of high ideals and deep thought.

Another poet who has shown great progress during the last few years is Mr. John Stuart Thomson. His first volume was "Estabelle" issued in 1897, his second, "A Day's Song," in 1900. In reviewing this last book, in these columns, a few months ago I took occasion to point out its power. It appeals to the highest standards of technique and has a fine restraint. Mr. Thomson possesses a manner that is somewhat rare; a manner that combines native strength with classical unity of purpose and expression.

Mr. Arthur J. Stringer has lyrical power of a very exceptional quality. His style is concise and aphoristic. He fills his verses with striking suggestions and situations. His three books, "Watchers of Twilight," "Pauline," and "Epigrams," followed each other at intervals of a year, the first being issued in 1894.

I recall also with pleasure Mr. Bernard McEvoy's volume, "Away from Newspaperdom," which appeared in 1897 and made available the poems which from time to time he had contributed to various periodicals and journals. They have an idyllic touch and a wide range of human interest.

It was within the decade just closed that Rev. A. J. Lockhart issued "Beside the Narraguagus," which contains several ballads of excellent quality.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, whose verse is infrequent, produced in 1894 "A Lover's Diary," in sonnet-sequence, a well-developed series of much psychical interest.

Dr. Thomas O'Hagan also added to the general fund his two books, "In Dreamland" and "Songs of the Settlement."

Altogether about fifty books of verse have been published within the last decade. The record is remarkable when the difficulties that beset the author who offers matter for which there must always be a limited sale, are understood. It is difficult to appraise the value of this verse production, but it has surely not been without some result.

To glance at the effect beyond our boundaries, it may be ventured that a slight impression has been produced in England by the foremost of the poets I have mentioned. No encouragement has been given to any Canadian poet in that country either in a demand for editions of his poems, or in any extensive acceptances for periodical publication. In the main, our verse remains a matter of very little moment to the English public.

The United States, with whom we have mental affinities, has welcomed the work of Canadians, given it space and treated it seriously. The standing of Canadian literary men at home has depended largely upon the commendation of this support. Without that there would be less distinction or discrimination. Mr. William Dean Howells made the success of Lampman's first book. His genial criticism forced the recognition of that writer upon his own countrymen. Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman showed the breadth of his view by including in the "Victorian Anthology" a large selection of Canadian verse. This generous act did much to gain acknowledgment for our poets as worthy to rank in a final summing up of the work of the era.

When helped by foreign opinions our people have been quick in their interest and support, and, considering the conditions, it may be hazarded that appreciation has kept pace with performance.

So far as I am aware, there has been no single piece of verse that has spoken with so sure an accent as to become current among the Canadian people. Amid all this multitude of poems there has not been one that has entered deeply into very many hearts and become an epitome of individual longing or national hope. Using popular in one of its least hackneyed meanings, we must confess that there is no Canadian poetry that is popular with the Canadian people. This statement at first will wear a condemnatory face. If our poets cannot win the people to sing with them, of what use is the song?

The question has been asked and must be satisfied. Such poetry as we nearly all demand, poetry that will stir the heart, poetry that will enthral, poetry that will lead and support great deeds is not written under the conditions that now obtain. The poet is the bondman of his time, and must serve, moulding bricks without straw, as the demand is made.

Our time, if not out of joint, is at least thewless. It is the uncertain aim, the lack of any national solidarity that acts and reacts upon everything thought and done.

The uses of such poetry as we have are, however, sufficiently evident. In the first place it stands for progress; in the second it begins to form the basis of tradition. Advance is essential in art; and tradition is most valuable. At present it is wise to judge this poetry in the mass, and not by particular examples. So judged it gathers into a sphere of very considerable importance. It is inspired by wholesome ideals and filled with the genuine spirit of nature; it is an advance upon pre-Confederation poetry, and it forms a standard and reference for future Canadian writers.

A Decade of Canadian Art

by M. L. Fairbairn

"LOOKING Backward" is quite as natural to most of us as it was to Lot's too curious wife, only the results are usually more happy. Indeed, except by looking backward we cannot arrive at any estimate of our progress, or know whether there has been progress at all. "The old order changeth, yielding place to the new," is ever the way of the world. What changes have the last ten years brought to Canadian art, and are they for the better?

The upholder of the good old days is prepared to tell you all about it. He may say that many of the best artists have left the country, unappreciated; that the great mass of the people care little about art, and know still less; that our various art organizations are not doing all they might or are doing it in the wrong way; that art is more poorly paid than ever; and much less of the same kind. It is all very depressing and discouraging, and there is truth enough in it to give an air of veri-similitude to the whole.

It is true, many good artists have left the country for one reason or another, but there seem to be a fair number left, who are quite their equals. Perhaps the majority of us are most unknowing about art (this is not the only country where that is the case), but there is always the saving minority, from whom come the growing number of art students, of art collectors, of appreciative attendants at one exhibition and one-man shows. As to art being poorly paid, it is a rather delicate question. Take illustrating, for instance; the number of illustrators has increased very much, methods of reproduction have changed, and the result has been lower prices for single pieces of work. And yet, is the change for the worse, when there is so much more to do? As to pictures, the remark of an artist, the other day, may be a partial answer: "I paint better," he said, "than I did ten years ago; my prices are higher, but I sell fewer pictures. Even if I am no better off, it is a better state of things." Times of depression in trade, as there were several years back, affect art through no lack of appreciation. Each artist might tell a different story based on his own experience. This is what another one thinks: "Even in one year, I notice a difference in my own circle; there is more interest, more knowledge and taste, owing very much, I believe, to the increased number of good reproductions, and more inclination to buy. Others tell me the same. Of course art pays!"

It might be well, just here, to say a word about the purchase of foreign works of art and its effect on the home artist. Many thousands of dollars are spent yearly by Canadian connoisseurs and collectors and some say this money would be wonderfully encouraging to our own artists if invested in Canadian works of art. It is quite true. On the other hand, if a man is prepared to spend large sums on something exceedingly good, he wants the worth of his money. If he happens not to be a connoisseur himself, he does well to buy only such pictures as the best judges have pronounced good, and he will leave the "discovering" of hidden talent to someone with less money and more discernment in these matters. But there are other pictures of such historic interest or such surpassing artistic value, that there is no question of their being equalled by home production. Of such are the Rembrandt owned by Mr. James Ross of Montreal, the "First Communion," by Jules Breton, belonging to Lord Strathcona, Vandyke's portrait of Henrietta Maria in Senator Drum-

mond's collection, a Paul Veronese owned by Sir William Van Horne, and many another which might be named. These masterpieces are such a liberal education to those who see and can appreciate them, that they prove a powerful factor in forming public taste and the consequent development of the future buyers. It follows as surely as the day the night, that the artist world gains, not loses, by the presence of these foreigners. It must also be remembered that art patrons, lavish in spending large sums on great pictures, are usually those who are among the best patrons of native art. This have they done and not left the other undone.

Nothing could be more generous than the way in which the owners of large collections in Montreal have shown their treasures at the annual loan exhibitions in that city, which have become quite a feature the last few years. Here may be seen from time to time Rembrandt and Franz Hals, Fortuny and Ribera, Constant and Courtois, Mauve and Neuhuys, Reynolds and Gainsborough, Henner and Gerome, Jacques and Troyon, Turner and Watts, and many another—names to conjure with.

Our national art institution, the Royal Canadian Academy, during these ten years, has pursued the even tenor of its way, filling the vacancies made by death or removal, holding its yearly festival, staid, respectable, slowly progressive, adding to the permanent collection in Ottawa the diploma pictures of its new members. The number of exhibits each year has not increased because in former times each Academician was entitled to have twenty pictures hung, no matter what their merits, so the walls were always covered. The number has since been reduced to ten, and later to eight. The standard for the works of outsiders has been raised, so that with fewer pictures the exhibitions are better. At one time, most of the pictures were small, the subject was usually landscape or flowers, and water-colours predominated. This last exhibition of 1901 speaks for itself by way of contrast. The artist of to-day does not limit himself to a small canvas, nor to landscape. Oils were in the majority and portraiture was well represented. Here were examples of various phases and movements in art, reflections of what is transpiring in the larger art world of which we are now a part. As for the attendance, if the interest of the public is to be gauged by the number of visitors, it is certainly on the increase.

Somewhere during the last ten years the movement, known as "impressionism," first showed itself here. Though adversely criticized and spoken of as a "craze" or "fad," it was something of far more importance. While we read of these wild vagaries abroad our home painters kept on in the good old way, "sang their little songs" (as William Hunt would have it) with no distracting or startling note. Then came one and another of these canvases from abroad, or from those who had been—vague, hazy and unreal, they appeared to some, while to others they seemed visions of light and air, of sunshine and out-of-doors. Those violet shadows and crude greens were certainly peculiar, the streaks and blobs of raw colour difficult to understand. It was all very bewildering and the wise shook their heads. But by and by the most knowing were aware that in these canvases there was no attempt to paint things as they are, but as they appear, and that, in spite of its exaggerations and eccentricities, the *plein-air* work held a truth and had come to stay.

So we have gradually fallen into line with the progress of art in this and other things, always a little behind, as is only natural with our youth and crudity. It is something, though, in these years to have outgrown the hide-bound methods of former times, to have some intelligent idea of why it is well not to attempt a three-volume novel in paint, and to know wherein an Israels and a Jacob Maris goes beyond the water-colour of our earlier artist. It is not pleasant to be told, now that we have got beyond it, that Canadian art,

to the average Englishman, is represented by a nicely-finished, tight, topographically correct water-colour, that has been carried home by some one desirous of patronizing the colonies.

The various provincial and local art organizations have gone on steadily, holding exhibitions, supporting schools, affording encouragement in many ways to art study. The Women's Art Association, which was ten years ago in its infancy, has grown rapidly and has now branches in Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, St. John, Kingston, Brockville, London and Portage la Prairie, and is interesting and educating those who would be otherwise untouched. Its new headquarters in Toronto in the Confederation Life Building are spacious galleries.

The art schools throughout the country are increasing in numbers and efficiency, Toronto heading the list in the Ontario School of Art and Design with an attendance of over two hundred under a large staff of teachers. Montreal's School is well equipped with casts which are added to yearly, and is doing good work under Mr. Brymner. The scholarships are an incentive of the right kind. Both of these schools, as well as the one in Ottawa under Mr. Brownell, are giving more attention to work in the life classes because a greater number of advanced pupils are able to profit by them. The work of private schools has improved vastly, sketching from nature and sound fundamental teaching taking the place of the copying and over-elaboration of other days.

The art movement begun by William Morris in the application of art to the requirements of daily life, has born its fruits in Canada in the number of schools teaching the practical arts. The New Technical School in Ottawa, under Miss Marion Living and an able staff of teachers, has for several years been giving instruction in designing and various handicrafts; Miss Phillip's work in Montreal is somewhat along the same line, and also the work done under Mr. Gustav Hahn in the Ontario School of Design, and at the Toronto Technical School. Our own artists are beginning to supply designs for our own manufactures, and "arts and crafts" is not an idle phrase. The term "artist" has now a much wider meaning than ten years ago, when it merely stood for the painter of pictures.

An initiatory move in the direction of giving these applied arts their right prominence was made last year in Toronto, when an "Exhibition of Art and Applied Design" was held in the gallery of the Ontario Society of Artists. Loan exhibits of a somewhat similar nature had been held before, but this showed only new and original work in the way of fabrics, furniture, decorative ornamentation, various kinds of metal work, and other examples of applied art. One of the most noticeable pieces of furniture was a piano, the case of which, simple in line and finish, was designed and decorated by Mr. G. A. Reid with painted panels.

About four years ago the Ontario Government gave to the Ontario Society of Artists the use of a large gallery in the new addition to the Normal School, of Toronto, where the work of its members could be constantly on view. The experiment has proved a success. Strangers invariably find it out, and in summer especially there has been a steady stream of visitors. Each year the gallery is rehung and purchases made by the Government for the permanent collection. This is, of course, a temporary arrangement until Toronto has her new home for art. The plans for this have been maturing slowly, and are now taking definite shape on a sound financial basis, so that, long before the next ten years are over, Toronto hopes to be no longer mortified at her lack of any suitable building for art purposes, but to be able to point with pride to her new Art Museum as an evidence that the love of art in her citizens is neither dead nor dormant.

Long before its appearance here we learned, through reading and travel, of the mural decorations in Europe and the States, of the beauties of the Pantheon, the Edinburgh University Hall,

the Boston Public Library, the Congressional Library at Washington, several large hotels and buildings in New York and elsewhere. In due time this development of art, which found its most characteristic, and perhaps highest expression in the works of Puvis de Chavannes, found its way here, so that there are now, as earnest of the future, the decorations in the new City Hall, Toronto, by Mr. G. A. Reid, an altar piece in Loretto Abbey, by Mr. Wyly Grier, a series of decorations for a country house on the Island of Orleans, by Mr. Brymner, and a number of smaller decorations in private houses in our large cities. The suitability of a picture painted with a view to its being in design and colour a part of the room it decorates, makes a strong plea to good taste, instead of the framed easel picture, an isolated thought, bearing no relation to the room where it may or may not find suitable lighting and surroundings. Here is the work our artists are waiting for, and for which many have already proved them quite competent. As in the days of Italy's greatest glory, why could not the best art be a great public possession, to be enjoyed by all, rich and poor? We have throughout our land fine city halls, magnificent depots, public halls, colleges, and libraries, all offering opportunity for decorating, each after its kind. What an inspiration and stimulus to rising genius to prove itself equal to the task!

In considering the improvement in general taste, some credit should be allowed to the advance in the methods of teaching drawing in the public schools. In most of the city schools there is free-hand drawing, elementary, but direct from nature, some attempt at illustrating, and an effort to express action in the simplest way possible. The art school leagues have multiplied wonderfully in the last few years, and are striving for better surrounding for the children, attempting improvement in the older schools as they are able, and aiming at more attention to beauty in the building of new. Harmony of line and colour, rather than ornateness, must have their good effect on the child, and familiarity with the world's masterpieces through reproductions elevates and educates faculties otherwise untouched. "Nothing so lifts a man from his mean imprisonment, were it but for a few moments, as true admiration," says Carlyle, himself a living example of it in his "Heroes and Hero-Worship." The enthusiasm of a child for some person or event in history can be much stimulated by a correlative work in art.

The wisdom of this was borne in upon the writer very much the other day by some remarks of an Englishwoman who was a graduate of one of the large universities of her own country, and who confessed that though her training had been most thorough in certain branches of study, a great world of thought and feeling had never been touched on, had been as completely ignored as though not existent. "I knew nothing about art," she said, "had never heard of Giotto, and Raphael was only a name, and so were Watts and others of our own artists. We might, at least, have had our attention called to events in art as a part of history; we might have been advised to see these prints or that collection of pictures not far away, or at least a lecture on art might have been given once in a while to let us know there was such a thing. I am only beginning to realize what I have been missing, and how one-sided my education has been."

The progress of painting has been touched on, what about the spirit of art in our daily surroundings, so intangible yet all pervading, "making them all fair to look upon, filling the common ways of life with the reflection of some far-off brightness?" to quote Pater. Are we improving? Most certainly. But "the way to perfection lies through a series of disgusts." When it is remembered that that new birth of art which revolutionized Europe in the middle ages, was the work of centuries, can we expect as great results in so many decades? If these

last ten years can show us some improvement, we may take heart. In architecture the change is most obvious. Instead of dull uniformity, frivolous, ornamentation lack of proportion, and downright ugliness, we have individuality, symmetry without uniformity, delightful combinations of colour and material, and hints of older forms of beauty without servile copying. It is possible now to get fabrics, carpets, and hangings, of colour and design not hitherto dreamed of; the nightmares of needlework in panels and drapes are not often to be met with. As to furniture, there is always likely to be a supply of it poorly made, badly finished with its stuck-on ornaments, no thought of beauty or meaning in the lines. But the opposite may now be had, as never before, of pleasing design and solid workmanship, combining utility and beauty in the highest degree.

It is not as much lack of money as of sincerity and simplicity that lies in the way of more artistic surroundings in the average household. We want so many things and we want them like those of some one else who has many times our income. Hence imitations that have nothing to recommend them, an over-supply of useless furniture and bric-a-brac. The naive decoration on some primitive pottery has a charm all its own; a bit of a glazed earthen jar may have a beauty far beyond some ambitiously-decorated vase, because of its sincerity.

One of William Morris' wise sayings would be a good test to apply to all our belongings: "Have nothing in your house which you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful."

LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

By George Stewart.

AT the request of the editor of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, I send for the centennial number some reminiscences of my career as editor of Canadian magazines. I began to write for the press very early in life, and in 1865, in St. John, N.B., established *The Stamp Collectors' Monthly Gazette*, which was withdrawn in 1867, when I founded *Stewart's Literary Quarterly Magazine* in the same city. It lived five years, and though as a financial venture, it was not very profitable, it earned quite a good reputation in Canadian letters. Its contributors were drawn from Newfoundland to British Columbia. The Rev. Moses Harvey, of St. John's, as well as Judge Prowse, were frequent writers in its pages. Dr. Harvey's valuable papers on Newfoundland did much to make that ancient colony known all over the world, for the newspapers, attracted by the author's attractive style, made copious extracts from his articles. The last paper written by D'Arcy McGee, was sent to me, with the line, "Just starting for Ottawa; will be there during the next two or three months." It was entitled "Oxford the City of Colleges," and a most luminous and scholarly paper it was. The gifted statesman, orator and poet was assassinated only a few days before his article was published. Sir John Bourinot was in those days attached to the Senate staff, and rapidly making his way as a writer of sketches and short stories. He wrote for me: "The Mystery at the Chateau des Ormeaux," and "Among the Pines," as well as studies in a higher vein, such as "Cape Breton: Its History, Scenery and Resources," which has since been extended into a monograph of two hundred pages

in the "Transactions of the Royal Society," embellished by many maps and plans; "The Maritime Enterprise of British America," "Statesmanship and Letters" etc. Since then Sir John has transferred his allegiance from the legend and the essay, to books on the constitution, the history of Canada, and treatises on comparative politics and parliamentary law and practice.

Harry Venning, in those days, also, was a graceful and prolific writer, but he was, above all, a skilful angler, and he sent me two series of brilliant sketches, "A Bunch of Salmon Tails from the Miramichi," and "Sporting Sketches in New Brunswick and Maine." Hon. Peter Mitchell, who was Minister of Marine and Fisheries, on organizing his department wrote to me asking for the name of the author. I gave it to him, and shortly afterwards Venning was appointed an Inspector of Fisheries.

The writings of Dr. Daniel Clark, of Princeton, now superintendent of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, Toronto, published in the *Quarterly* his famous series, Pen Photographs, which attracted wide attention. He also wrote a striking study of speculative science, "A Photograph of the Soul."

The magazine was well supplied with contributions from the popular pens of Charles Sangster, Evan MacColl, Alexander McLachlan — great men in their day—John Reade, James Hannay, the historian of Acadia, a tuneful balladist and able editor; Dr. Elder, Senator John V. Ellis, Sir James LeMoine, Dr. Henry H. Miles, Prof. Lyall, of Halifax; the Scotch poet, William Murdoch, W. P. Dole, whose sonnets, and charming papers, signed "Lælius," gave the *Quarterly* a high standing in many circles; James L. Stewart, whose vigorous English and incisive style compelled attention; H. L. Spencer, the poet, Rev. Dr. James Bennet, who wrote "The Dream of Rags," "Phrenology of Churches," and Petofi, the Magyar poet, and Prof. John W. Gray, the artist, of Montreal, whose "Colour as Applied to Ladies' Dress," had considerable vogue on account of its originality. Carroll Ryan wrote his most famous poem, "The Convent Porter," for the *Quarterly*, and his wife, neé Mary MacIver, was a frequent contributor of melodious verse. My short-story writers were E. G. Nelson, whose productions were always clever and bright, and spiced with humour, Miss Beatrice Jones, Miss Massman, Watten Small, Hannay, Irene Elder and Bourinot.

Begun in April, 1867, the last number of the *Quarterly* was published in January, 1872, completing a life of five years. It accomplished something when it brought together, from the various sections of our common country, the men and women who were contributing to the mental outfit of the New Dominion.

In May, 1878, I removed from St. John to Toronto, to take charge of Rose-Belford's Canadian monthly. *Belford's Magazine* had been running a couple of years, and *The Canadian Monthly*, though a very excellent publication, was not paying. It was decided to amalgamate the two serials, and I was selected editor. The public demanded illustrations, but, in those days, the cost of having engravings made in Canada was so high that we were forced to buy from the Harpers' and Scribners' firms of New York, and Lippincotts of Philadelphia, cuts which had appeared in their magazines. These we secured at a reasonable price. Lady Blanche Murphy was a constant contributor. She had a sad life, but her pen never betrayed the suffering which she was undergoing. James Payn, Besant and Rice Wilkie Collins and Edgar Fawcett, were our novelists. Payne was not very much embarrassed with wealth at that period, but he wrote well, and his terms were within reach of the financial resources of the magazine. When he came into his money he raised his rates, and did not write as well as he did before. I bought two stories from Wilkie Collins, "The Haunted Hotel, a Mystery of Modern Venice," and "Fallen Leaves." "The Haunted

Hotel" was slight in texture, but like all of Collins' work, it was fascinating. The price paid for it was one hundred pounds, and we had both serial and book publication rights, and the privilege of selling it to any American publisher, save Harper Bros., of New York, with whom the author had had a quarrel. *The New York Sunday World* paid $300 for "The Haunted Hotel," which reimbursed us pretty well.

Collins belonged to the school of Dickens rather than that of Thackeray. He was a happy medium between the two. He never preached or digressed, but he told his story in a continuous way, and never made his reader halt between chapters. Of course the "Woman in White" is his principal novel, but he had in his own mind the idea, that "The Fallen Leaves," for which my publishers paid five hundred dollars, was destined to surpass in interest and in strength anything that he had written. With every part he wrote me a note. He was a great stickler for form, and in dealing with editors and publishers, strict business principles were insisted upon. Among the many letters which I received from him, while the "Fallen Leaves" was passing through the press, is one which calls attention to "Simple Sally," who makes her debut in the 21st chapter of that romance. He says: "You will find that the 16th weekly part introduces a new character, belonging to a class which some of my brethren are afraid to touch with the tips of their pens. She is, nevertheless, the chief character in the story, and will probably lead me into another novel in continuation of 'The Fallen Leaves.' *You* will see, especially when you receive the revise of part 17, that the character is so handled as to give no offence to any sensible person, and that every line is of importance to the coming development of the girl, placed amid new surroundings. But, perhaps, some of the nice people with nasty ideas, on your side of the ocean, may raise objection. In this case you are entirely at liberty to state as publicly as you please (if you think it necessary) that my arrangement with you stipulates for the absolute, literal reprinting of 'The Fallen Leaves,' from my revises, and that the gentle reader will have the story exactly as I have written it, or will not have the latter portions of the story at all. I don't anticipate any serious objections. On the contrary, I believe Simple Sally will be the most lovable personage in the story. But, we have (as Mr. Carlyle reckons it), thirty millions of fools in Great Britain and Ireland—and (who knows?), some of them *may* have emigrated? I intended to write a short letter. 'Hell is paved—' you know the rest.

Yours very truly,

WILKIE COLLINS.

London, March 13, 1879."

The magazine won its way. Prof. Goldwin Smith supplied his masterly papers on current events by a "Bystander," as well as a pungent article now and then. Among the latter was his remarkable paper on Berlin and Afghanistan. The relations between contributor and editor were never happier than those which were enjoyed by Dr. Smith and myself. Once only we differed over an article which he had written, but ten minutes' conversation regulated matters. Sir Francis Hincks wrote strongly on the Letellier difficulty in Quebec, and broke a lance with Prof. Smith. Some years afterwards the old statesman called at my residence in Quebec, to ask me to give him the name of his opponent. Of course, I could not gratify him without the consent of the writer. Mr. Wm. Rattray was also a constant contributor, and when Dr. Smith was not able to supply all the matter for Current Events, Rattray took the pen. He also wrote some of the book reviews for the magazine. He wrote a very small, fine hand, on little squares of paper, and he never kept the printers waiting for copy. Mr. F. T. Jones wrote articles from the agnostic point of view, and Martin J.

Griffin published his quarrel with the *XIXth Century* which provoked some controversy in the newspapers. Jones sent in a caustic rejoinder entitled "My Quarrel with Martin J. Griffin," but I did not care to admit it, as I saw that it would lead to endless discussion, and perhaps, in the end, would have a damaging effect on the magazine. Then as now, the copyright question was an uppermost topic in Canada, and Mr. G. Mercer Adam gave us a spirited paper on the subject.

Mr. Walter Townsend, an able and strong critical writer, published with us a number of literary papers, his studies being Matthew Arnold, Robert Southey and Shelley, while Mr. J. L. Stewart added critical contributions on Wilkie Collins, the early English stage, and Lever's Military Tales. Mr. D. B. Read wrote a reminiscent paper on the Ontario bar of eighty years ago. Hon. Wm. C. Howells, then representing the United States in Toronto as Consul, the father of Wm. Dean Howells, the American novelist, well read in science and literature, enriched the pages of the magazine now and then. He wrote "Superficial Learning," and some notes on the life, work and career of Richard Realf. Mr. R. Rutland Manners from time to time furnished our readers with some very good poems, and John Reade's name often appears in poetry and prose of a very high order of merit. At intervals, "Fidelis," who is ever faithful to Canadian publications, and the venerable Mrs. Traill, added their pens to those of their fellow-writers. I remained with the magazine about a year, when I retired from it to accept the editorship of *The Quebec Chronicle*. My successor was Mr. G. Mercer Adam, a former editor of *The Canadian Monthly*.

THE PURPOSE OF A NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

By J. Gordon Mowat.

A TRULY national magazine, broad, comprehensive, thoughtful, bright, in its utility to a nation is scarcely second to a great university. Its mission is to stimulate and afford expression to the higher thought and tastes of a people, to bring the country's best thought, under the most favourable circumstances and in the most attractive form, before the best classes of the country's readers—the classes upon whom the shaping of the political, social, intellectual and even industrial future of the nation most largely depend. This mission can be better performed by a national magazine than by university, newspaper or book. The newspaper is too transient, too hurriedly read and often too hurriedly written and too cursory in its treatment of things to do the needed service in the culture of a busy man. Current books, however valuable, there is little time for most people to read with profit, so the sharpening training of college halls is not maintained. The stimulus to intellectual effort and the interest in higher thought would in most instances weaken or die away were it not that a good magazine proves a constant educator, not put aside as too trifling or too tedious. It is reserved for the quietest half hours of comfortable leisure, when the mind is in the most receptive mood and most ready to respond to facts and arguments attractively and candidly presented, or to the quiet touches of beauty, humour, pathos, that lighter literature furnishes in select form in the pages of such a magazine. Here the statesman or political thinker speaks in well-weighed

utterances, appealing not to party prejudice, but to the quiet, sincere judgment of the leading men of every party in every section of the country. Here, too, in nearly every question of interest, the best thought is found in the best form—and not in spoonfuls, but in satisfying meals. The contributor attempts to do his best, for he knows that his audience is the best the country affords, and that his thoughts are handed down to future generations. A magazine, such as is here indicated, covers nearly everything of past and present interest in national life and reaches far into the future in its grasp of possible developments. It should reach every corner of the land and meet with equal favour from intelligent men of every party and creed. It is valued in every cultured home. What it is to the older members of the community, who shape the nation to-day, it is to the younger who will shape the nation to-morrow. It is a great national university, diffused, without loss of effectiveness, throughout an entire nation.

The mission of a national magazine, important though it be in the development and maintenance of national culture, receives in Canada scarcely more than a vague and passing thought from the vast majority of people who, from education, intelligence or public spirit, might be expected to take an interest in the subject. Of course, we have an abundance of magazine literature, the product of other lands. Much of it is excellent and greatly to be desired by thinking people. But good as it is, it does not meet the national needs. As to a large body of the magazine literature, usually cheap, extensively circulated in the Dominion, it is not of a class than can be said to be of much value in cultivating the higher intellectual faculties and tastes of the people. "The topmost froth of thought" has no doubt its utility ; a dash of it in the face is grateful, especially when the face is flushed and fevered through a chase after butterflies, but it is not the literature really needed for the home. It can scarcely be called wholesome, and for national purposes it is almost valueless. A national magazine, while giving due attention to the large matters that engage world-wide attention and furnishing Canadian contributions to the discussion of these matters, should give special prominence to the broad political, social and industrial questions of the country, to its history, art, literature, resources and almost everything not of merely transient importance that interests a considerable proportion of its readers. It should be an energizing repository of the best thought of the people that is both of present and future value. The souls of books to be may well take outline in its pages ; the aspirations that fill the noblest minds of the country may well find in its pages from month to month adequate utterance that will meet at once with sympathetic response from tens of thousands in every part of the land, and result in intellectual and moral quickening and in bringing about with celerity forward steps in true and harmonious national progress.

In Canada, which is necessarily dependent for most of its literature on kindred and larger nations, largely self-absorbed, a realization of the importance of the mission of a Canadian national magazine is very much to be desired. To make this mission successful is well worthy of the substantial, practical encouragement of broad-minded citizens. Let us have an abundance of good magazines whether foreign or not. But in the home, even if the number of periodicals to find entrance must be few indeed, let a national magazine of the character described, find a place.



The Perils of the Red Box

By Headon Hill

PERIL II.—THE DRAGOMAN OF THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY.

IT was during the acute phase of the Cretan trouble, when the dear friends comprised in the Concert of Europe were scraping their fiddles to the tune that Greece died of. I had been kicking my heels in Constantinople for three days, having brought out important despatches, for the reply to which I was instructed to wait before taking the road for home.

In search of shade and, if it must be confessed, of a cooling drink, I had wandered into the hall of the Hotel de l'Europe, where I had found young Peters, one of our junior *attachés*. In his congenial society, and with the aid of a long tumbler with plenty of crushed ice in it, I had passed a pleasant hour when a man came in from the street and sat down at the next table. The new-comer walked into the place leisurely enough, but he seemed to be out of breath. He wore a fez and a threadbare black frock-coat, and his sallow complexion and foxy eyes proclaimed him, at the first glance, a Levantine.

"What does that mean?" I whispered. "The fellow is dead beat with running; yet he tried to let on that he was strolling in in the most casual manner."

Peters laughed. "I don't know what it means, but you may be very sure that it means *something*," he replied. "There is always a reason at the back of that gentleman's antics. Don't you know who he is?"

"Only that he looks a boiled-down essence of Levantine duplicity," said I.

"He is Zgoureff, one of the dragomans of the Russian Embassy, and your description fills the bill," Peters whispered under his breath. "From Eastern Roumelia, of a Slav father and a Greek mother, I have been told—a bad breed. Hullo! here comes one of our cavasses."

The *attaché's* concluding sentence was spoken aloud, and drew my attention to a be-sashed and baggily-breeched servitor of our Embassy who had just entered the hall of the hotel. On seeing us he advanced to our table and delivered himself of his message, which was to the effect that my despatches would be ready in time to admit of my departure by the homeward bound Orient express that same afternoon. His Excellency the Ambassador would receive me at three o'clock to hand me any final letters which he might find occasion to write in the *interim*.

When the cavass had bowed and retired, Peters and I rose and followed him out, for though it was barely noon I had some small commissions to execute in the curio shops before going back to my own hotel to pack my bag. In the doorway I turned round, and saw that Zgoureff, the Russian dragoman, was sipping his lemonade with the air of lazy contentment. I drew the attention of Peters to the fact.

"Yes," he said, "but don't you think he's a little overdoing the *dolce far niente*, considering the mode of his entrance? I have been wondering, Melgund, whether the beggar headed off our man in order to hear the message he was charged with. It is pretty difficult to get the set of all the undercurrents in the game of cross-purposes that's being played here now."

"Hardly likely," I said. "He would not expect a cavass to be entrusted with the verbal delivery of important political secrets."

"Yet I wonder," persisted Peters, only to drop the subject as we met a mutual acquaintance.

But I wondered also, when three hours later the Ambassador spoke his last words to me.

"There you are, Captain Melgund," he said, as he handed me the last despatch. "Lock it into your box 'right away,' as our friends at the American Legation would put it. If the good people at either the Russian or German Embassies could get the gist of the contents of one of those documents —separately and individually, mind you, without the others knowing it— they would solve the Eastern Question with a vengeance, and make either the Tsar or the Kaiser master of Europe.

"The despatch to which you refer is in cypher, your Excellency?" I asked.

"It is more than usually in cypher," laughed the Ambassador. "I regard that despatch with such affection that I have myself prepared a special code for it rather than trust to the ordinary Foreign Office affair, which as likely as not is known to our rivals. Here is the key of the cypher. Of course you will not put it in the box, but carry it on your person, so that if by any mischance you are separated from your despatches they will be unintelligible to the finder."

He handed me an envelope which I placed in my pocket-book, and having taken leave of his Excellency I made my way to the terminus. The words let fall by the Ambassador, and his precaution in inventing a special cypher for the despatch, awoke in me the suspicion that after all young Peters might have been right in his surmise as to the Russian dragoman. Could it be, I conjectured, that Zgoureff had placed himself near us because he took an interest in my movements, and had reason to believe that they would be influenced by the message brought by a cavass?

If so he had undoubtedy gained his object, for he had sat well within earshot, and the thought that there might be mischief brewing caused me to hug the red box closely, and scan the crowd at the station for a glimpse of Zgoureff's ugly face. Preparations for the start of the train were being made in leisurely Turkish fashion, and I had plenty of time to make a tour of the carriages, but the search was unrewarded. Neither on the platform nor among my fellow-passengers was the dragoman of the Russian Embassy to be seen.

Satisfied on this point I established myself in a carriage in the forward part of the train, whence I had a clear view of the barrier. Thus if Zgoureff arrived at the last moment I should be forewarned that I had him for a fellow-traveller. Still he came not, but the clang of the starting-bell had just ceased when a frock-coated, scarlet-fezzed figure appeared at the barrier and hurried towards the next compartment. For a moment I thought that I had spotted my man, but a second glance proved that I was mistaken. As the late arrival stepped on to the footboard I saw that I had been misled by a general resemblance of dress and style. Further, I recognized him as some one who was *not* Zgoureff, and a minute later when the Orient express moved out of the station I was tolerably certain that that worthy was not on board.

My recognition of the man in the next carriage, however, had furnished me with food for reflection. Only the day before he had been pointed out to me in the streets of Pera by young Peters as Demetrios, a dragoman of the German Embassy, and the farewell confidences of our Ambassador suggested a possible reason for his presence on the train. His Excellency had plainly indicated the enormous advantage that would accrue to either the Russian or German Governments if they could individually possess themselves of the information I was carrying. The idea at once occurred that Demetrios of the Germany Embassy was playing the game that I had attributed to Zgoureff of the Russian, and that he was after my despatches. It was more than probable that the wily Greek had "bested" his rival by some ruse for preventing him from catching the train.

I had the compartment to myself, and as I settled down to watch the fleeting landscape I decided that of the two I would rather have the German dragoman on my hands. As a Greek he would naturally be chock-full of inborn cunning, but he was a manlier-looking scamp than the other, and being better favoured in thews and sinews, seemed a more worthy antagonist for a British soldier used to straight grips with his foes. The appearance of Zgoureff had suggested dark alleys, prowling footfalls, and a prod in the back with a knife.

The Orient express stops at only three stations between departure from Constantinople at 4.10 in the afternoon and arrival at Adrianople half-an-hour after midnight. But at neither of these stations did Demetrios leave his compartment, and as long as it was daylight I was able to devote the long runs from stopping place to stopping-place to unmolested contemplation of the fertile fields of Thrace; and when the shadows of night fell on olive garden and vineyard I dosed away the hours with a full sense of security.

I was awoke by the slackening speed as the train approached Adrianople, where there was a stoppage of ten minutes for refreshment—the last chance of stoking the inner man before arrival at Sarembey in the morning. As soon as the train drew up at the ill-lighted platform I made my way to the miserable buffet, glancing into the compartment occupied by Demetrios *en route*. He was apparently sleeping soundly in his corner, without any intention of descending.

Having swallowed a plate of execrable soup and half a bottle of sour claret, I returned to my compartment —none too soon, for the train began to move as I leaped in. After turning to secure the handle I resumed my seat next the door, and was in the act of depositing my despatch-box on the opposite seat when the queer sensation that I was being watched by human eyes caused me to glance to the other end of the carriage. There sat Demetrios, smiling pleasantly at me. The fellow must have hidden under the seat while I was at the buffet, and must have slipped out while my back was turned for the purpose of fastening the door.

It was a case for a prompt understanding, and I flatter myself that I obtained it. I never travel on duty east of Vienna unarmed, and first replacing the box on my knees, I whipped out a Derringer and levelled it at my fellow-passenger's head. He shrank into his corner, putting up his hands.

"You never not shoot me, sare?" he stammered. "I never not go for to do no harm."

"I am not going to shoot you if you behave yourself, but we are going to sit like this till we reach Moustapha Pasha an hour hence. Then you will get out and go into another carriage, or to the devil—whichever you please."

"But, sare, you make great outrage on innocent man!" he protested. "I am quiet merchant gentlemans travelling on pusiness."

"Not a bit of it! You are a dragoman of the German Embassy travelling for the purpose of stealing my despatches," I replied. "The game is up, Demetrios; all you have to do is to sit and make faces at my pistol."

My knowledge of his name had the desired effect, and he saved himself the trouble of further lies. As I have said, he was not a bad-looking rascal, and at the failure of his mission his mouth took a melancholy curve that would have appealed to the women-folk. He made one or two plausible attempts at conversation, but I sternly repressed them, and kept him covered till the train ran into the little station at Moustapha Pasha. Then I bade him get out, repeating my warning against further attempts.

"And if you see Zgoureff of the Russian Embassy," I added, "you can pass the warning on to him."

Demetrios was hurrying to find another compartment, but at this he turned and came back. I noticed that he had gone suddenly pale.

"Is it that Zgoureff is in the train?" he asked tremulously.

"Can't say, but he is displaying an equal interest in my despatch-box," I said, just to show him that I was well posted.

"Then in that case, sare, you may make what you call the cock-sure that I not trouble you more," said Demetrios, sighing plaintively. "I go on in train to Sarembey, so as catch fast train back to Constantinople, but I speak true when I say that I no wish for that box. If Zgoureff wants it he will have it—and the life of the man who stands between. That shall not be *me*, I promise you."

He stepped into the next compartment, and beckoning the guard I asked him to lock the door. The intrusion of Demetrios had robbed me of an hour's sleep, and though I had little expectation that he would face my trusty Derringer again, I felt that my slumbers would be more peaceful if entrance at the few stopping-places were rendered impossible.

I slept till we reached Philippopolis in the grey of dawn, and thence onward sat wakeful. We ran through the squalid station of Tatar Bajardjik without stopping, into the tedious series of gradients among the foothills of the Balkan range. The change of scenery from the verdant plains to the barren and rugged grimness of the mountain lands, used as I was to it, struck me as especially weird that morning. As the train climbed the gradients and wound its way over the twisting viaducts, signs of human habitation dwindled. In place of teeming villages there were only visible at long intervals isolated dwellings perched among the rocks—ancient houses, almost castles, some of them, that were probably robber-haunts in the not distant past.

The train ran clear of a viaduct into a curved cutting, that for three hundred yards formed one of the few level bits of road in that section of line. It was the practice of the drivers to put on speed at this point so as to gain an impetus for the next gradient—a dangerous custom, considering the acuteness of the bend. We had just rounded the curve when there came a tremendous shock, a thundering crash, and I was flung hither and thither like a shuttlecock to land amid a smother of splinters and scalding steam against the rocky wall of the cutting.

The engine lay on its side, and the carriages nearest to it, mine among the number, had "telescoped." So much and one other detail my dazed senses grasped before I swooned with the pain of an injury to my head. The other detail was that the catastrophe was no accident. The trunks of several heavy trees—a regular timber-stack, in fact—had been piled across the metals, forming an obstruction which not even a London and North-Western engine could have tossed aside.

When I recovered consciousness I was lying on a bed in a large room, the walls of which were of stone. Opposite to me was an unglazed window-opening, which disclosed a panoramic view of a valley far below. I had no time to make further acquaintance with my surroundings, for there came and bent over me one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. And yet, as I gazed up at her chiselled Grecian features, I became conscious of something catlike or tigerish in them that repelled. I tried her in Greek.

"Where am I? What has happened?" I asked.

"I am Daphne, and you are my guest," she answered. "You were injured in the accident on the railway this morning. They brought you here because—because it was the nearest house."

"I am deeply indebted," said I. "Can you tell me what has become of a red leather box which I was holding when I was flung from the train?"

"You were still holding it when you were found at the road-side," replied the girl. "It is now at your head, under the pillow. It was broken open—in the fall from the train it is my belief."

Something in her tone caused me to turn over and clutch at the box, but I was too weak to handle it, and fell back exhausted. Divining my intention, she deftly drew the box from under the pillow and gave it to me. The lid looked more like having been prised open than smashed, and on running through the contents I found all the despatches there except the important one written in the Ambassador's invented cypher. In an instant I was examining my pocket-book, and was reassured to find that the private code, without which the despatch was so much waste paper, remained in my possession. The other contents of my pockets, including my revolver, were also undisturbed.

It has ever been my way in a case of doubt and difficulty where a woman is involved to make love to that woman without delay. By so doing, if the sentiments you profess are reciprocated you provide yourself with an ally; if your addresses are unappreciated, it should be your own fault if you do not contrive to tread on some pet feminine corn which will startle the subject into playing into your hands. As an Irish soldier I am proud to say that the former of the two alternatives has more frequently been my lot.

On discovering my loss I looked up at Daphne, and Daphne looked down at me. As I have said, beautiful though she was I was not attracted by her, yet from her manner of receiving the admiration that I threw into my glance I already began to count upon her help.

"What taper fingers you have!" I remarked, as I shut down the damaged lid and allowed her to replace the box beneath my pillow.

"You must be getting better to talk like that," she said, tossing her head, but evidently not ill-pleased with the compliment.

I followed suit with some more barefaced flattery, and by the end of a quarter of an hour had made an undoubted advance into the girl's good graces. She took to me as a canary does to sugar, and I only wished that she hadn't that indefinable something about her that made me wish her miles away. But it was time to put her to a practical use.

"I believe that you could do me a very great favour if you chose to add to your kindness," I said abruptly, as she finished telling me how they had thought me dead when her brother's goat-herds brought me in from the railway that ran a mile below the crag on which the house was perched.

"What would you have me do?" she asked, flushing faintly.

"Find for me a paper which is missing from those in the box," I replied, watching her closely. "The box was uninjured when I fell from the train. I know it, for I did not faint immediately."

The significance of the accusation almost amounted to an accusation, but she chose to pass it over.

"I will inquire among the men who carried you here," she said, "but I have heard of no such paper."

"Do your best to recover it for me, Daphne, and the light of your glorious eyes will never fade from my remembrance," I murmured, stroking the hand which she had laid upon the coverlet. "I cannot depart hence without that document. The loss of it would bring me to shame."

A deep groan close at hand startled me, and turning on my side I was astonished to see another bed parallel with mine against the bare stone wall. I had scarcely had time to stifle my surprise on recognizing its occupant as Demetrios, my late fellow-passenger, when a harsh voice, pitched low, called "Daphne!" My changed position caused by the groan had brought a doorway within my view, and as my fair hostess flitted towards it I caught, framed therein, the momentary vision of a face. It was the face of Zgoureff, the dragoman of the Russian Embassy.

Daphne quitted the room, and I lay still for a few seconds thinking. Though I had a bad headache from the somersault against the rocky cutting, I felt that I was otherwise unhurt and had the use of my limbs; I was also

fairly sure in my mind that Zgoureff had stolen the despatch after engineering the "accident" for my benefit, and reaching the spot by an earlier train in order to do so. But the question that occupied me as I lay silent was how far Demetrios was my fellow-victim, and how far, if at all, he was in collusion with Zgoureff.

Another groan roused me to commence diplomatic relations with the man of the German Embassy.

"Well, Demetrios," I said, "we did not think to finish our journey like this. You must be badly hurt to make such a noise."

"It is not that I cry for pain of body, sare," whimpered the Greek. "It is that you make the love to Daphne who has been since a year, when she come to Constantinople, to me as a goddess. Oh! it was great happiness to smash the leg and to find that the house they bring me to is of her I love. Then you wake up and in ten little minutes make your way to her heart. I see it in her eyes. That all bad enough, but then you go and say a thing to cheat yourself of your own game and keep you here long time. She stop you finding that paper, now you say you not go till you got it. She like to have you here too mooch."

There was no mistaking the love-sick rascal's earnestness, and with a thrill of chagrin I quite saw the force of his argument. If I had really roused a tenderness in the girl, my knowledge of the sex told me that I had been at some pains to defeat my own ends. But the fears of Demetrios inferred a power on Daphne's part to prevent me from regaining the despatch, from which I deduced that he knew or suspected that she had had a hand in relieving me of it. I recognized my blunder, but with the adroitness of a good tactician I decided to utilize it as it stood rather than try to undo it.

"My friend, it is the privilege of woman to choose for herself," I said. "Yet much as Daphne pleases me, I will promise to go away and leave the field clear as soon as I recover the lost document. Do you happen to know who took it?"

"Daphne, she steal it herself. I see her break the box and take paper out of the room just after we come," replied the unchivalrous wretch.

"So! And do you know Miss Daphne's patronymic?" I asked.

He professed—truly, as was confirmed by his subsequent demeanour—complete ignorance on the point. He had only met her once or twice in a public dancing-room in Pera, and the devotion which he had laid at her feet had not met with any great response. At least so I guessed from its not having led to a more formal introduction, and from the fact that he had not seen her again till he was carried into the house from the railway with a broken leg. I learned later that by a singular coincidence Demetrios and I were the only passengers injured.

I sprang a surprise on him. "Her name is Zgoureff," I said. "At least she spoke of her brother being here, and just now I caught sight of Zgoureff of the Russian Embassy at the door."

The look of terror that came into the Greek's handsome eyes was an eloquent tribute to my antagonist's reputation. Demetrios had clearly had no idea that his courtship, if successful, would give him the redoubtable Russian dragoman for a brother-in-law, and was wondering how his proposals would be received in that quarter.

"Zgoureff, the throat-slitter!" he muttered in his native tongue, turning on his pallet so as to watch the door. Then in English he replied aloud—

"What you say is news, sare, to me; all same I knew that Zgoureff's home was in Eastern Roumelia. I mooch think you never see that despatch again if Zgoureff has it."

"Oh yes, I shall," said I. "I am going to look for Zgoureff now, and if I cannot find him, I shall amuse myself by making love to his sister."

I rose from the rude bed, rejoiced to find that I was little the worse for my fall, and taking the box with me,

left the love-sick Greek to writhe in helpless jealousy. He had been useful, so far that I knew exactly how the land lay—that Daphne had stolen the despatch at her brother's instigation. A plan was already maturing in my mind for making Demetrios more useful still in the event of a certain contingency.

That contingency was that Zgoureff would keep out of my way till he had reconsidered the situation. That he had discovered the uselessness of the despatch in its present form I had no doubt, or he would have been off with it to Constantinople. He would be pretty certain to remain in the neighbourhood so long as I was there, in the hope of obtaining by violence or cunning the means of translating the despatch. My intention was to clap my pistol to his head and blow his brains out if he would not restore the paper. In doing so I knew that I should have my Government at my back, after the accident to the Orient express.

The house I found to be a large one-storied structure, with many rooms abutting on a central hall or courtyard open to the sky. Walking to the arched entrance I came out upon a narrow plateau, from which a winding path led to a gorge which, a mile lower down, was spanned by the viaduct which the train had crossed before the smash. Behind the house the ground rose in rugged terraces to the summit of a lofty range of hills.

There was no one in sight but a goat-herd tending his flock half-way down the gorge, but I had not been there a minute when Daphne came out on to the plateau. She tried to show surprise, but had evidently hurried after me.

"You were going away," she said reproachfully.

"By no means! That would be the act of a churl—without thanking you and your brother for what has been done for me under this roof," I replied, looking her straight in the eyes. "Where is this hospitable brother of yours, Daphne?"

"He is gone to Sarembey — on business about our vineyard in the valley. We are but farmer-folk and tillers of the soil," was the nervously-spoken reply. "He will return at eventide. Come into the house and eat. You must be weak from want of food."

The invitation was tempting, for it was past noon, and I had fasted since my midnight snack at the Adrianople buffet. As I turned to accompany her my gaze, which had been ranging upwards to the rough ground above the house, was arrested by the face of a man peering round a boulder. It was withdrawn instantly, but not before I recognized its owner as Zgoureff.

"Your brother went to Sarembey over the mountain behind your house?" I said, smiling down at my companion.

"Oh! talk to me of yourself, not of my brother," she snapped. And she added in a melting tone, "You will not go till you have found the paper? I have sent four of our herds to search for it by the railway-line."

I saw that my allusion was lost upon her, and that she had no idea that she or her brother had incurred my suspicion. That suited my purpose of coming face to face with Zgoureff well, for it showed that he was only keeping out of my way to avoid recognition—not because he knew himself to be already detected, in which case he might have decided to bolt with the despatch, trusting to luck to be able to decipher it.

Daphne led me back into the house, to a barely-furnished room, where a fierce-eyed old crone, whom she introduced as her mother, was spinning flax at an old-fashioned wheel. The elder woman after one furtive scowl paid me no further attention, but the girl set food and wine before me and laid herself out to be entertaining. As it suited my plan to appear to be smitten, I struggled against my inborn aversion and played up to her to the full extent of my unrivalled experience. I soon found, however, that she carried too many guns for me, and I was

grateful for the old woman's company. For the first time in his life Jocelyn Melgund knew what it was to feel coy.

All the time I was eating, and afterwards as we flirted through the lazy hours of the afternoon, I kept a watchful eye and a wary ear for signs or sounds of Zgoureff, but none were forthcoming. Now and again Daphne went to see if Demetrios, for whom she professed profound contempt, wanted for anything, and on these occasions I would slip out on to the plateau to scan the gorge and the hillside—entirely without result. If Zgoureff had devised a scheme for, through me, getting at the true inwardness of the despatch, the time was not yet ripe for its practice.

At length, having announced my intention of staying for the night, I went to pay a visit to Demetrios. The German dragoman was an important card in the game I meditated, but I had hardly expected him to fall so readily to my hand. If he could have have kept the eager cunning out of his shifty eyes, I might have attached no meaning to his failure to reproach me further about Daphne; as it was, I was able to respond readily when he received me with the confidential whisper—

"Great news for you, sare. I done my best get that paper, but it all what you call no go. Paper gone to Constantinople."

"You have seen Zgoureff?" I said sharply.

"Yes, I see him," Demetrios replied. "He came in soon after you go away, and tell me things. He very frightened you catch him and crept in by back-door so as not go near room where you talk with Daphne. He say paper no use to him because written in new cypher, so go back with it to Constantinople, and try and steal code from British Embassy by bribing the cavass."

This was a plausible tale enough, but just a little too childlike and bland for me. I was prepared to believe that Zgoureff, for pumping purposes, had sneaked in to see his other victim—it was in the hope that he would sneak in again that I was visiting the sick-room—but that he would go off on a wild-goose chase like that indicated was incredible. He would first want to know more about my ability to supply a key to the despatch, if he was the man I took him for, and I was there with the object of furnishing him with that knowledge—through the excellent Demetrios.

"Zgoureff is a fool," I said. "I have it here in my pocket-book—see! I keep it in my breast—a code by which that cypher can be read. I love his sister, and I would gladly have given him the code to secure his favour. However, it is no matter, for Daphne prefers me to you, Demetrios, and I go to console myself for the loss of the despatch."

With which I turned upon my heel and went back to the living-room, well satisfied by the vengeful look hurled after me by Demetrios that my train was laid. When I entered Daphne retreated hurriedly from the unglazed window, through which, from her flushed and defiant expression I guessed that she had been carrying on a heated controversy. Zgoureff was prowling, evidently. Well, he should have his chance.

"Come, Daphne, let us go for a stroll in the twilight," I said. "Show me your goats, and the grain-patch which I noticed on the slope of the hill."

So we wandered about in the gathering dusk of the summer evening, my companion parrying all my allusions to the missing despatch with a sullen persistency that gave me a clue to what had just happened at the window. Her brother had been trying to induce her to worm from me whether I possessed facilities for translating, or knew the contents of, the paper I was so anxious to find; and she, eager as ever to prevent my departure, had been refusing to do his bidding.

As it was necessary to my purpose to keep her in good humour, I fell in with her mood, and ceasing to refer to my loss resumed the *rôle* of ardent ad-

mirer. So exacting a mistress was she, so greedy of florid compliments, that I had all my work cut out in carrying out the purpose that had prompted me to propose such a risky *tête-à-tête*. I wanted Zgoureff to pay another visit to Demetrios, and if possible to assure myself that he had done so.

There was a cow-byre on the hillside between the back of the house and the strip of cultivated terrace, and as we climbed upwards behind this outbuilding, I stopped suddenly and pretended to fasten my shoe-lace. Daphne walked on, crooning a Bulgarian song, and I peered round the corner of the byre. It was as I had thought. The byre was the lair in which Zgoureff was lying up while I was in the house; for there he was, flitting across the intervening space between the shed and the back-door of the dwelling. He disappeared within, and I rejoined my fair companion on the higher ground.

When I had descanted on my delight in rural existence, with bright eyes to cheer it, at sufficient length to have enabled Zgoureff to pay his evening call, I pleaded hunger, and we returned to the house for supper. Repassing the byre I was strongly tempted to rush in, pistol in hand; but reflecting that Zgoureff might not have returned, and loath to risk the success of my maturer plan, I checked the impulse and went peacefully round to the front of the weird old eyrie on the best of terms with the young kestrel at my side.

By reason of the silent beldame, who being Daphne's mother must have been Zgoureff's mother also, I did not enjoy that evening meal. Glad as I was in one way of her company, and well as I augured from her fierce stares, the malignant triumph in the old lady's eyes almost made me nervous. Her son must have looked in on her *after* seeing Demetrios, I told myself, and was comforted with the thought.

Daphne, having in a perfunctory way attended to the wants of the injured man, informed me that her mother, who for all I ever knew may have been dumb, was about to retire for the night and would not go without her. Taking the welcome hint I bade her goodnight, and with mutual assurances of renewed friendship on the morrow, we parted at the door of the room which I was again to share with Demetrios.

The dragoman of the German Embassy greeted me with an oily smile, and began chattering about the surgeon who was to come on the morrow from Sarembey to set his leg. While making a few preparations for bed by the light of a petroleum lamp, I let him run on for a bit, and then checked him with the question—

"You have seen Zgoureff again?"

"Oh, sare, no; how I see a man far off. You funny joke, sare. All English gentlemens like the joke," was Demetrios' way of telling his latest lie.

I turned out the lamp without comment and flung myself noisily on the bed, but the next moment rose silently. I had taken off my coat and vest, and I placed them, together with my travelling ulster, and the red box, which had hitherto not left me all day, under the bed-clothes. With such material it was difficult to stimulate the curves of the human form, but I did the best I could, and then, revolver in hand, crept under the bed of Demetrios.

Demetrios had developed a new ailment—a bad cough in two short sharp barks, suggestive of a dog on chain. The coughs came at regular intervals of two minutes or so for the three hours I lay waiting, and then without any warning he got worse. He coughed four times in rapid succession.

The room had been in inky darkness when I extinguished the lamp, but the moon had risen since and the objects in the room were faintly discernible. The four coughs of the worthy Demetrios brought a new object into vision—the fezzed and rather portly figure of Zgoureff, tip-toeing from the doorway towards my bed. His hand clutched a dagger, as I had known it would after that confidence to Demetrios, and I rolled gently on to my side, covering him with my pistol. I was not going

to shoot him, unless he asked for it by showing fight, but I meant having the despatch.

And then, suddenly, just as I was about to call to him and "bail him up" while he poised his knife for the stroke —so suddenly that I could not interfere—a white-swathed form glided behind him. Another knife gleamed in the moonlight, and my would-be murderer fell dead on the dummy heap that represented his intended victim.

That passionate, half-bred girl, knowing her brother, had been watchful, and had acted according to her impulses. But as I went down the gorge in the morning to the railway, with the missing despatch, recovered from Zgoureff's breastpocket, restored to the red box, I thanked my stars that she had repelled me from the first.

How fared the wooing of Demetrios I never heard, but I have caught glimpses of him in Pera since, looking melancholy.

PERIL THREE WILL APPEAR NEXT MONTH.

CANADA.

ARISE and stretch thy sinews, thou young giant of the North ;
Arise and in the fulness of thy youthful strength come forth
And stand among the nations by the greatness of thy worth ;
Assume the place appointed unto thee !

On sloping hills and mountain sides thy forests broad unfold,
The waters of thy seas and streams their teeming myriads hold,
In fertile fields and valleys lies a store of wealth untold
To build the place appointed unto thee.

The billows of the trackless deep have known thy keels of yore,
As fav'ring winds thy many ships have sped from shore to shore
Deep laden with the increase that thy fields and forests bore,
To achieve the place appointed unto thee.

Let not a ruthless rival snatch the guerdon of thy toil ;
Hold fast to that which thou hast gained through blood and sweat and moil ;
Nor let a blighting jealousy thy high ambition foil
To gain the place appointed unto thee.

On far Atlantic's margin rests a nation strong and brave,
Whose triple-crosséd banner proudly floats o'er land and wave ;
Her sons with thine, when danger swells, will ready stand to save
And guard the place appointed unto thee.

Not always to the swift the race, nor battle to the strong,
Nor victor's wreath oft crown his brow who heeds the siren's song ;
Choose thou the path of righteousness, nor dally with the wrong,
To hold the place appointed unto thee.

Boston, Mass. *Herbert L. Manks.*

A Maid of Many Moods



By **Virna Sheard**

CHAPTER II.

DURING the days following Christmas, One Tree Inn was the scene of much festivity. It had always been a favoured spot with the young people from Stratford and Shottery. In spring they came trooping to Master Thornbury's meadow, bringing their flower-crowned queen and ribbon-decked Maypole. It was there they had their games of barley-break, blind-man's buff and the merry cushion dance during the long summer evenings; and when dusk fell they would stroll homeward through the dewy lanes sweet with flowering hedges, each one of them all carrying a posy from Deb Thornbury's garden—for where else grew such wondrous clove-pinks, ragged lady, lad's love, sweetwilliam and Queen Anne's lace, as there? Now these old playmates of Darby's came one by one to welcome him home and gaze at him in unembarrassed admiration.

Judith Shakespeare, who was a friend and gossip of Debora's, spent many evenings with them, and those who knew the little maid best, alone could say what that meant, for never was there a merrier lass, or one who had a prettier wit. To hear Judith enlarging upon her daily experiences with people and things, was to listen to thrilling tales, garnished and gilded in fanciful manner, till the commonplace became delightful, and life in Stratford town a thing to be desired above the simple passing of days in other places.

No trivial occurrence went by this little daughter of the great poet without making some vivid impression upon her mind, for she viewed the every-day world lying beside the peaceful Avon through the wonderful rose-coloured glasses of youth, and an imagination bequeathed to her direct from her father.

It was on an evening when Judith Shakespeare was with them and Deb was roasting chestnuts by the hearth, that they fell to talking of London, and the marvellous way people had of living there.

A sudden storm had blown up, flakes of frozen snow came whirling against the windows, beating a fairy rataplan on the frosted glass, while the heavy boughs of the old oak creaked and groaned in the wind. Darby and the two girls listened to the sounds without and drew their chairs nearer the fire with a sense of the warm comfort of the long cheery room. They chatted about the city and the pleasures and pastimes that held sway there, doings that seemed so extravagant to country-bred folk, and that often turned night into day, a day moreover not akin to any spent elsewhere on top of the earth.

"Dost sometimes act in the same play with my father, Darby, at the Globe Theatre?" asked Judith, after a pause in the conversation, and at a moment when the innkeeper had just left the room.

The girl was sitting in a chair whose oaken frame was black with age. Now she grasped the arms of it tightly, and Darby noted the beautiful form of her hands and the tapering delicate fingers; he saw also a nervous tremor go through them as she spoke.

"Oh! I would know somewhat of my father's life in London," continued Judith, "and of the people he meets there. He hath acquaintance with many gentlemen of the Queen's Court and Parliament, for he hath twice been bidden to play in Her Majesty's theatre in the palace at Greenwich. Yet of all those doings of his and of the nobles who make much of him he doth say so little, Darby."

Debora, who was standing by the high mantel, turned towards her brother expectantly. She said nothing, but her eyes—shadowy eyes of a blue that was not all blue, but had a glint of green about it—her eyes burned as though they held imprisoned a bit of living light, like the fire in an opal.

The young player smiled; he was looking intently into the glowing coals and for the instant his thoughts seemed far away from the tranquil home scene.

There was no pose of Darby's figure which was not graceful; he was always a picture even to those who knew him best, and it was to this unconscious grace probably more than actual talent that his measure of success upon the stage was due. Now as he leant forward, his elbow on his knee, his chin on his white, almost girlish hand, the burnished auburn love-locks shading his oval face, and matching in colour the long outward sweeping lashes of his eyes, Judith could not look away from him while she waited his tardy answer.

After a moment he came out of his brown study with a little start, and glanced over at her.

"Ah, Judith, an' the master will give you but scant information on those points, why should I give more? As for the playhouses where he is constantly, now peradventure he is fore-wearied of them when once at home, or," with a slight uplifting of his brows, "or else he think'th them no topics for a young maid," he ended somewhat priggishly.

"'Tis ever so!" Judith answered with impatience. "Thou wilt give a body no satisfaction either. Soul o' me! but men be all alike. If ever I have a husband—which heaven forbid!—I shall fare to London *four* times o' the year an' see for myself what it be like."

"I am going to London with Darby when he doth go back again," said Debora, speaking with quiet deliberation. Thornbury entered the room at the moment and heard what his daughter said. The man caught at the edge of the great-table by which he stood, as though needing to hold by it. He waited there, unheeded by the three around the hearth.

"Thou art joking, Deb," answered her brother after an astonished pause. "Egad! how could'st thou fare to London?"

"I' faith, how could I fare to London?" she said with spirit, mimicking his tone. "An' are there no maids in London then? An' there be not, my faith, t'were time they saw what one is like! Prithee, I have reason to believe I could pass a marvellous pleasant month there if all I hear be true. What say'th thou, Judith, to coming with me?"

"Why, sweetheart," answered the girl, rising, "for all I have protested, I would not go save my father took me. His word is my will always, know'st thou not so? An' if it be his pleasure that I go not to London—well then, I have no mind to go. That is just my thought of it. But," sighing a little, "thou art so different, so vastly different, Deb."

"Truly, yes," Debora answered. Then, flinging out her arms and tossing her head up with a quick, petulant gesture, "Oh, I wish, I wish ten thou-

sand-fold that I were a man and could be with thee, Darby. 'Tis so tame an' tantalizing to be but a maid, with this one to say, 'Thou can'st not go *there*,' an' that one to add, 'Alack! an' alack, however cam'st thou to fancy thou could'st do so? Beshrew me! but ladies never deport themselves in such an unmannerly fashion, no, nor even think on't. There is thy little beaten track all bordered with box, prim and precise, walk thou in it thankfully. Marry, an' thou must not gaze over the hedge neither!'"

A deep, sweet laugh followed her words as an echo, and a man tall and finely built came striding over from the door where he had been standing in shadow, an amused listener. He put his two hands on the girl's shoulders and looked down into the beautiful, rebellious face.

"Heigho, and heigho!" he said. "Just listen to this mutinous one, good Master Thornbury! Here is a whirlwind in petticoats equal to my pretty shrew who was so well tamed at the last. Marry, an' I could show them such a brilliant bit of acting at the new Globe—such tone! such intensity! 'twould surely inspire the Company and so lighten my work by a hundredfold. But, alas! while we have but lads to play the parts that maidens should take, acting is oft a very weariness and giveth one an ache o' the heart!"

"Thou would'st not have me upon the stage, father?" said Judith, looking at him.

The man smiled and shook his head slightly. Then his face grew suddenly grave and his hazel eyes narrowed.

"By all the gods—No!—not *thee* sweetheart. But," his voice changing, "but there are those I would. We must away, neighbour Thornbury. I am due in London shortly, and need the night's rest."

They pressed him to stay longer, but he would not tarry. So Judith tied on her hooded cloak, and many a warm good-bye was spoken.

The innkeeper, with Darby and Debora, stood on the threshold and watched the two take the road to Stratford; and the sky was pranked out with many a golden star, for the storm had blown over, and the night winds were at peace.

After they entered the house a silence settled over the little group. The child Dorian slept on the cushioned settle, for he was sorely spoilt by Debora, who would not have him go above stairs till she carried him up herself. The girl sat down beside him now and watched Darby, who was carving a strange head upon a stout bit of wood cut from the tree before the door.

"What art so busy over lad?" asked Thornbury. His voice trembled, and there was an unusual pallor over his face.

"'Tis but a bit of home I will take away with me, Dad. In one act of 'Romeo and Juliet,' the new play we are but rehearsing, I carry a little cane. I am a dashing fellow, one Mercutio. I would thou could'st see me. Well-a-day! I have just an odd fancy for this bit o' the old tree."

Debora rose and went over to her father. She laid one hand on his arm and patted it gently.

"I would go to London, Dad," she said coaxingly. "Nay, I must go to London, Dad. I pray thee put no stumbling blocks in the way o' it—but be kind as thou art always. See! an' thou dost let me away I will stay but a month, a short month—but four weeks—it doth seem shorter to say it so—an' then I'll fare home again swiftly an' bide in content. Oh! think of it, Dad! to go to London! It is to go where one can hear the heart of the whole world beat!"

The old man shook his head in feeble remonstrance.

"Thou wilt fare there an' thou hast the mind, Deb, but thou wilt never come back an' bide in peace at One Tree Inn."

The girl suddenly wound her arms about his neck and laid her cool sweet face against his. When she raised it, it glistened as though with tears.

"I will, Dad! I will, I will," she cried softly, then bent and caught little Dorian up and went swiftly out of the room.

CHAPTER III.

The house in London where Darby Thornbury lodged was on the southern side of the Thames in the neighbourhood of the theatres, a part of the city known as Bankside. The mistress of the house was one Dame Blossom, a wholesome looking woman who had passed her girlhood at Shottery, and remembered Darby and Debora when they were but babies. It was on this account, probably, that she gave to the young actor an amount of consideration and comfort he could not have found elsewhere in the whole of Southwark. When he returned from his holiday, bringing his sister with him, she welcomed them with a heartiness that lacked no tone of absolute sincerity.

The winter had broken when the two reached London; there was even a hint of Spring in the air, though it was but late February, and the whole world seemed to be waking after a long sleep. At least that was the way it felt to Debora Thornbury. For then began a life so rich in enjoyment, so varied and full of new delights that she sometimes, when brushing that heavy hair of hers before the little copper mirror in the high room that looked away to the river, paused as in a half dream, vaguely wondering if she were in reality the very maid who had lived so long and quietly at the old Inn away there in the pleasant Warwickshire country.

Her impulsive nature responded eagerly to the rapid flow of life in the great city, and she received each fresh impression with vivid interest and pleasure. There was a new sparkle in her changeful blue eyes, and the colour drifted in and out of her face with every passing emotion.

Darby also, it struck the girl, was quite different here in London. There was an undefined something about him, a certain assurance both of himself and the situation that she had never noticed before. Truly they had not seen anything of one another for the last two years, but he had not appeared changed when he came home at Christmas. A trifle more manly-looking perchance, and with a somewhat greater elegance of manner and speech, yet in verity the same Darby as of old; but here in the city it was not so, there was a dashing way about him now, a foppishness, an elaborate attention to every detail of fashion and custom that he had not burdened himself with at the little half-way house. The hours he kept moreover were very late and uncertain, and this sorely troubled his sister. Still each morning he spoke so freely of the many gentlemen he had been with the evening before—at the Tabard—or the Falcon—or even the Devil's Tavern near Temple Bar—where Debora had gazed open-eyed at the flaunting sign of St. Dunstan tweaking the devil by the nose—indeed, all these places he mentioned so entirely as a matter of course, that she soon ceased to worry over the hour he returned. The names of Marlowe and Richard Burbage, Beaumont, Fletcher, Lodge, Greene and even Dick Tarleton, became very familiar to her, beside those of many a lesser light who was wont to shine upon the boards. It seemed reasonable and fair that Darby should wish to pass as much time with reputable players as possible, and moreover he was often, he said, with Ned Shakespeare—who was playing at Blackfriars—and the girl knew that where *he* was, the master himself was most likely to be for shorter or longer time, for he ever shadowed his brother's life with loving care.

Through the day, when he was not at the theatre, Darby took his sister abroad to see the sights. The young actor was proud to be seen with her, and though he loved her for her own sweet sake, perhaps there was more than a trifle of vanity mixed with the pleasure he obtained from showing the city to one so easily charmed and entertained.

The whispered words of admiration

that he caught as Debora stood by his side here and there in the public gardens and places of amusement, were as honey to his taste. And it may be because they were acknowledged to be so strikingly alike that it tickled his fancy to have my lord this—and the French Count of that—the beaus and young bloods of the town who haunted the playhouses and therefore knew the actors well—plead with him, after having seen Debora once, to be allowed to pay her at least some slight attention and courtesy.

But Darby Thornbury knew his time and the men of it, and where his little sister was concerned his actions were cool and calculating to a degree.

He was careful to keep her away from those places where she would chance to meet and become acquainted with any of the players whom she knew so well by name, and this the girl thought passing strange. Furthermore, he would not take her to the theatres, though in truth she pleaded, argued, and finally lost her temper over it.

"Nay, Deb," said her brother loftily, "let me be the best judge of where I take thee and whom thou dost meet. I have not lived in London more than twice twelve months for naught. Thou, sweeting, art as fresh and dew-washed as the lilac bushes under Dad's window—and as green. Therefore, I pray thee allow me to decide these matters. Did I not take thee to Greenwich but yesterday to view the Queen's Plaisance, as the palace is rightly named? Egad, 'tis not every lass hath luck enow to see the very rooms Her Majesty hath graced! Marry no! Such tapestries! Such ancient portraits! Such chairs and tables set thick with mother o' pearl an' beaten silver! That feast of the eye should last thee a while, i' faith, an' save thy temper from going off at a tangent."

Debora lifted her straight brows by way of answer, and her red curved mouth set itself in a dangerously firm line; but Darby appeared not to notice these warning signals and continued in more masterful tone :—

"Moreover, I took thee to the Paris Gardens on a day when there was a passable show, and one 'twas possible for a maid to view, yet even then much against my will and judgment. I have taken thee to the notable churches and famous tombs. Thou hast seen the pike ponds and the park and palace of the Lord Bishop of Winchester! And further, thou hast walked with me again and again through Pimlico Garden when the very fashion of the city was abroad. Ah! and Nonsuch House! Hast forgotten Nonsuch House on London Bridge and how we climbed the gilded stairway and went up into the cupola for a fair outlook at the river? 'Tis a place to be remembered, in truth. Why, they brought it over from France piecemeal, so 'tis said, and put it together with great wooden pegs instead of nails. The city was sorely taxed for it all, doubtless." He waited half a moment, apparently for some response, but as none came, went on again :

"As for the shops and streets, thou know'st them by heart, for there has not been a day o' fog since we came to keep us in. Art not satisfied, sweet?"

"Nay then I am not!" she answered, with an impatient gesture. "Thou dost know mightily well 'tis the playhouses, the playhouses I would see!"

"'Fore Heaven now! Did a man ever listen to such childishness!" cried Darby. "And hast not seen them then?"

"Marry, no!" she exclaimed, her lovely face reddening.

"Now, by St. George! Then 'twas for naught I let thee gaze so long on 'The Swan,' and I would thou could'st just have seen thine eyes when they ran up the red flag with the swan broidered upon it. Ay! and also when their trumpeter blew that ear-splitting blast which is their barbarous unmannerly fashion of calling the masses in and announcing the play hath opened."

The girl made no reply, but beat a soft, quick tattoo with her little foot on the sanded floor.

After watching her in amused silence

Darby again returned to his tantalizing recital.

"And I pointed out, as we passed it, the 'Rose Theatre' where the Lord High Admiral's men have the boards. Fine gentlemen all, and hail-fellow-well-met with the Earl of Pembroke's players, though they care little for our Company. Since we have been giving Will Shakespeare's comedies, the run of luck hath been too much with us to make us vastly popular. Anon, I showed thee 'The Hope,' dost not remember the red-tiled roof of it? 'Tis a private theatre, an' marvellous comfortable, they tell me. An' thou has forgotten all *those*; thou surely canst bring to mind the morning we were in Shoreditch, how I stopped before 'The Fortune' and 'The Curtain' with thee? 'Tis an antiquated place 'The Curtain' but the playhouse where Master Shakespeare first appeared, and even now well patronized, for Ben Johnson's new comedy 'Every Man in his Humour' is running there to full houses, an' Dick Burbage himself hath the leading part."

He paused again, a merry light in his eyes and his lips twitching a little.

"Thou didst see 'The Globe' an' my memory fails me not, Deb? 'Tis our summer theatre—where I fain we could play all year round—but that is so far impossible as 'tis open to the sky, and a shower o' cold rain or an impromptu sprinkling of sleet on one, in critical moments of the play, hath disastrous effect. Come, thou surely has not forgotten 'The Globe,' where we of The Lord High Chamberlain's Company have so oft disported ourselves. Above the entrance there is the huge sign of Atlas carrying his load and beneath, the words in Latin, '*All the world acts a play.*'"

Debora tossed her head and caught her breath quickly. "My patience is gone with thee, since thou art minded to take me for a very fool, Darby Thornbury," she said with short cutting inflection. "Hearts mercy! 'Tis not the outside o' the playhouses I desire to see, as thou dost understand—'tis the inside—where Master Shakespeare is and the great Burbage, an' Kemp, an' all o' them. Be not so unkind to thy little sister. I would go in an' see the play—Marry an' amen! I am beside myself to go in with thee, Darby!"

The young actor frowned. "Nay then, Deb," he answered, "those ladies (an' I strain a point to call them so) who enter, are usually masked. I would not have thee of them. The play is but for men, like the bear-baiting and bull-baiting places.

"How can'st thou tell me such things," she cried, "an' so belittle the stage? Listen now! this did I hear thee saying over and over last night. So wonderful it was—and rarely, strangely beautiful—yet fearful—it chilled the blood o' my heart! Still I remembered."

Rising slowly the girl walked to the far end of the room with slow, pretty movement, then lifted her face, so like Darby's own—pausing as though she listened.

Her brother could only gaze at her as she stood thus, her plain grey gown lying in folds about her, the sun burnishing the red-gold of her hair; but when she began to speak he forgot all else and only for the moment heard Juliet—the very Juliet the world's poet must have dreamed of.

On and on she spoke with thrilling intensity. Her voice, in its full sweetness, never once failed or lost the words. It was the long soliloquy of the maid of Capulet in the potion scene. After she finished she stood quite still for a moment, then swayed a little and covered her face with her hands.

"It taketh my very life to speak the words so," she said slowly, "yet the wonder of them doth carry me away from myself. But," going over to Darby, "but, dear heart, how dost come thou art studying such a part? 'Tis just for the love of it surely!"

The young player rose and walked to the small, dim window. He stood there quite still and answered nothing.

Debora laid one firm, soft hand upon his and spoke, half coaxingly, half

diffidently, altogether as though touching some difficult question.

"Dost take the part o' Juliet, dear heart?"

"Ay!" he answered, with a short, hard laugh. "They have cast me for it, without my consent. At first I was given the lines of Mercutio, then, after all my labour over the character—an' I did not spare myself—was called on to give it up. There has been difficulty in finding a Juliet, for Cecil Davenant, who hath the sweetest voice for a girl's part of any o' us, fell suddenly ill. In an evil moment 'twas decided I might make shift to take the character, for none other in the Company com'th so near it in voice, they say, though Ned Shakespeare hath a pink and white face, comely enow for any girl. Beshrew me, sweetheart—but I loathe the taking of such parts. To succeed doth certainly bespeak some womanish beauty in one—to fail doth mar the play. At best I must be as the Master says, 'too young to be a man, too old to be a boy.' 'Tis but the third time I have essayed such a role, and 't shall be the last, I swear."

"I would I could take the part o' Juliet for thee, Darby," said the girl, softly patting the sleeve of his velvet tabard.

"Thou art a pretty comforter," he answered, pinching her ear lightly and trying to recover himself.

"'Twould suit thee bravely, Deb, yet I'd rather see thee busy over a love affair of thine own at home in Shottery. Ah, well! I'd best whistle 'Begone dull care,' for 'twill be a good week before we give the people the new play, though they clamour for it now. We are but rehearsing as yet, and 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' hath the boards."

"I would I could see the play if but for once," said Debora, clasping her hands about his arm. "Indeed," coaxingly, "thou could'st manage to take me an' thou did'st have the will."

Darby knit his brows and answered nothing, but the girl fancied he was turning something in his mind; and with a fair measure of wisdom for one so eager she forebore questioning him further, but glanced up in his face which was grave and unreadable.

Perchance when she had given up all hope of any favourable answer, he spoke.

"There is a way—though it pleases me not, Deb—whereby thou might be able to see the rehearsals at least. The Company assembles at nine of the morning, thou dost know, now I could take thee in earlier by an entrance I wot of, at Blackfriars, a little half-hidden doorway but seldom used—thence through my tiring-room—and so—and so—where dost think?"

"Nay! I know not," she exclaimed. "Where then, Darby?"

"To the Royal Box!" he answered. "'Tis fair above the stage, yet a little to the right. The curtains are always drawn closely there to save the tinselled velvet and cloth o' gold hangings with which 't hath lately been fitted. Now I will part these drapings ever so little, yet enough to give thee a full sweeping view o' the stage, an' if thou keep'st well to the back o' the box, Deb, thou wilt be as invisible to us as though Queen Mab had cast her charmed cloak about thee. Egad! there be men amongst the High Chamberlain's Players I would not have discover thee for many reasons, my little sister," he ended, watching her face.

For half a moment the girl's lips quivered, then her eyes gathered two great tears which rolled heavily down and lay glittering on her gray kirtle.

"'Tis ever like this with me!" she exclaimed, dashing her hand across her eyes, "whenever I get what I have longed and longed for. First com'th a ball i' my throat, then a queer trembling, an' I all but cry. 'Tis vastly silly is't not, but 'tis just by reason o' being a girl one doth act so, i' faith!" Then eagerly, "Thou would'st not fool me, Darby, or change thy mind? Thou art in earnest? Swear it! Cross thy heart!"

"Ay! I am in earnest," he replied, smiling; "in very truth thou shalt see thy brother turn love-sick maid and mince giddily about in petticoats. I

warrant thou'lt be poppy-red, though thou art hidden behind the gold curtains, just to hear the noble Romeo vow me such desperate lover's vows."

"By St. George, Deb! we have a Romeo who might turn any maid's heart and head. He is a handsome, admirable fellow, Sherwood, and hath a way with him most fascinating. He doth act even at rehearsals as though t'were all most deadly passionate reality, and this with only *me* for inspiration. I oft' fancy what 'twould be—his love-making—an' he had a proper Juliet—one such as thou would'st make, for instance."

"I will have eyes only for thee, Darby," answered Debora, softly, "but for thee, an', yes, for Master Will Shakespeare, should he be by."

"He is often about the theatre, sweet, but hath no part in this new play. No sooner hath he one written, than another is under his pen; and I am told that even now he hath been reading lines from a wonderful strange history concerning a Jew of Venice, to a party of his friends—Ben Jonson and Dick Burbage, and more than likely Lord Brooke, who gather nightly at 'The Mermaid,' where, thou dost remember, Master Shakespeare usually stays."

"I forget nothing thou dost tell me of him," said the girl, as she turned to leave the room. "O wilt take me with thee on the morrow, Darby? Wilt really take me? ——"

"On the morrow," he answered, watching her away.

To be Continued.

BALLAD.

AWAKE or ever the peepe o' day
I muse upon thy face;
And grieve, goode Sweete, that thou'rt away
And I alone in place.

The Robins chirpe the reddinge morne,
The Sunne shines bright and cleere,
And onely I am sad-forlorne
Because thou art not heere.

But maugre every slow-foot houre
Sure is my cheere to me—
I' faith, when's past this woful Stoure,
What will our Greetinge be!

A. B. deMille.

DANISH ITALIAN



SPANISH CANADIAN TURKISH
RUSSIAN NORWEGIAN

BRIDES

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited by Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

JUNE is known in many countries as the month for roses, strawberries and brides, and to-day a charming picture of some June brides of this and other lands greets you as you open these pages. Our own bonnie bride more than holds her own. As one looks into the future and remembers the different environments and conditions in which their lives will be passed, we cannot help feeling thankful that for the Canadian bride the way will be in many ways easier than theirs. Her pathway will probably be as bright and as happy as befits one of the fair daughters of our "Lady of the Sunshine."

JUNE BRIDES.

The first ten years seems a long period in the life of a child, to itself at least, and as with a child so with a society. Afterwards the years roll quickly by and do not seem to be, and indeed seldom are, as filled with rapid growth, changes and events as was the time of the first decade. The growth of an oak, for example, year by year is hardly perceptible—yet the first year's sprout from the acorn seems to make rapid progress.

TEN YEARS OF WOMAN'S WORK.

In touching briefly upon the life of some of the typical associations of women-workers during the past decade, there are certain points that are common to almost all of them that should be mentioned first. Most noticeable of these is the progress made among the workers themselves in the promotion of business-like methods, of system and order, and of the faculty of clearness and conciseness in public speech.

Another very noticeable feature of organized woman's work, during the last few years in particular, is the general trend towards consolidation in organization. Formerly a society for a certain purpose was organized in one city, and was carried on as a unit, having no communication with a similar society in a neighbouring town. Now this is all changed, and from the affiliation of the societies into a Provincial whole the spirit of federation has spread and the number of Dominion organizations is rapidly increasing.

A broader spirit of fellowship and unity in good works is now evident among all classes, and people who once thought they had nothing in common, are now finding themselves banded together to work for the general good, not giving up in any way their individuality, nor altering the aims and objects of their particular society, but carrying out the idea of unity without unnecessary uniformity. This is particularly noticeable in that federation of woman's societies of widely different names and objects, which, banded together as the National Council of Women of Canada, has proved that English-speaking Canadians and French-speaking Canadians, Jewesses, Roman Catholics and women of all the other churches, literary women, artistic women, home makers, young and old, may work together harmoniously.

In this short article only a very brief outline can be given of the growth and progress of a few typical societies.

Perhaps the largest and most widespread is the W.C.T.U. This society came into being in the summer of 1874, in Owen Sound. Gradually it grew until there were Provincial unions in each Province. In 1883 the Dominion union was formed in Montreal.

In 1890 there were 368 unions, with a membership of 9,040, while, by the last returns, there are now 497 unions, 11,011 members, and 2,092 honorary members. The juvenile temperance work has been a development of these years, and now there are 90 Youman's Band members, and 8,484 Juvenile Societies' members, or, a total membership of 21,677. The establishment of a Dominion Literature Depository, with a stock valued at $15,000, which annually publishes 250,000 leaflets, the semi-monthly publication of the Woman's Journal, edited by the Dominion President, Mrs. Rutherford; the increase of the "Departments" of work, from 24 to 57, each under the supervision of a specialist; the securing of the teaching of temperance in the public schools of the Dominion, and the introduction of the *Quarterly Temperance Leaflet* in the Sunday Schools, are a few of the many evidences of life and progress of this energetic association during the last decade.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society (Western Division) of the Presbyterian Church was formed a year after the W.C.T.U., and the next year saw the Eastern Division organized in Halifax; while the Montreal Woman's Foreign Missionary Society for the Province of Quebec, which is the connecting link between the others, was organized in 1881. All of these societies are organized on the same basis, each general society is divided into Presbyterial Societies, and these again are subdivided into Congregational Auxiliaries and Mission Bands. Ten years ago the larger of these societies —the Western Division—numbered 25 Presbyterial Societies, with 472 Auxiliaries, and 201 Mission Bands, the total membership of which was 15,951, with 472 life members, and 2,953 members of the general societies. At the same time the number of missionaries supported by the society in the foreign field was one in China, and twelve in India, not counting the wives of the missionaries, and the total contributions in cash were $40,362.33. At that time the President was Mrs. Ewart, who held that office from the beginning of the Society until her death.

The ten years that have since passed away shows a great increase and improvement in every respect. Now there are 27 Presbyterial Societies, with 666 Auxiliaries and 315 Mission Bands, in which the total membership is 17,799, with 1,186 life members, and 3,380 members of the general society. The number of missionaries supported in the foreign field has greatly increased, for in China there are four, and in India sixteen, besides eighteen wives of missionaries in these countries. The total contributions in cash, reported at the annual meeting just closed, was $45,000.32. An important addition to the usefulness of the society has been the establishment of the Ewart Training Home for Missionaries.

A younger sister Missionary Society is the Church of England Woman's Auxiliary which was established in Ottawa in 1884, and which is composed of a General Board, the Diocesan Boards of Huron, Algoma, Niagara, Toronto, Ontario, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, and a Central Board in Prince Edward's Island. Ten years ago there were 213 Senior Auxiliary and 82 Junior Branches, with about 10,000 members. Three lady missionaries, a medical missionary and several bible-women were supported, and the total cash contributions were $14,785.67. The returns for this the year of the triennial meeting of the Provincial Board are not yet complete, but in September last the number of Senior Auxiliaries was 426, Junior Branches 162, total membership 13,720, life members 242. Total contributions in cash, $39.051.99, with 13 missionaries in the field supported by the society. The work of the Woman's Missionary Societies of other churches would, doubtless, show equal progress.

The Nursing-at-Home Mission, in Toronto, was probably the pioneer of all district nursing work in Canada. This excellent work was begun in connection with the City Mission Union in 1890, which supplied, free of charge, the house, gas and water. Gradually, however, the Board of the Nursing-at-Home assumed all liabilities, and new premises were taken on Hayter Street which kind friends helped to furnish. In 1890 there was a trained nurse and four nurses in training. They had 252 patients and paid 4,735 visits. The contributions were $1,-109.90. There was a deficit of $41.75. In 1900 the Superintendent and nurses numbered eight, patients 591, visits 5,577, contributions $1,661.60, with a small surplus.

The Woman's Art Association, founded in 1890 in Toronto, has now branches in various parts of the Dominion, and has been very active in the promotion and encouragement of original art in Canada by means of Loan Exhibitions, Art Lectures, Open Studio days, Sketch Clubs, Handicraft Exhibitions and in many other ways. The membership is now over 700, and is rapidly increasing. The President and founder of the Society is Mrs. Dignam.

The Canadian Branch of the Order of the King's Own Daughters is exactly ten years old, although Circles were formed before 1891. The membership now is over six thousand, and the Circles are formed in all the Provinces. Its aims and purposes are the development of spiritual life and the stimulation of Christian activity, and several Homes and Hospitals for the needy have been built by the Order.

The Aberdeen Association is another nationally organized society that has been at work for ten years. The first branch was formed in Winnipeg by Lady Taylor, for the purpose of collecting literature and distributing it to settlers in sparsely settled districts. There are now sixteen branches in various parts of Canada and over twenty thousand parcels are now sent out annually to eight thousand people, among whom are miners, men in lumber camps, in sealing vessels, and in lighthouses, as well as the settlers on the prairies and in the distant places. Besides the pleasure given to the recipients by this literature, the donors agree to correspond with the readers twice a year, and most grateful letters are received in return.

The good work done by many rapidly growing and energetic societies that have a shorter history than the past ten years—such, for example, as the Woman's Historical Society, the Victorian Order of Nurses, the Daughters of the Empire, the Household Economic Association, the Leagues of School Art, the many associations for outdoor sports and the like must, at least, be mentioned in passing.

A small society which should grow in numbers, is "The Shut-in Society," which was organized in 1877 and reorganized in 1884. So far, I believe, only one branch exists in Canada, and that is in Montreal, but it has spread largely in the United States. As its name implies, its members are shut-in invalids, while the associate members are those who are in tender sympathy with the sick. The object of this society is to relieve the weariness of the sick room by sending and receiving letters and other tokens of remembrance, and to pray for one another daily at the twilight hour. A small magazine is published by the society and is called *The Open Window*. Mrs. Muir, 253 Bishop Street, Montreal, is Vice-President for Canada.

E. C.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

WHOEVER tries to follow events in China must have experienced the difficulty of carrying in mind the hyphenated names of the native actors in the drama that is there being unfolded. But it is really worth while to attempt to fix in the memory the names of Chang Chih Tung and Lin Kun-yi. They are the two Yang-tsze Viceroys who took it upon themselves to suppress the decree of the Empress-Dowager calling for a general massacre of Europeans, and thereby saved the foreigners from a massacre that would have increased the carnage in the recent disturbances five-fold. The responsibility they took was vital, for if the court had triumphed, even temporarily, the Viceroys would have paid for their heroism with their lives.

Fortunately for civilization and, as it turns out, for the integrity of China, the court party lost the trick and the heads of Chang Chih Tung and Lin Kun-yi have not dropped in the basket. They were apparently reserved for the performance of one of the highest services to their country, although in the course of doing it they have again been placed in ostensible opposition to the court. Under Russian pressure and the guidance of Russia's good friend, Li Hung Chang, the Emperor and his advisers were disposed to sign the treaty which it is believed would have virtually transferred Manchuria to Russia. Just at this juncture the two Yang-tsze Viceroys came out with a firm protest against the conclusion of any convention that looked to the alienation of any portion of the Chinese empire. It was soon found that the Viceroys had sounded a popular note, and the governors of provinces, with the sole exception of Li Hung Chang himself, hastened to support their fellow-governors in their protest. The court saw that it was a question between incurring the anger of Russia and running the risk of stirring up a popular uprising under capable leadership against a dynasty which was consenting to the dismemberment of the Empire. It ended by the Emperor refusing to sign the convention.

It is easy to perceive the predicament into which this episode throws Russia. The signing of the convention was unquestionably urged by secret threats that it would be worse for China if signature were refused. Li is known to have been using the argument that by giving up Manchuria China would gain a powerful friend who would back her up in preserving intact the remainder of China. The managers of the Russian case are now in the position of men whose bluff has been called, and who are not in a position to demonstrate that it was not a bluff. Overt acts against the integrity of Chinese territory could scarcely fail to challenge Japan, and even the fat and foolish China fowl would be an opponent to be reckoned with if leagued with the self-sufficient and bellicose Japanese game-cock. Japanese finances are not in the best position to sustain a big war, but Russian finance is equally if not more feeble. Moreover, the motives that urge the Japanese are, if possible, more powerful than those that actuate Russia. Forty million people have to find a livelihood on these comparatively small islands, not more than one-twelfth of the soil being arable. An overflow area must be found, and Korea has long been recognized as supplying the want. Japan will fight rather than see Korea pass under Russian control, or even be endangered through the presence of

Russia in Manchuria. One need only look at the map to realize the feelings of the Japanese.

Whether they can avoid the impending fate no matter what they do, may well be doubted. Russia does not feel the same need of expansion, but we may be sure that the strongest sentiment among her rulers is not to be shut out from access to the Pacific as she is shut out in Europe from free access to the Atlantic, and although foiled in getting documentary authority for intruding in Manchuria, she will remain there nevertheless. The Korean peninsula, the great harbour-bar of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, jutting out as it does and dividing the sea of Japan from the Yellow Sea, in the hands of Russia would be a position of immense advantage. How precarious would the position of any Power in China be compared with hers! Hers would be no mere outpost, dissevered from the heart and brain and muscles of the Empire, but an integral continuous part of it, which the whiskered Pandours and the fierce hussars of the Little Father could reach by railway without once leaving Russian soil.

Russia has some ominous problems to solve. At the very moment that she is railroading more troops into Manchuria, her peasantry in old Russia are gnawing bread made from the sweepings of factories, and even the resort to such expedients does not banish from the land the terrible spectre of famine with wholesale death in his wake. Even this scarce dare be whispered about lest Russia's foes should presume on it to balk her of the prize that seems just within her grasp. That the forces of reaction are strong within her borders just now is evidenced by the fact that the Czar has at length consented to the launching of the spiritual thunders of the church on Tolstoi. That this has been withheld so long is proof that even semi-oriental and wholly despotic Russia feels that it cannot entirely ignore the world's public opinion. It must have been irritating in the last degree, while the secular and spiritual arm was engaged in subduing the Doukhobors and other unorthodox sects, to have a voice like that of Tolstoi's heard in all lands, denouncing the proceedings. It was easy to persecute the dumb enthusiasts, although numbering thousands, who were addicted to the pestilent practice of thinking for themselves. But the one man upon whom the eyes of the civilized world were fixed refused to be silent. Here was a power before which even the god-like authority of a Czar seemed weak. For this brother of Christ death has no fears. Alive, he could not be induced to forego the speaking of his mind; buried or exiled it could still be said in scripture phrase "for he being dead yet speaketh." For he, not the Patriarch of Moscow, is the true Pontiff, with a pontificate that extends far beyond its borders. This power of intellect and conscience is not the same as that of which the dramatist makes Richelieu speak:



APRIL-FOOLING RUSSIA

—*The Minneapolis Journal*

"Then wakes the power which in the age of iron



A TOUCHING SCENE

—*The St. Paul Pioneer Press*

Burst forth to curb the great and raise the low,"

but it appears to be of like efficacy to make "monarchs tremble in their capitals."

In taking leave of the subject it is worth noting how clearly Li's treachery to his country is made manifest. Can he be credited with sincerity when he endeavours to persuade the court that the alienation of Manchuria is an advisable course in order to save the rest of China. He is too well acquainted with the situation to give him credit for speaking in ignorance. He knows that the acquisition by a European Power of any part of China would be a signal for a general scramble and for demands from Powers quite as able to enfore them as Russia is. Li has frequently been accused of being the paid agent of Russia. His present conduct would appear to support that view to the extent of a moral certainty.

The Duke of York has opened the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth amidst scenes of great enthusiasm. We can all say now with special significance "Advance, Australia." The heir-apparent is now getting a firmer idea than books could give him of the extent of the Empire over which, with continued life, he will one day govern. When he has visited Canada he will have seen those portions of his empire which, if Providence grants him length of days, will yet in actuality be the Greater Britain which it has been called. Greater Britain it is now in extent and potentialities. It will then be the Greater Britain in population, resources and wealth.

The seizure of Mr. O'Brien's paper *The Irish People* came rather as a surprise to us of this generation, to whom such events are a matter of history rather than of possible contemporary occurrence. It has been the custom to ignore the most virulent and violent of such attacks in the past. Even the most vicious and at times indelicate abuse of the late Queen was contemptuously ignored. The policy was a wise one, and it must be thought that the present departure from it is ill-advised. What will be accomplished? If let alone indecent journalism recoils on itself. Prosecution or persecution gives it an importance that it would never otherwise have had. If the article in question had been ignored it would never have been heard of outside of the small circle of readers which it may happen to have. The seizure of the paper has given the article a world-wide circulation.

And then the whole proceeding, besides being inexpedient is contrary to modern polity. The idea of police supervision of the press has too musty a flavour for this twentieth century. If the utterances of the paper are illegal, there are surely means of reaching it by the courts. We can never afford to be indifferent with respect to liberties that have been won. The police walk into a newspaper office to-day to close it up for offensive expressions against the king ; to-morrow it may be

in the interests of the king's ministers, or his master of the buckhounds or his barber. If such offences must be noticed let them be noticed in a way less repugnant to the spirit of the age. The seizure of the paper was ill-advised, impolitic, and in the best sense unconstitutional.

❧

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has been the most-talked-of man during the past month. Whatever Sir Michael's shortcomings may be he does not lack firmness—those who disagree with him would say obstinacy. Such a word can hardly be applied, however, to the course of a public man who deliberately adopts a specific policy and adheres to it in face of great pressure of various kinds. This arose chiefly in connection with the export duty of a shilling a ton on coal. The colliery-owners were of course undisguisedly hostile and their workmen even more so. In the coal districts the miners regulate their earnings by the profits of the master. Their expert leaders follow the market as closely as the owners themselves, and when times are good they endeavour to procure some share of the goodness for the men. The export duty, therefore, affected them equally with the masters. Sir Michael was called upon, therefore, to face the possibility of an extensive strike of miners, and in addition was threatened with the loss of a constituency, the representation of Monmouthshire, where the coal-mining interest is powerful, being at the moment vacant. He never flinched, however. Nor was he content to remain passively antagonistic, but met his opponents in the House with an amount of information and a wealth of argument that was decidedly disconcerting to the protesting interests. Sir Michael has proved that his firmness is based on accurate knowledge of the ground he holds. He has distinctly gone up a round or two on the political ladder.



SIR MICHAEL EDWARD HICKS-BEACH
Chancellor of the British Exchequer

A HUMMING-BIRD ON ITS NEST.

A TOM of swiftness chained to a great desire,
Palpitant motion patient as heaven above,
A jeweled tumult bodied in emerald fire
Breasting the hopes of love.

Heart a drop of energy moltenly hot,
Wings of the tiniest thrilling with wonder the air,
All bowed down in this infinitesimal spot,
Bowed in a bird's long prayer.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

MAKING ONE HUNDRED MAGAZINES.

By the Editor.

TO those who have been connected with THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE since its first issue in March, 1893, there comes much pleasure in the knowledge that this is the hundredth number. The way has been long and sometimes hard. The mariner, steering his craft among the rocks and shoals upon which are the whitening ribs of former vessels, cannot always be cheerful. So it was in the early days of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. So many periodicals had been wrecked in similar voyages that it was difficult at times to be buoyant. Yet, before the Magazine had published its fiftieth number, it was quite evident that the worst of the journey was over. The public had been convinced of the possibility of publishing a first-class magazine in Canada, and the leading Canadian writers had come forward with their best.

The idea of starting a national publication to be known as THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE emanated from Mr. J. Gordon Mowat, an experienced journalist. With the assistance of Mr. T. H. Best, who has been manager of the Magazine since its foundation, a company was formed and the necessary stock subscribed. The task was not easy; but patriotic and broad-minded citizens, anxious to encourage Canadian literature, and sympathetic with Mr. Mowat's patriotic ideals, signed the stock-book in sufficient numbers to justify the promoters in going on with the work.

In August, 1895, Mr. Mowat retired from the editorship owing to ill-health, and the present editor took up the work. No other change has occurred in the personnel of the management. No change was required in the policy. The Magazine has steadily followed the ideals set forth by its founder, and has attempted in so far as it might to serve the best interests of Canada and Canadian literature. Wherein it has fallen short, it has been because of human weakness. No man may look back upon his past without recognizing that he might have done better. So with THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE and those responsible for it. On the whole, however, there is much to be thankful for and much to gratify. The Magazine is now firmly established as the national publication.

Nor is this all to the credit of the management. The subscribers and advertisers who have given their support must share in whatever glory there may be in "something accomplished, something done" to the credit of Canada and Canadian literature. That the Magazine has attained its present proud position is most striking evidence of the growth of a Canadian national spirit. That it is as popular in British Columbia and Nova Scotia as in Ontario indicates that the work of "Confederation" is accomplished. Canada is no longer a collection of Provinces; we are a nation with national thoughts and national ambitions.

There have been difficulties, and to speak of these from the editorial standpoint may not be wholly uninteresting. The proper printing and illustrating of the Magazine has not been at all easy. The first style of type-letter adopted was too large and made an amateurish page. The cuts were not sufficiently "fine" for magazine work. The paper was not of the proper grade. The artists employed knew very little about magazine illustrating. After some experimenting, the present style of type for the body of the Magazine was adopted as giving the most words to

the page consistent with easy reading and pleasant appearance. Gradually the engravers learned to make "finer" half-tones, introducing 130, 150 and 175 line screens, and paying greater attention to the proper balance of light and shade in the reproduction. Canadian papermakers improved the quality of their paper and, when "the corner was turned," the Magazine was able to afford the luxury of coated paper without which the best half-tones are doomed to make dull uneven prints. The artists have gradually learned what is required of them, although there is still much to be accomplished in this connection. The improvement of the advertising pages, another continuous necessity, has required much study and the employment of several capable artists.

Another difficulty lay in the scarcity of suitable contributions. In the early days the writer with a name sent all his work to New York or London. The contributor with a bright bit of writing or a humorous sketch seldom thought of sending it to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. The voluntary contributors were mainly book-worms, philosophers and political writers. The work of getting contributors of bright stories, breezy description, light biography and sugar-coated comment upon events and affairs was not easy. The rate of pay was low and the writers scarce. But the rate of pay has increased and the writers have multiplied. To-day THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE has no equal in this country in the matter of remuneration or in the quality of its contents, nor is the progress at an end in regard to either feature of this superiority. To many prominent publicists and writers THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is under obligation for material and counsel given freely in the early days. Their names are to be found scattered through the indexes of the different volumes.

Another difficulty which THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE has encountered is that of getting the writer and the public to see that it purchases only Canadian rights. When a short story is sold in New York the writer is still free to sell the same story in London. Similarly when a short story or sketch is sold in Toronto, the author is at liberty to sell it in both New York and London for simultaneous publication. Because writers do not seem to be able to grasp this point there has been much misunderstanding. The writer who desires to make money out of his productions should make three copies of each story or article, one for the Canadian market, one for the United States market, and one for the English market. Each of these should be started on "the rounds" at the same time. The writer of English has this advantage over the writer of French, German or Russian: he has three markets open to him, whereas writers in other languages have but one.

Readers of Canadian magazines and periodicals have also failed to recognize this point. A bright Nova Scotian recently complained because "Mooswa," Mr. Fraser's celebrated animal story, had appeared serially in a Philadelphia weekly at the same time as in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. He did not desire to have two publications containing the same material, therefore he cancelled the Canadian. It never occurred to him to cancel the Philadelphia periodical; nor did it occur to him that a Canadian publication which had enterprise enough to purchase so valuable and so Canadian a work as "Mooswa" should be encouraged. Instead of congratulating the Canadian editor he thought it wiser to discourage him. When "The Battle of the Strong" was being started in "The Atlantic Monthly" we offered Mr. Gilbert Parker $500 for the Canadian serial rights. If the offer had been accepted instead of being rejected all the subscribers in this country to both periodicals might have cancelled their subscription to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE—were they similar in build to our friend the Nova-Scotian.

Under the circumstances it would seem lucky for us that Mr. Parker thought it well to refuse the offer.

The experience of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is that there are even greater obstacles to the growth of Canadian periodicals than the much-criticized indifference and cosmopolitanism of the Canadian people. Certain laws on the statute-books of the Dominion have favoured the United States periodical publisher. For example, if a Canadian publisher desires to import high-class paper from the United States to improve the excellence of his periodical he must pay 25 to 35 per cent. duty on this blank paper. If, however, this United States paper be printed and bound up into periodical form it comes in free of duty. Thus in competition with United States publishers we are handicapped to the extent of 25 to 35 per cent. in the matter of paper alone. Even if Canadian paper be used the price is 25 per cent. higher than the same grade in the United States. In addition there is a tax on ink, type and presses. The publishers of the "Ladies' Home Journal" may send 50,000 copies of their periodical to Toronto and have them distributed in Canada without the payment of a cent of duty. If a Canadian publisher imported the same amount of paper and printed it here, he would be charged $250 to $300 duty on such a shipment. In the same way Mr. Munsey may send in 50,000 copies of his magazine monthly without paying any duty. Each magazine weighs about a pound, and the paper is worth about 5 cents a pound. On this $2,500.00 worth of paper, if imported by a Canadian, the duty would be $625, a pretty heavy monthly tax on the Canadian publisher. This condition is one of the chief reasons why there are no ten-cent magazines in Canada.

There have been political troubles which may be touched but lightly. In sending in his weekly report a canvasser would say, "John Jones, K.C., cancels his subscription because the magazine is edited by a Liberal," or, "Mr. Smith declares he will not have the magazine in his house because the editor is a Conservative." The cases have been equal in number. There are quite a number of both Liberals and Conservatives who will not read this article because they have decided that the editor was a member of "the other party."

One incident in these political troubles necessitated the Editor sitting before the political head of the nation in a handsome room at Ottawa endeavouring to explain that he was not desirous of destroying the gentleman's political following or of discrediting him with the country.

After all, these are but the little mudholes on the smooth road of progress. They never could have affected the course of the Magazine unless the Directors of the Company had been hasty, which they never were. One "cancel" was usually followed by a hundred new subscriptions. A boy may stop a hole in a dyke with his finger, but laying the same finger on a rail to stop a steam-engine would have less effect. The Magazine has got up steam and the party-server may as well save his fingers.

Then there have been religious difficulties. A Catholic paper has declared the present Editor to be "animated by a malevolent antipathy to all things Catholic." A few weeks ago a gentleman cancelled his subscription because his wife declared that the Editor favoured the Catholics. A Presbyterian Minister preached a sermon on the foolishness and other virtues of the Editor. And so it goes on—and these little incidents properly described would fill a volume. People are rapidly learning that an editor knows neither politics nor religions.

Forgetting all the little difficulties which every individual and every en-

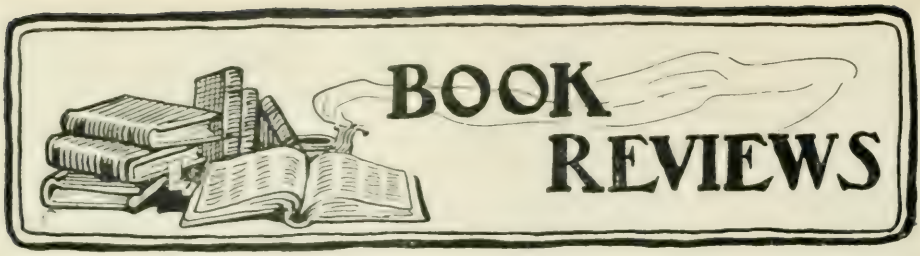
terprise must encounter, and looking back over this period of a hundred numbers, the view is most pleasant. So many good Canadians have said "God-speed;" so many editors of Canadian newspapers have persistently tried to make the national publication known and appreciated; so many writers have given of their best in counsel and creation that THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE might hold its own among the national periodicals of the world; so kindly has been the reception amongst all classes!

Our eyes are turned to the East. The rising sun of a second century of Canadian Magazines is colouring the new morning. We face it with hope and confidence. What work presents itself will be met with cheerful countenance and steady determination. The small part that we may play in national life we hope to play manfully, so that we may deserve the appreciation which the Canadian public bestows—grudgingly perhaps, but surely.

In the few short years given each in which to labour, to have contributed something to the moulding and developing of Canada's national life is sufficient reward for great men and therefore more than sufficient for those connected with this publication.

A CANADIAN MINT.

THE announcement that Hon. Mr. Fielding has perfected plans for the establishment of a Canadian mint will be received with general satisfaction throughout the Dominion. It is estimated that $75,000 a year will be needed to defray the expense, but that will be a trifle compared with the prestige of issuing Canadian gold coin and minting the silver and bronze currency required in our domestic trade. At present our currency is based on American gold, and our notes are redeemable in the coin of the republic. We have adopted, and wisely so, the American standard, and as a consequence it is impossible to redeem our notes except in American gold. The British sovereign is equal to $4.86 2-3 of American or Canadian money, and is in consequence not as well adapted as the American eagle for the purpose of a gold reserve against Canadian bank or Dominion notes redeemable on demand. To many Canadians the use of American gold has seemed to partake of the nature of dependence on a foreign country, and they will welcome the news that a mint will soon be turning out Canadian gold coin. The chief commercial opening for our gold coin will be in furnishing a reserve for the Dominion Government against the notes outstanding. The banks, too, will no doubt hold a part of their reserves in Canadian gold. . . After the openings for Canadian gold have been filled the mint will be used, as in Australia, for the coining of British sovereigns. . . There is a profit or seigniorage on the silver and bronze coinage, and it is now turned over by the British mint to the Canadian Government. The additional cost entailed in maintaining a Canadian branch will absorb this profit, but it will still figure in the accounts. A mint does not run day after day like a factory, but is one of the most spasmodic of public institutions. There will be much work, however, for the Canadian branch immediately after its establishment in transforming reserves into Canadian coin. The proposed purchasing assay office will be an important western adjunct of the mint. In buying the gold of the Yukon and other Canadian fields and paying for it in drafts on various commercial centres the Government may not be able to give any better terms than private financial corporations. But there is a confidence attaching to Governmental purchase that will never be felt toward private buyers. If the assay office should be run at a slight loss there would be compensation in the large volume of profitable trade secured by Canadian merchants, trade now lost to Seattle and San Francisco.—*Toronto Globe.*



IF "The Helmet of Navarre"* is Miss Bertha Runkle's first novel it is really a remarkable achievement. It is in the same class with Weyman's "A Gentleman of France," and if lacking in some of the finish and insight of that clever historical romance, it is not a whit behind it in dash and humour. One can readily understand how the story caught the fancy of the readers of a well-known periodical. The situation is well chosen : the army of Henry IV. is at the gates of Paris, and the King has reached the conclusion that "Paris is worth a mass." The League under the control of the Guises still controls the city, so that the Duke of St. Quenten and his son the Comte de Mar, who ally themselves with the King and remain in Paris, are in danger of assassination. Plots are hatched, and Mar ventures into the very palace of his enemies to woo the niece of the Prince. By that strange chance which turns up so often in romances, Mar has an opportunity to kill his enemy but refrains. What more natural than that he in turn should be spared in the hour of peril? All ends well, therefore, and a tale, which glows with feeling on every page, is brought to a happy conclusion. As an evidence of the dramatic art of its author the latter portion is even more vivacious and enthralling than the earlier. In truth it would be hard to name in current fiction a more delightful piece of work.

*The Helmet of Navarre. By Bertha Runkle. Toronto : The Copp, Clark Co.



NELL GWYNN
From the Painting by Sir Peter Lely

There is material for a good story in the Dutch people of New York when it was a colony under English rule, and Miss Clark has certainly utilized it.* Peggy Crewe, the wilful beauty of the town, commits a rash act when, disguising herself as a jockey, she rides her brother's horse in a race. This unmaidenly performance is shielded by her brother and her lover, Capt. Bellenden, who take her to the quiet home of the Dutch pastor, Domine Ryerssen, that she may recover of a sprained ankle. But the story gets out, and Peggy blames the Domine's beautiful daughter Annetje. The family and congregation of the pastor form the real material of the tale and an impressive picture we get of the rigid Puritanism of the people. A message from Annetje to Capt. Bellenden goes astray,

* God's Puppets. By Imogen Clark. Toronto : W. J. Gage & Co.



"SO YOU HAVE COME AT LAST TO TRY AGAIN, MR. BRYCE?"

Illustration from "The Crisis."

and from that simple incident flows a string of painful consequences—the Domine's unhappiness, a public affront offered to Annetje, and a deeper tragedy still. There is feeling and power in the telling, and some glimpses of the colonial society not lacking in vividness and humour. There is more than the framing of the plot to the credit of the clever authoress, for the chief characters stand out in bold relief and the period has evidently been made the subject of careful study.

For a concise and well-written biography of Queen Victoria commend us to that by Mr. Richard Holmes, the Librarian at Windsor Castle.* The Queen herself revised the portion relat-

* Life of Queen Victoria. By R. Holmes. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.



"THE ROCKET, MESSIEURS; LOOK AT THE ROCKET"
Illustration from "Pro Patria"

ing to her early life, so that it is accurate and authoritative. During her lifetime the book appeared as a sumptuous volume with expensive illustrations in colour, and at a price which removed it beyond that the average reader could afford to pay. It is now brought down to include the closing years of the reign, and the sad scenes of her death and funeral, and is issued at a moderate cost. For the school or domestic library it is an excellent edition, and may be ordered with the confidence that while more elaborate works on the subject will appear, none will surpass it in correctness, in comprehensive brevity and in insight.

It is quite a relief to turn to so gentle and wholesome a tale as "Uncle Terry,"* which centres round a girl rescued from a shipwreck by an old lighthouse-keeper on the Maine coast. The girl grows up a refined and lovable woman, and is wooed with almost idyllic tenderness by a young Boston lawyer. He has a sister, a girl of decision and character, who also has a lover. Upon the ultimately successful suits of the two wooers, and the simplicity of the old lighthouse-man, the tale is based, and without harrowing our feelings or mystifying our senses the author manages to be entertaining throughout the book.

No one will deny that there is satire, humour and considerable knowledge of life in "The Visits of Elizabeth."† Her letters are to her mother from the fashionable country houses in England and France where the lovely *ingenue* is supposed to stay. The moral state of the high society in which the girl finds herself is certainly alarming, and her assumption of complete innocence—"Don't you think so, mamma?"—imparts a sinister meaning to many transactions which might in themselves be perfectly proper. As to Elizabeth's mother, who does not summon her daughter home after the first few

* Uncle Terry. By Charles C. Munn. Toronto: McLeod & Allen.

† The Visits of Elizabeth. By Eleanor Glyn. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co.

letters, we really fear that the good lady herself has very lax notions on things in general. Someone has written a parody on this book entitled, "The Letters of Elizabeth's Mother," which, if they answer the girl's apparently naive questions, will soon find itself on the index expurgatorius. These revelations of the follies of aristocratic circles are usually written by persons who have never penetrated very far within the sacred enclosure, so that we may take comfort from this reflection in weighing the value of Elizabeth's testimony.

In a series of reprinted papers,* contributed originally to the New York *Post*, Mr. Mowbray makes a really enjoyable addition to current literature. A stockbroker's health breaks down, and he and his little boy bury themselves in a remote cottage in the country, and in a humorous, half-cynical, but perfectly natural vein he describes their experiences. There is nothing of the superior person with his nose in the air about our author. In studying nature there is no attempt to dose one with science. It was a happy time, with no mental cares, and almost from the first a keen zest for life. The experiences easily resolve themselves into a rustic idyll, with a maid as the central figure. For those who are weary of city life, brain-fagged, and despondent, a "journey to nature" like this spells contentment, health, and a wider knowledge. The book is one to take with you on a summer holiday.

There is an advantage to the commonplace mind in reading a Russian tale which reflects the English view of things Russian. The Russian author leaves too many small details unexplained. The foreign author makes the minutiæ clear, and the fascination of a novel as often depends upon the manner of the narrative as upon the plot itself. This is true of "On Peter's

*A Journey to Nature. By J. P. Mowbray. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.



IMOGEN CLARK
Author of "God's Puppets"

Island,"* which may or may not be an absolutely correct interpretation of Russian character, but is at all points an entertaining and in parts an absorbing tale. Two young men, an American and a German, are owners of an oil business near St. Petersburg. In their employ is a young Pole named Stanislaus Lubinski, who is in the pay of a rival concern to ruin them, and who dabbles in a Nihilist conspiracy. We are brought into contact with several exciting phases of Russian life, not the least so being the secret society and its betrayal by Lubinski, who is really as pretty a specimen of the villain as one would wish to know. Of course, he has a lovely and virtuous sister—strange how these good girls have such bad brothers!—and equally of course the hero of the tale loves and marries her. This, with the numerous murders, plots and deaths, provides lively material for the expectant reader.

"Mistress Nell,"† by George C. Hazelton, Jr., is a novel written from a successful play, thus reversing the usual order. A tale of Nell Gwynn must be interesting at all times when well done, as it is in this case.

* On Peter's Island. By Arthur and Mary Ropes. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

† Toronto: The Copp Clark Co.

IDLE MOMENTS

AN INTERRUPTED APOSTROPHE.

HO, ho! my lusty trout!
At last I've hauled you out!
Three times across your track
I cast my Spanish-Black;
Three times against the wind
I cast my Jenny-Lind;
Midge, Drake and Moth did duty,
To tempt my speckled beauty;
Alas, 'twas all in vain,
You passed them with disdain;
You would not sniff at those,
With piscatorial nose!
Preferring other bait,
For which you'd rather wait:
Thus, when my Hackle Brown
Came gently floating down
To join the swirling eddy,
Where you lay sly and ready
To curve your sinuous back,
Prepared for an attack,
That Hackle did the trick!
You rose and seized him quick.
—Nay, do not twist and squirm,
I hold you safe and firm—
Lor! how the boys will stare
At you, my bonnie fare!
Steady now,—be still,
My hook is in your gill.
You'll weigh, I trow, six pounds!
You'll measure twenty—zounds!
He's gone—oh! for my gaff!
Lor! how the boys will chaff!

J. Bernard Currie.

HAROLD AND HIS PAPA.

"Papa, when is sister going to be married?"

"On the sixteenth."

"Will she have a large wedding?"

"Yes, Harold, a very large wedding."

"Why does she want a large wedding?"

"For various reasons. One is because she will receive more presents, and another because it costs money."

"But she doesn't have to spend the money, does she?"

"Oh, no. That is exclusively your papa's privilege."

"Do you like to spend money on weddings, papa?"

"No, my son, I do not. I despise it."

"Then what makes you do it?"

"To keep up your mother's position in society."

"But haven't you a position in society, also?"

"No, Harold. I'm merely the business end."

"And would you care if mamma didn't have a position in society?"

"Yes, I would care a great deal."

"I am afraid I do not understand. You have to spend money to give mamma her position in society, don't you?"

"Yes."

"But you don't like to spend the money, yet you do like to give mamma her position in society."

"My boy, you should be careful in your use of terms. You asked me if I would care, not what I would like to do, and I said I would care."

"But why should you care?"

"Because I would rather work myself to death and give her what she wants than to do the other thing. There are worse things than death."

"Then you don't do it because you want to, but because it can't be helped?"

"You are a bright lad. You have guessed it."

"But where does sister come in?"

"She comes in the same category with your mother."

"What is a category?"

"Well, Harold, when two people of one's own family are in the same category, it means that they are united against you."

"But sister is going to be united to another man, isn't she?"

"The man thinks she is, but he will find out later that she is united against him."

"And are you in the same category with him?"

"Yes, Harold, he and I are in the same category with all the other men. Now run and play. Your papa must make some business calculations."—*Life.*

*The contributions to this Department are original unless credited to some other journal.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Brides must on their wedding day
Have for luck, the old folks say,
Something old and something new,
Something borrowed, something blue.

So, when fair Marguerite was led
Down the rose-strewn aisle to wed,
She had followed to the end
The rule that luck should her attend.

Borrowed blushes on her face
That the hue of love should grace,
Bridal trousseau very new,
The groom was old and she was blue.

—*Baltimore World.*

A DIPLOMAT'S TROUBLE.

Mr. Louis Voisson, who has been of benefit to the French Government by making a Burmese-French grammar, and who is well known in America through his many years as French Consul in Philadelphia, tells a most delightful story of how he and the King of Burmah became good chums.

The President of the French Republic ordered him to Burmah on a diplomatic mission. Mr. Voisson knew the Burmese language probably better than any other man not native born. He knew not only the high caste tongue, but the provincial dialects. He knew the customs of the Burmese common folk and of the royal palace. It was to the advantage of France that he should be *persona grata* at the Burmese court.

He strongly desired to make a good impression at his presentation. He knew King Thebaw was a merry monarch; a good fellow when once you pleased him, but rather tenacious of the etiquette of the ceremony due him from a foreigner.

Mr. Voisson, wishing to do the proper thing, and to do it according to the highest etiquette of the court, got one of the officials of the palace to show him how to dress according to the native way of presentation; the conventional dress suit was impossible during that scorching season, yet the white linen unofficial suit, that closely resembled pajamas, would be frowned upon.

The official gladly undertook the task, for Mr. Voisson was a most likable man. Both entered into the scheme with glee. The costume consisted of yards and yards of white silk wound around the body, clothing it perfectly, keeping it cool, and giving really graceful lines.

The silk was bought, the day of the presentation of the French representative came, and Mr. Voisson's servant, having been instructed by the official, wound the yards of silk around his master's body.

Unfortunately he did not know how to give the last final knot that kept the whole in place. He thought he did, however, and Mr. Voisson was taken to the palace wearing his unique costume.

All went well until he was before the King. Then the knot loosened itself. Mr. Voisson had been introduced; the King was making his speech of welcome—and Mr. Voisson knew that in another five minutes he would be disrobed. Even had there been a pin on the floor he could not, without a breach of the court etiquette, have stooped to pick it up.

His knees shook, and the trembling of his body did not assist in keeping the silk in place. He felt the inside swathings slip, slip, slip. He counted the seconds as he listened to the sonorous tones of King Thebaw's voice welcoming him to Burmah.

His brow dampened; he almost gave way to the desire to shriek aloud, and felt like a man with a tarantula crawling up his leg, and a pistol pointed at his face. He found grim endurance and silence his only hope. The look of agony in his face was noticed by the King.

He said, "The heat has overcome you," and finished the ceremony.

Mr. Voisson backed carefully out, taking every step as if he were treading on the proverbial eggshells. Outside the throne-room the silken swathings gave way entirely.

The next day Mr. Voisson told the entire story to the King, and it so tickled Thebaw's sense of humour that

the French representative found favour thereafter in his eyes above all other foreigners.—*Philadelphia Post.*

OUR EARLY DAYS.

It is a story that the Colonel, now dead, used to tell on himself with much enjoyment. When the 13th Hussars were stationed at Toronto, which was a good many years ago, there was given at the Rossin House a military dinner, at which the Colonel, then commanding a city regiment, was a guest, together with other militia officers and those of the Hussars. In civilian life he was a tinsmith, and it so happened that the next morning there was a job to be done out at the Fort, which required his personal attention. While engaged at his work he was approached by an officer, whom he recognized as a fellow guest of the night before.

"Good morning," said the Colonel. "How do you feel after last night?"

"Aw—good mawning—but I'm afraid I don't know you."

"Why, I met you at the Rossin House last night. I'm Blancke."

"What!" exclaimed the youth. "You're Colonel Blancke? A Colonel lawst night and a tinker this mawning!"

And the subaltern moved on.—*Toronto News.*

WONDERING WHY.

A man with a monkey and an organ with the asthma came down Wilton avenue one night after nickels, followed by a bunch of youngsters. One boy who wanted to see the monkey doff his cap and dance pulled his tail instead of giving him a copper. But the monkey turned around and bit him.

The boy looked at the bite, cried, and wondered why.

A little further up on Jarvis street a boy lit the wrong end of a giant cracker and lost his finger nail.

He looked at the place where the nail once was, cried, and wondered why.

Here's a parson busy stealing sermons and raising church debts, and the congregation are just as busy disappearing, melting, vanishing into air. And the parson looks at the dents in the pulpit, where he has hammered in truths with his fist, he looks at the empty seats, and wonders why.

Here's a lawyer with a brief bag yawning for a brief, and a gown whose owner is yawning for a case. His library is full of the latest law, and his sign is very attractive. He looks at the sign, at the empty brief bag, and the library of latest law, and watching all the clients going next door, wonders why.

The merchant watches his rival pull up on him, now neck and neck, now abreast, now forging ahead. He looks in his own store window, and sees it is just as attractive, his clerks are just as attentive. And as the trade flocks next door, he notes all this, and wonders why.

A clerk who has been in an office for years watches a new face come in, watches him advance by leaps and bounds; he looks at his writing, looks at his work, no neater, no better. He wonders why.

A man tells a story, a nice little story, but no one enjoys it. Another man tells the same story and everyone laughs. And the first man wonders why.

Why is that church parson raising debts and dinging the pulpit, when nature meant that he should raise crops and dinge the soil with his hoe?

He is monkeying with the wrong end of the monkey.

A good many of us are wondering why.

Perhaps we are monkeying with the wrong end of the monkey.

Nothing pulls a cork better than a corkscrew, and a corkscrew is no good for anything else.

Better be a good corkscrew than a poor auger.

Don't monkey with the wrong end of the monkey.—*Toronto Star.*



See p. 223

THE RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, G.C.B.

DIED JUNE 6th, 1891

THE

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THE DRAMA OF HIAWATHA, OR MANA-BOZHO.

AS PLAYED BY A BAND OF CANADIAN OJIBWAY INDIANS.

By Frank Veigh.

THE presentation of a drama dealing with Indian legendry and life, by Indian actors, in an open-air auditorium, with the sky for a roof and a real sea dotted with real islands, as a scenic setting, may be fitly regarded as a modern novelty. Such was the dramatization of the Song of Hiawatha, in seven scenes, played by a company of Ojibway Indians during August of 1900. So remarkable a theatrical performance, based upon so romantic a story, has probably never before been witnessed.

The amateur actors on the interesting occasion, seventy-five in number, were carefully chosen from the Shingwauk band of Ojibways residing on the Garden River Reserve, twenty miles south-east of Sault Ste. Marie, in the Province of Ontario. When Schoolcraft, the well-known authority on the red men of the west, married into the Ojibway tribe, choosing for his wife a daughter of the famous old chief Shingwauk, he gathered together the tales and legends of his new friends and in turn related them to Longfellow, who wove them into his matchless Song of Hiawatha. It is still a matter of doubt whether the poet actually visited the scene of his poetic drama, but the aged chief, Buk-wuj-jini-ni (a son of Shingwauk), who recently died, stoutly maintained that Longfellow had visited him in person and had heard from his own lips the stories that have been immortalized in the composition. The accuracy of the local colouring and the geographical references, as well as the correctness of the Indian names and words used in the poem, would seem to be almost incredible if the poet never saw the natural scenery he describes.

The idea of presenting the poem in dramatic form by a group of red men first occurred to Mr. L. O. Armstrong, the head of the colonization department of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and it materialized incidentally through a visit to Boston of Kabaosa, a leader among the Ojibways, and his nephew Wabonosa, on the occasion of the Sportsman's Exhibition held in that city in 1899. While there, the Indians were entertained by the daughters of Longfellow, who promised in return to visit their guests in their western home on Lake Huron. The presentation of the drama was therefore arranged for



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the benefit of the eastern visitors in the summer of 1900.

The scene of the play was among the hundred Desbarats Islands of the St. Mary River that line the Canadian shore of Lake Huron, near its extreme north-eastern end. Two miles from Desbarats station, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, Kensington Point juts into a beautiful sheet of water. Sheltered on three sides by the hills, it formed an amphitheatre of most ample area, which was wisely chosen as the great natural stage. A platform was erected, from the centre of which a towering red pine rose like a stately sentinel. On one side stood the conical skin tepee of the Dakota pattern, in which the Arrow-maker made his temporary home, and on the left a group of Ojibway tepees, together with the wigwam of old Nokomis, constituted a little Indian village. A fleet of bark canoes, afloat in the miniature bay, added further reality to the setting. The site thus selected was unique, it having been the playground of the Ojibways from time immemorial. As an old Indian said, "It is never too hot and never too cold in the islands. It never blows too hard for our canoes. There are plenty of berries and fish, and it is all good to look at." Bordered by the highlands of St. Joseph's Island on the west and the range of hills on the eastern mainland of Lake Huron, the Desbarats Islands may be aptly described, in the words of the poem, as the Isles of the Blessed.

The actors chosen from the tribe made a most picturesque group. The costumes were as historically correct as possible, being based upon Catlin's colour plates of Indian characters. The designing of the dresses and accessories, as indeed the stage management of the whole entertainment, was under the direction of Mr. Armstrong, aided by Mr. Francis West, a Boston artist, both of whom have long been students of Indian history and habits. The unsparing use of war paint by the actors, their highly-coloured garments, and their feathered head-dresses completed an attire that was effective. The Ojibway tongue was used by the participants in the play, but even that guttural speech was almost unnecessary, because of the vivedness of the pantomime. The accompanying music was also thoroughly Indian in its character, while the weird choruses were of themselves most impressive. One of the chief musicians was the red man Kabaosa, who assumed the character of Chibiabos, the sweet singer. Rebecca Kabaosa, the daughter of the chief, took the part of Minnehaha, and wore many rich ornaments. Among these was a necklace of historic wampum nearly two hundred years old, a valuable heirloom of the tribe.



NOKOMIS

The dramatis personæ was as follows :—

The youthful Hiawatha (at nine years of age)	Bungee Obtossaway.
Hiawatha in manhood	G. Kabaosa.
The Arrow-maker	Sa-ga-je-we-o-sa.
Pau-Puk-Keewis, the mischief-maker	Wabun.
Minnehaha	Rebecca Kabaoso.
Chibiabos, the sweet singer	W. Kabaosa.
Nokomis	M. Sagajeweosa.
Iagoo, the story-teller	Obtossoway.
Kwasind	Mudjekeewis.
Kahgegagahbowh	Shawondasee.
Wabeno	Wabun.
Kabibbonoka	Wabequokkose.

The audience occupied seats on the side of the hill overlooking the platform and the expanse of lake and island beyond. Among the interested spectators were eight direct descendants of Longfellow, including Miss Alice Longfellow and Mrs. J. G. Thorp, his daughters ; Mr. J. G. Thorp, the son-in-law, with three daughters and two grandsons in the persons of Richard Henry Dana, Jr., and Henry W. Longfellow Dana. Five of the Longfellow family were afterwards adopted into the tribe at a special council meeting held on the Reserve, the ceremo-

FULL CAST IN THE DRAMA OF HIAWATHA—AS PLAYED BY A BAND OF OJIBWAY INDIANS, NEAR SAULT STE. MARIE, AUGUST, 1903



OLD SOKOMIS IN HER SUMMER LODGE

nies being conducted by Chief Kabaosa, who proved to be an orator of no mean ability, and who apportioned to each of the candidates a name of honour as they one by one danced with the head man in the centre of the circle, while a company of Indians chanted incessantly. Miss Longfellow was given the name of O-dah-ne-waus-e-no-qua, meaning Leading Light, or the first flash of lightning preceding a storm. By a curious coincidence, shortly after her adoption was completed, the only severe thunderstorm of the season burst over the locality, and the lightning struck near the Longfellow Lodge. As the country is comparatively free from summer storms, this was regarded by the old Indians as a favourable omen, and materially increased the veneration with which they treated their pale-faced guests. Mrs. Thorp was christened "The Lady-of-the-Open-Plains." Mr. Thorp was changed into "The-Man-near-whom-it-is-Good-to-Live," and the two grandsons will hereafter be known as Wild Man and Rising Sun.

A lodge was erected on Longfellow Island, and the habitation received the name of Longfellow Lodge. It was built of moss-covered stones, and its interior furnishings were of birch bark, and over the window of the house were quotations from the poet's writings, burned into the wood. In acknowledging her admission into the tribe, Miss Longfellow replied in a speech that was fully equal to the unusual occasion, and also presented her hosts with a portrait of her father. Raising it aloft, a deputation of Indians vowed that they would ever care for it, and ever have the highest regard for the descendants of the great writer.

Intensely keen was the interest of the audience as the moment approached for the opening of the play on the 25th of August of 1900. The day was clear and bright, the sky cloudless, the wind refreshing in its coolness. Near the red pine tree a column of smoke ascended from a blazing pile of branches as a signal to the nations. The cur-

tain had been rung up; the play had begun. In response to the pillar of smoke, scores of dark faces, strikingly marked with three stripes of ochre across each cheek, appeared on the surrounding heights. It was the smoke of Gitche Manito, the Great Spirit, calling the tribes of the land together. "All the tribes beheld the signal," and with shrill war-whoops that echoed far away and over the hills, the red men of the play poured from their hiding places and rushed to the burning pyre. Each in complete war attire, and representing warriors of different tribes, the assembled company made a lively scene, as with frowning brows and eyes filled with hatred, they threatened one another with the primitive weapons they carried.

In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages.

Then Gitche Manito, stretching forth his right hand, spake to the gathered group, bade them listen to his words of wisdom and warning. "Why then will you hunt each other?" he asked,

All your danger is in discord,
Therefore be at peace henceforward.

So potent was the counsel of the Master of Life that the braves cast off their deerskin garments, threw away their weapons and leaped into the nearby lake, where the war paint was speedily washed from their bodies, the whole act ending with a dance of jubilation and smoking of the pipe of peace.

From the river came the warriors,
Clean and washed from all their war paint,
On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.
Gitche Manito the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children.
And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

A scene from Hiawatha's childhood was depicted in the second tableau, when as a youth he makes a display of his arrow-shooting, in which he has been assiduously trained. Behind him stood "the wrinkled old Nokomis," who reared the motherless child. When grown to boyhood, Iagoo, the great boaster, made a bow for the lad.

From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak bow made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deerskin.

With it Hiawatha brought low his



YOUNG HIAWATHA SHOOTING WITH BOW AND ARROW—NOKOMIS BEHIND HIM

first deer, the flesh being served up at a banquet when

All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
. . . .
He could shoot an arrow from him,
And run forward with such fleetness
That the arrow fell behind him!
Strong of arm was Hiawatha,
He could shoot ten arrows upward,
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
That the tenth had left the bow-string
Ere the first to earth had fallen!

In the woodland representation, the nine-year-old lad, who took the part of the young Hiawatha, so far filled the requirements of the character with his arrow-shooting as to win the hearty applause of the onlookers. The copper-tinted boy, naked to the waist, exhibited splendid muscular strength and litheness. The whole scene was simple in its rendition but peculiarly appealing from its very simplicity. An air of reality was given to it when Nokomis directed his movements, as his tutor, while Iagoo viewed with personal satisfaction the frequent hitting of the mark by the little red actor.

It only required the passing of a few years to change Hiawatha "out of childhood into manhood," to practically end his tutelage under his aged guardian, and to enter upon the voyage of life as his own pilot. Thus he made his first journey to the world beyond, to

The doorways of the West-wind,
At the portals of the Sunset,

and after adventures many and perils oft, he found his way homeward.

Only once he paused or halted,
Paused to purchase heads of arrows
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dakotahs.
. . . .
With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

In the succeeding scene, Hiawatha has returned from his initial journey and, by means of picture-writing on birch bark and carefully prepared skins, tells his friends at home of what befell him—of everything except the meeting with the dark-eyed maiden of the west. These pyrograph devices were most expressive to the mind of the native and equally remarkable in the amount of information contained in a single

HIAWATHA AND MINNEHAHA



"Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of basswood."



"Brought forth food and set before them."

figure or drawing. In the pictographs of the Sioux in Dakota, the history of the leading events of the tribe, covering a period of over fifty years, are shown in a number of similar markings.

In course of further time, a second journey was made by the love-smitten brave across the Big-Sea-Water to the tent of the Arrow-maker. All the time between, the young warrior had dreamed of "the handsomest of all the women" who had captured his heart. The third tableau in the quaint drama represented the lover at the door of the Dakota tepee, where sat the ancient maker of arrows. Minnehaha had been thinking "of a hunter from another tribe and country, young and tall, and very handsome," who one spring morning had appeared at her father's tented home. Would he come again for arrows? And the desire of her heart was answered by a rustling in the branches. Suddenly from out

the woodlands Hiawatha stood before them. Welcome was he made by Minnehaha, who, with true Indian hospitality,

Brought forth food and set before them,
.
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of basswood,

and Hiawatha, in character, supped from an actual basin of basswood as he kneeled at the feet of his dusky sweetheart.

So he won the Arrow-maker's daughter, despite the advice of Nokomis to wed a maiden of his own people. "Hand-in-hand they went together" on their journey toward the east, amid the congratulations of singing birds and the smiles of a sympathetic nature, "to the lodge of old Nokomis," to the land of the Ojibways.

The wooing of the maiden was replete with quaintness and wild life, and constituted a beautiful representation of that attractive portion of the poem. The charm and modesty of the Chief's daughter equally fulfilled the exacting demands of the character of Minnehaha.

A wedding naturally followed the wooing, in connection with which a number of picturesque Indian dances were given by the company. The first was the wedding dance itself, in which an Indian woman guarded, with the help of a menacing tomahawk, a circle of Indian girls from the wife-seeking young warriors who watched for a chance to steal a maiden for life. Notwithstanding the supposedly keen oversight of the wrinkled chaperone, and an occasional blow to an intruder, the girls disappeared one by one. Thus love laughs at hinderers, even in an Ojibway play!

In the deer dance, which foretold a life of peace for bride and groom, the participants held their arms aloft as if they were antlers, never failing even in such a constrained position to keep correct time with chant and drum, and to the further accompaniment of what might be termed an Indian hornpipe.

The snake dance was next given in order to appease the evil spirits, followed by the beggar's dance, rendered by Pau-Puk-Keewis, at the request of Nokomis:

O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the beggar's dance to please us,
That the feast may be more joyous.

Then the merry mischief-maker, whom all the women loved for his manly beauty, rose to the sound of flutes and singing and executed the movements with whole-hearted vim. The dance was an amusing exhibition of muscular agility and physical pranks in which the performer proclaimed himself the most active man in the tribe.

The gambling dance concluded this part of the programme. A small stone was hidden under a moccasin and valuable Indian properties were put up as stakes, the players representing tribe against tribe or family against family. Leaders were chosen from the opposing sides. The whole proceeding was eagerly watched by the Indians, who danced round and round with a shuffling rhythm to the vibrating music of the drums. As the dance proceeded, the drums were beaten more violently and the excitement deepened to such an extent that the actors could scarcely be induced to stop what was to them a real experience, the Ojibways being inveterate gamblers by nature, as indeed are all red men. Pau-Puk-Keewis was the chief figure in this dance and was finally matched against Iagoo, but the former won everything from the celebrated Story-Teller and had his winnings carried in state to the lodge of Hiawatha. But it was silent and deserted, for the hero-god had departed on still another journey. As an insult to its master, the envious Pau-Puk-Keewis strangled the king of ravens and left its lifeless body hanging from the ridgepole of Hiawatha's wigwam. Entering the lodge, he piled the household goods in wild confusion and thus proved his title of the Mischief-maker. The final revenge of Hiawatha on Pau-Puk-Keewis was not included in the tableaux.

A missionary scene followed, the chief part being acceptably filled by the Rev. Mr. Frost, the Church of England missionary to the Ojibways. As the dances were being concluded, a birch bark canoe appeared from beyond the Women-Face Islands, whereupon a score of Indians hurried to the shore and gave the white man welcome, and he addressed the tribe in their own tongue. His was "the white man's foot" of the poem, representative of the strange people who, "with faces painted white, sailed in great canoes with pinions." "What lies you tell us!" greeted Iagoo's tales of the pale faces. Only Hiawatha laughed not. He knew it was all true, he had seen it all in vision. He had dreamed of the coming of this bearded people

From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Waburn;

He knew that where the fields of clover appeared, there

Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the white man's foot in blossom.

Thus he counselled that the strange men be hailed as friends and brothers; that the heart's right-hand of friendship be given them. He too dreamed of the distant days when he



WEDDING FEAST—PAU-PUK-KEEWIS IN THE BEGGAR'S DANCE

Beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosom.

Gradually this vision melted into a drearier, darker one, for he

Beheld our nations scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other;
Saw the remnants of our people



WEDDING FEAST—THE SNAKE DANCE

Sweeping westward, wild and woeful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn!

The final departure of Hiawatha was a fitting climax to the drama. No limited stage area was at their command; no artificial waters to carry a stage-property boat, no painted curtain to represent nature. The forest provided a theatre, the heavens formed roof and curtains, and away and beyond stretched the green-clad islands, breaking the sea of silver into channels of beauty in wonderful perspective.



WEDDING FEAST—THE GAMBLING DANCE

The impressive peace of a region not populated by man reigned over isle and lake as Hiawatha addressed his listeners with the natural eloquence of his race, telling them of the great journey before him

To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind.
.
Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men.

Every auditor was breathless as, with long strides, Hiawatha passed down the sloping bank to the water's edge where floated his wonderful canoe—for "all the forest's life was in it,"

And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

Standing erect in the graceful craft, with the uplifted paddle in one hand and the other waving adieu, the canoe sailed away swiftly and mysteriously without the aid of oar or paddle.

Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapours,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seem lifted
High into that sea of splendour,
Till it sank into the vapours
Like the new moon, slowly, slowly,
Sinking in the purple distance.



PAU-PUK-KEEWIS' VISIT TO HIAWATHA'S TENT AFTER WINNING AT THE GAMBLING DANCE

As the stalwart form faded away, in a literal sunset glow, his comrades on the shore responded in weird chants that strangely affected every listener. Fainter and fainter grew the song from the solitary occupant of the receding boat, wider and wider grew the gulf between. Even the waves upon the margin sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the beloved,
In the glory of the Sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the homewind,
Of the Northwest wind Keeway-
din,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

And here we drop the curtain, as the Canadian Ojibways did over the thrilling scenes enacted by these dusky children of nature, amid the blessed islands that adorn the silver sea of Huron.



HIAWATHA DEPARTS TO THE PORTALS OF THE WEST

THE WILD HEART IN MAN.

By John Lewis.

MAN is generally recognized to be an animal, but a tame animal, and provision is duly made for his wants as such. Thoroughly tamed, silk-hatted, frock-coated and demure, this creature appears to be the triumph of civilization. Swallow-tail-coated, he sits down to a banquet of sixteen courses; and being thus reduced to a condition of helpless immobility, he becomes the unresisting victim of the after-dinner speaker with his arsenal of platitudes, statistics and obvious jokes. But occasionally civilization is rendered uneasy by some evidence that lawless thoughts are circulating under that glossy hat, that a wild heart is beating under the broadcloth. He attends prize-fights; he yells himself hoarse on election night; he is found surreptitiously reading "Tom Sawyer." When summer comes he flings away the black coat and the stiffened shirt with shouts of joy and betakes himself to the woods, where he dresses like a navvy and lives like an Indian. He is a wild man, and his wildness does not appear to diminish with the advance of civilization. The question is whether he is to be further tamed, or whether new avenues are to be found for his wildness.

Many well-meaning persons hold the former opinion. They appear to identify tameness with goodness, or at least with safety. Robinson Crusoe's father was quite unable to understand why his son should want to wander about the world instead of becoming an attorney, building up a nice business and dying comfortably in bed. Mrs. Molesworth's excellent books are filled with unfortunates who are badgered by their elders because they are "not like other children," but think or act in some unconventional way. I have spoken of these inquisitors as well-meaning, but there is a certain tyranny in their attitude—a certain jealousy of thoughts and feelings which they are unable to follow. The young swan in Hans Andersen's beautiful story is an "ugly duckling" to the waddling and pecking denizens of the barnyard. Even those who are indulgent to the vagaries of youth fall into the error of identifying wildness with folly or vice. They smile at "youthful folly," and they talk of the necessity or inevitableness of "sowing wild oats," by which they mean dwelling for a time in a country which is the borderland of crime. "He led a wild life" usually means a vicious life. The trouble is that the "wildness" departs with youth, but the vice sometimes remains, and very sordid, dreary and revolting are the broken meats of that banquet.

But there is an innocent, natural and healthy wildness. In the period of childhood it is beautifully described by Wordsworth: "Loving she is, and tractable though wild," he says in his characteristics of a child three years old, and in that great ode, "Intimations of immortality from recollections of early childhood," he regards the fancies of childhood not with mere indulgence, but with reverence:

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy,
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy.
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.
At length the man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day.

I take the next instance from "Tom Sawyer," without fear of stepping from the sublime to the ridiculous, because there are few books which give a bet-

ter insight into the innocent wildness of the boyish heart. Tom Sawyer has organized a gang of robbers, with a cave, and Huck Finn, the vagabond boy who sleeps in hogsheads, is to be a distinguished member of the organization. They fall into a little fortune, and poor Huck is compelled to live a life of painful respectability. He complains, "No, Tom, I won't be rich, and I won't live in them cussed smothery houses; I like the woods, and the river, and hogsheads; I'll stick to 'em, too. Blame it all! just as we'd got guns, and a cave, and all just fixed to rob, here this dern foolishness has got to come and spile it all." Though Huck is charmed with the supposed romance of the robber's life, one can see that he has an honest heart. He is free from the avarice which is the real root of dishonesty, and he regards money and all it can purchase as nuisances.

Wherever we turn, we find evidences that wildness is part of the scheme of the universe. The wild streak in man is as natural as the storm, the wild sky, the wild sea. There is no better sign of the times than the growing sympathy with wild animals shown in such writings as those of John Burroughs, Kipling, and our own Ernest Seton-Thompson, W. A. Fraser, Roberts and "The Khan." We are beginning to see the wild animal in another light than as a creature to be cooked, stuffed, or put in a cage. In this humane age there are frequent protests against the wanton destruction of wild life; but perhaps even more cruel than the destruction of wild life is captivity. The caged eagle, the squirrel working its treadmill, the restless pacing of the wild beast from side to side of its prison cell, are very melancholy spectacles. It is good to see the camera taking the place of the gun, and a growing disposition to enjoy the sight of the creatures living their own wild, free lives. As for man, the problem is not to crush out the wild streak in him, but to provide for its free and beneficent growth. There is the occasional flight to the woods; there is romance; there is music, which perhaps more than any other art gives expression to that which the "wild-hearted man" feels but cannot put into words. "Bohemianism," has sometimes got a bad name through being identified with dissipation or affectation. But Bohemianism, as the expression of the desire to break away from meaningless conventions and to live one's own life, is natural, healthy and beneficial. War cannot be regarded as a legitimate or necessary channel for the development of the wild side of man, though an eminent writer has attributed the love of war to a "satiety of civilization." Nor should we identify wildness with the indulgence of such passions as hatred or destructiveness. The love of strife is perhaps as deeply ingrained in man as the love of wildness, but that is another subject.

SUNSET AT CHAMBLY.

THE West is wide with lurid flame that lays
Across the Lake and lights the watching East:
It seems to shadow all earth's tranquil ways
With ill forebodings—woe to man and beast.
The sun is still unset but lost in depth
Of lowering clouds, of deepest, darkest red,
That take weird form, dread Furies fraught with fire,
Holding the secrets of the live and dead.
All earth waits silent, wrapt in strange affright—
When lo! creeps down the quiet, star-lit night.

May Austin Low.



HON. DONALD FARQUHARSON

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

XXV.—HON. DONALD FARQUHARSON, PREMIER OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND has come to the fore during the past few months, owing to its success in having secured a fresh subsidy from the Dominion Government. Two men are credited with this excellent work on behalf of the little Island Province with its hundred odd thousand inhabitants. These two men are Sir Louis Davies, the only Prince Edward Islander in the Ottawa Cabinet, and the Hon. Donald Farquharson, Premier of the Island Legislature. It is with the career of the latter that this short sketch will deal. Some claim that Mr. Farquharson has reaped what his predecessor sowed, inasmuch as the provincial-premier's combination was made before Mr. Farquharson became premier.

Prince Edward Island did not enter Confederation with the four larger provinces in 1867. It was seven years later before the inhabitants of the island could be persuaded that their best interests would be served by confederation. The $30,000 subsidy which has just been granted is a payment for non-fulfilment of the terms of the union as to continuous communication between the Province and the mainland. In the winter-time ice-breaking vessels have to be used, and since 1873 the service has occasionally been interrupted for lack of sturdy boats. The revenue of the Province was only $282,678 in 1899, so this $30,000 will be quite an addition. The Dominion subsidy is thus increased to about

$210,000 a year, or nearly $2 a head for each inhabitant.

Premier Farquharson was born on a farm in Queen's County, on July 27th, 1834. After a course in the provincial Central Academy he began his career as a teacher in a public school—the first step on the upward ladder for so many of our public men. He afterwards chose a mercantile life and by his thrift and foresight established an excellent business at West River, six miles from Charlottetown, eventually moving to the city, but still retaining the goodwill and trade of his former customers. At Charlottetown his business continued to increase, so that now he has an extensive wholesale trade. He is also interested in many financial affairs and is the owner or part owner of several steamships.

In 1876 Mr. Farquharson was first returned to the Legislature as Liberal member for West River District, then his home. Ever since that date he has continued to represent the same district, the confidence of the people never having been removed from him whether the Liberal party or the Conservative party was predominant in a general way. Two years after entering the Legislature Mr. Farquharson became a member of the Council of the then Liberal Government. The following year that Government was defeated and the Conservatives were in power until 1891. On the formation of a Liberal Government he was again called to the Council without portfolio. During most of this time the Honourable Fred Peters was predominant in Mr. Farquharson's party. After Mr. Peters' retirement from politics the Hon. A. B. Warburton became Premier. Mr. Warburton was elevated to the Bench in 1898 and Mr. Farquharson succeeded. It will thus be seen that the present Premier has served his time and won his way to power and prominence gradually and by fair service. In 1900 he appealed to the electors and the Government was returned with a good majority. He had as his assistants in the Cabinet, Hon. Angus MacMillan, Provincial Secretary-Treasurer; Hon. Jas. R. McLean, Commissioner Public Works; Hon. D. A. McKinnon, Attorney-General, besides other members without portfolio. Hon. S. E. Reid, of Tryon, is Speaker of the House, and Hon. Daniel Gordon, of Georgetown, is Leader of the Opposition. In the Legislature there are thirty members, twenty-three of whom are supporters of Mr. Farquharson, while seven Conservatives form His Majesty's Loyal Opposition. Out of the thirty members in the House seven are Roman Catholics.

In this Province there were two Legislative Chambers until January, 1894, when they were merged into one —the object of the change being to lesson the cost of legislation. The arrangement being peculiar is thus explained in the Statistical Year Book of 1895:

"Under the old law there were two Houses: One called the Legislative Council, and the other the House of Assembly. The Legislative Council consisted of thirteen members elected from certain large constituencies. The House of Assembly consisted of thirty members elected from smaller constituencies. The Legislative Councillors were elected by voters, who owned freehold or leasehold property to the value of $324. The members of the House of Assembly were elected practically by manhood suffrage, that is to say, there were a number of qualifications for the electors, such as property, occupation of land, and performance of statute labour, and, taken all together, they practically amounted to manhood suffrage.

"The purpose of the change made by the statute passed in 1893 was to amalgamate the two Houses, and there is now one House called the Legislative Assembly consisting of thirty members. These thirty members were returned for fifteen constituencies, each constituency returning two members. One of these members, who is called a Councillor, is returned by the votes of men who own property, freehold or leasehold, to the value of $324, which is the same qualification as that for a member of the old Legislative Council. The other member called an Assemblyman, is elected by the general vote, the same men being able to vote for him as under the old law could vote for a member of the House of Assembly. After they are elected, both Councillor and Assemblyman stand in the same position. They have the same voting power, and the effect of this is to make simply an amalgamation of the two Houses. The protection supposed to be given to property holders by the Legislative Council still exists."

Mr. Farquharson's greatest impending task is that of enforcing the prohibition law passed recently. Since 1880, there has been practical prohibition of the sale of liquor in every part of the Island with the exception of Charlottetown, each of the three counties having adopted the "Canada Temperance Act" by that date. Even Charlottetown was under that law for some years. Now the Government will attempt to enforce a provincial Act which prohibits the sale of liquor anywhere. It does not prohibit the importation of liquor into the Island, as the provincial Legislature has not that power. The main object of the law is to suppress the retail traffic. There is a $100 fine for a first offence, a $200 fine for a second offence, and imprisonment for default or for a third offence.

Premier Farquharson is a total abstainer himself, and is anxious to enforce this law, which came into force on June 5th. However, the thirty sellers of liquor and the thousands of drinkers in Charlottetown are offering considerable opposition. Public dislike of public liquor-drinking is growing, but it has not yet reached the point where a prohibitory law can be easily enforced. Premier Farquharson has thus a trying task in front of him. He has stated publicly that his Government has prepared all the necessary machinery, and will enforce the law. He claims, and justly, that it would be childish to pass a law and make no effort to enforce it. The majesty of the law is at stake, and no doubt it will be maintained in its ancient glory.

Mr. Farquharson has a fine physique. He stands about six feet high, is of solid build and fair complexion. He has lived a stirring life in its way, and this, with his peculiar nervous temperament, is beginning to write the lines of age across his face. Nevertheless, should he succeed Sir Louis Davies as Minister of Marine and Fisheries, when that gentleman goes upon the Bench, the people of Canada will find him able and aggressive.

Premier Farquharson is a strong patriot, with unbounded confidence in the future of Canada. When the Empire needed troops for South Africa, Prince Edward Island responded in unison with the other Provinces. She had no difficulty in making up her quota. Mr. Farquharson's Government granted each volunteer $20 in gold before leaving, and Mr. Farquharson personally presented each volunteer with this memento. At a grand banquet given on the return of the troops, he was one of the chief speakers and spoke strongly of his pride in their brave and unsullied record.

Annie E. Mellish.

TWO BEGGARS.

OUT of the future, pale and cold,
There comes a shape that begs for gold;
Out of the past and vanished years,
There comes a phantom that pleads for tears.

Here are my two hands heaped with gold
To shield mine age from hunger and cold;
But where is the cup to contain the tears,
To wash regret from the vanished years?

Ethelwyn Wetherald

SIR JOHN MACDONALD AND CONFEDERATION.

A Speech Delivered in February, 1865.

Confederation is the great event in the history of Canada. During the early decades of the century, far-seeing patriots pointed out that Canada was too small a colony to compete with the adverse circumstances of her situation, but that all the North American Colonies of the British Crown should be united for defence and mutual benefit. Lord Durham—whom Canada should ever revere—ably advocated the scheme. Chief Justice Sewell, Joseph Howe, Alexander Galt, and others of the middle decades, also pointed out the advantages of Confederation. In the autumn of 1864, thirty-three good men and true met at Quebec and passed seventy-two resolutions which were afterwards worked out into the "British North America Act"—the basis of our constitution. The Dominion of Canada was born on July 1st, 1867.

The Quebec Conference was held in 1864. In February of the following year, the proposed union was discussed in the Parliament of Canada. Sir E. P. Taché moved a series of resolutions in the Legislative Council, while Attorney-General Macdonald (afterwards Sir John) moved a resolution in the Legislative Assembly. This resolution runs thus: "That an humble address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that she may be graciously pleased to cause a measure to be submitted to the Imperial Parliament, for the purpose of uniting the Colonies of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island in one Government, with provisions based on certain Resolutions, which were adopted at a Conference of Delegates from the said Colonies, held at the City of Quebec, on the 10th of October, 1864." In moving this resolution, Mr. Macdonald made what is possibly his most famous speech. The introductory part of it, here reprinted verbatim from the official report, will give a fairly accurate idea of the prescience of the speaker and the simple vigour of his forensic eloquence.

MR. SPEAKER: In fulfilment of the promise made by the Government to Parliament at its last session, I have moved this resolution. I have had the honour of being charged, on behalf of the Government, to submit a scheme for the Confederation of all the British North American Provinces—a scheme which has been received, I am glad to say, with general if not universal approbation in Canada. The scheme, as propounded through the press, has received almost no opposition. While there may be occasionally, here and there, expressions of dissent from some of the details, yet the scheme as a whole has met with almost universal approval, and the Government has the greatest satisfaction in presenting it to this House. This subject, which now absorbs the attention of the people of Canada, and of the whole of British North America, is not a new one. For years it has more or less attracted the attention of every statesman and politician in these provinces, and has been looked upon by many far-seeing politicians as being eventually the means of deciding and settling very many of the vexed questions which have retarded the prosperity of the colonies as a whole, and particularly the prosperity of Canada. The subject was pressed upon the public attention by a great many writers and politicians; but I believe the attention of the Legislature was first formally called to it by my honourable friend the Minister of Finance*. Some years ago, in an elaborate speech, my hon. friend, while an independent member of Parliament, before being connected with any Government, pressed his views on the Legislature at great length and with his usual force. But the subject was not taken up by any party as a branch of their policy until the formation of the Cartier-Macdonald Administration in 1858, when the Confederation of the colonies was announced as one of the measures which they pledged themselves to attempt, if possible, to bring to a satisfactory conclusion. In pursuance of that promise, the letter or despatch, which has been so much and so freely commented upon in the

* Hon. A. T. Galt.

press and in this House, was addressed by three of the members of that Administration to the Colonial Office. The subject, however, though looked upon with favour by the country, and though there were no distinct expressions of opposition to it from any party, did not begin to assume its present proportions until last session. Then, men of all parties and all shades of politics became alarmed at the aspect of affairs. They found that such was the opposition between the two sections of the Province, such was the danger of impending anarchy, in consequence of the irreconcilable differences of opinion, with respect to representation by population, between Upper and Lower Canada, that unless some solution of the difficulty was arrived at, we would suffer under a succession of weak governments—weak in numerical support, weak in force, and weak in power of doing good. All were alarmed at this state of affairs. We had election after election—we had Ministry after Ministry—with the same result. Parties were so equally balanced, that the vote of one member might decide the fate of the Administration and the course of legislation for a year or a series of years.

This condition of things was well calculated to arouse the earnest consideration of every lover of his country, and I am happy to say it had that effect. None were more impressed by this momentous state of affairs, and the grave apprehensions that existed of a state of anarchy destroying our credit, destroying our prosperity, destroying our progress, than were the members of this present House; and the leading statesmen on both sides seemed to have come to the common conclusion that some step must be taken to relieve the country from the dead-lock and impending anarchy that hung over us. With that view my colleague, the President of the Council,† made a motion founded on the despatch addressed to the Colonial Minister, to which I have referred, and a committee was struck, composed of gentlemen of both sides of the House, of all shades of political opinion, without any reference to whether they were supporters of the Administration of the day or belonged to the Opposition, for the purpose of taking into calm and full deliberation the evils which threatened the future of Canada. That motion of my honourable friend resulted most happily. The committee, by a wise provision—and in order that each member of the committee might have an opportunity of expressing his opinions without being in any way compromised before the public, or with his party in regard either to his political friends or to his political foes—agreed that the discussion should be freely entered upon without reference to the political antecedents of any of them, and that they should sit with closed doors, so that they might be able to approach the subject frankly and in a spirit of compromise The committee included most of the leading members of the House—I had the honour myself to be one of the number—and the result was that there was found an ardent desire—a creditable desire I must say—displayed by all the members of the committee to approach the subject honestly, and to attempt to work out some solution which might relieve Canada from the evils under which she laboured. The report of that committee was laid before the House, and then came the political action of the leading men of the two parties in this House, which ended in the formation of the present Government. The principle upon which that Government was formed has been announced, and is known to all. It was formed for the very purpose of carrying out the object which has now received to a certain degree its completion, by the resolutions I have had the honour to place in your hands.

As has been stated, it was not without a great deal of difficulty and reluctance that that Government was formed. The gentlemen who compose this Government had for many years been engaged in political hostilities to such an extent that it affected even their social

† Hon. George Brown.

relations. But the crisis was great, the danger was imminent, and the gentlemen who now form the present Administration found it to be their duty to lay aside all personal feelings to sacrifice in some degree their position, and even to run the risk of having their motives impugned, for the sake of arriving at some conclusion that would be satisfactory to the country in general. The present resolutions were the result. And, as I said before, I am proud to believe that the country has sanctioned, as I trust that the representatives of the people in this House will sanction, the scheme which is now submitted for the future government of British North America.

Everything seemed to favour the project, and everything seemed to show that the present was the time, if ever, when this great union between all Her Majesty's subjects dwelling in British North America should be carried out. When the Government was formed, it was felt that the difficulties in the way of effecting a union between all the British North American Colonies were great—so great as almost, in the opinion of many, to make it hopeless. And with that view it was the policy of the Government, if they could not succeed in procuring a union between all the British North American Colonies, to attempt to free the country from the dead-lock in which we were placed in Upper and Lower Canada, in consequence of the difference of opinion between the two sections, by having a severance to a certain extent of the present union between the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and the substitution of a Federal Union between them. Most of us, however, I may say, all of us, were agreed—and I believe every thinking man will agree—as to the expediency of effecting a union between all the provinces, and the superiority of such a design, if it were only practicable, over the smaller scheme of having a Federal Union between Upper and Lower Canada alone. By a happy concurrence of events, the time came when that proposition could be made with a hope of success. By a fortunate coincidence the desire for union existed in the Lower Provinces, and a feeling of the necessity of strengthening themselves by collecting together the scattered colonies on the sea-board, had induced them to form a convention of their own for the purpose of effecting a union of the Maritime Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, and the Legislatures of those colonies having formally authorized their respective governments to send a delegation to Prince Edward Island for the purpose of attempting to form a union of some kind. Whether the union should be federal or legislative was not then indicated, but a union of some kind was sought for the purpose of making of themselves one people instead of three. We, ascertaining that they were about to take such a step, and knowing that if we allowed the occasion to pass, if they did indeed break up all their present political organizations and form a new one, it could not be expected that they would again readily destroy the new organization which they had formed—the union of the three provinces on the sea-board—and form another with Canada. Knowing this, we availed ourselves of the opportunity, and asked if they would receive a deputation from Canada, who would go to meet them at Charlottetown, for the purpose of laying before them the advantages of a larger and more extensive union by the junction of all the provinces in one great Government under our common Sovereign. They at once kindly consented to receive and hear us. They did receive us cordially and generously, and asked us to lay our views before them. We did so at some length, and so satisfactory to them were the reasons we gave ; so clearly, in their opinion, did we show the advantages of the greater union over the lesser, that they at once set aside their own project, and joined heart and hand with us in entering into the larger scheme, and trying to form, as far as they and we could, a great nation and a strong Government.

Encouraged by this arrangement,

which, however, was altogether unofficial and unauthorized, we returned to Quebec, and then the Government of Canada invited the several governments of the sister colonies to send a deputation here from each of them for the purpose of considering the question, with something like authority from their respective governments. The result was, that when we met here on the 10th October, on the first day on which we assembled, after the full and free discussions which had taken place at Charlottetown, the first resolution now before this House was passed unanimously, being received with acclamation as, in the opinion of everyone who heard it, a proposition which ought to receive the sanction of each Government and each people. The resolution is, "That the best interests and present and future prosperity of British North America will be promoted by a Federal Union under the Crown of Great Britain, provided such union can be effected on principles just to the several provinces." It seemed to all the statesmen assembled—and there are great statesmen in the Lower Provinces, men who would do honour to any government and to any legislature of any free country enjoying representative institutions—it was clear to them all that the best interest and present and future prosperity of British North America would be promoted by a Federal Union under the Crown of Great Britain. And it seems to me, as to them, and I think it will so appear to the people of this country, that, if we wish to form—using the expression which was sneered at the other evening—a great nationality, commanding the respect of the world, able to hold our own against all opponents, and to defend those institutions we prize; if we wish to have one system of government, and to establish a commercial union, with unrestricted free trade, between people of the five provinces, belonging, as they do, to the same nation, obeying the same Sovereign, owning the same allegiance, and being, for the most part, of the same blood and lineage; if we wish to be able to afford to each other the means of mutual defence and support against aggression and attack—this can only be obtained by a union of some kind between the scattered and weak boundaries composing the British North American Provinces.

The very mention of the scheme is fitted to bring with it its own approbation. Supposing that in the spring of the year 1865, half a million of people were coming from the United Kingdom to make Canada their home, although they brought only their strong arms and willing hearts; though they brought neither skill, nor experience, nor wealth, would we not receive them with open arms, and hail their presence in Canada as an important addition to our strength? But when, by the proposed union, we not only get nearly a million of people to join us, when they contribute not only their numbers, their physical strength, and their desire to benefit their position, but when we know that they consist of old-established communities, having a large amount of realized wealth—composed of people possessed of skill, education and experience in the ways of the New World—people who are as much Canadians, I may say, as we are—people who are imbued with the same feelings of loyalty to the Queen, and the same desire for the continuance of the connection with the Mother Country as we are, and at the same time having a like feeling of ardent attachment for this our common country, for which they and we would alike fight and shed our blood, if necessary—when all this is considered, argument is needless to prove the advantage of such a union.

There were only three modes — if I may return for a moment to the difficulties with which Canada was surrounded — only three modes that were at all suggested by which the dead-lock in our affairs, the anarchy we dreaded, and the evils which retarded our prosperity, could be met or averted. One was the dissolution of the union between Upper and Lower Canada, leaving them as they were

before the union of 1841. I believe that that proposition, by itself, had no supporters. It was felt by everyone that, although it was a course that would do away with the sectional difficulties which existed—though it would remove the pressure on the part of the people of Upper Canada for the representation based upon population—and the jealousy of the people of Lower Canada lest their institutions should be attacked and prejudiced by that principle in our representation ; yet it was felt by every thinking man in the Province that it would be a retrograde step, which would throw back the country to nearly the same position as it occupied before the union—that it would lower the credit enjoyed by United Canada—that it would be the breaking up of the connection which had existed for nearly a quarter of a century, and, under which, although it had not been completely successful, and had not allayed altogether the local jealousies that had their root in circumstances which arose before the union, our Province, as a whole, had nevertheless prospered and increased. It was felt that a dissolution of the union would have destroyed all the credit that we had gained by being a united province, and would have left us two weak and ineffective governments, instead of one powerful and united people.

The next mode suggested was the granting of representation by population. Now, we all know the manner in which that question was and is regarded by Lower Canada; that, while in Upper Canada the desire and cry for it was daily augmenting, the resistance to it in Lower Canada was proportionably increasing in strength. Still, if some such means of relieving us from the sectional jealousies which existed between the two Canadas, if some such solution of the difficulties as Confederation had not been found, the representation by population must eventually have been carried ; no matter though it might have been felt in Lower Canada as being a breach of the Treaty of Union, no matter how much it might have been felt by the Lower Canadians that it would sacrifice their local interests, it is certain that in the progress of events representation by population would have been carried ; and, had it been carried—I speak here my own individual sentiments—I do not think it would have been for the interests of Upper Canada. For although Upper Canada would have felt that it had received what it claimed as a right, and had succeeded in establishing its right, yet it would have left the Lower Province with a sullen feeling of injury and injustice. The Lower Canadians would not have worked cheerfully under such a change of system, but would have ceased to be what they are now —a nationality, with representatives in Parliament, governed by general principles, and dividing according to their political opinions, and would have been in great danger of becoming a faction, forgetful of national obligations, and only actuated by a desire to defend their own sectional interests, their own laws, and their own institutions.

The third and only means of solution for our difficulties was the junction of the provinces either in a Federal or a Legislative Union. Now, as regards the comparative advantages of a Legislative and a Federal Union, I have never hesitated to state my own opinions. I have again and again stated in the House that, if practicable, I thought a Legislative Union would be preferable. I have always contended that if we could agree to have one government and one parliament legislating for the whole of these peoples, it would be the best, the cheapest, the most vigorous, and the strongest system of government we could adopt. But on looking at the subject in the Conference, and discussing the matter as we did, most unreservedly, and with a desire to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, we found that such a system was impracticable. In the first place, it would not meet the assent of the people of Lower Canada, because they felt that in their peculiar position—being in a minority, with a different

language, nationality and religion from the majority—in case of a junction with the other provinces, their institutions and their laws might be assailed, and their ancestral associations on which they prided themselves, attacked and prejudiced; it was found that any proposition which involved the absorption of the individuality of Lower Canada—if I may use the expression—would not be received with favour by her people. We found, too, that though their people speak the same language and enjoy the same system of law as the people of Upper Canada, a system founded on the common law of England, there was as great a disinclination on the part of the various Maritime Provinces to lose their individuality as separate political organizations, as we observed in the case of Lower Canada herself. Therefore, we were forced to the conclusion that we must either abandon the idea of union altogether or devise a system of union in which the separate provincial organizations would be in some degree preserved. So that those who were, like myself, in favour of a Legislative Union, were obliged to modify their views and accept the project of a Federal Union as the only scheme practicable, even for the Maritime Provinces. Because, although the law of those provinces is founded on the common law of England, yet every one of them has a large amount of law of its own—colonial law framed by itself, and affecting every relation of life, such as the laws of property, municipal and assessment laws; laws relating to the liberty of the subject, and to all the great interests contemplated in legislation; we found, in short, that the statutory law of the different provinces was so varied and diversified that it was almost impossible to weld them into a Legislative Union at once. Why, sir, if you only consider the innumerable subjects of legislation peculiar to new countries, and that every one of those five colonies had particular laws of its own, to which its people had been accustomed and are attached, you will see the difficulty of effecting and working a Legislative Union, and bringing about an assimilation of the local as well as general laws of the whole of the provinces. We in Upper Canada understand from the nature and operation of our peculiar municipal law, of which we know the value, the difficulty of framing a general system of legislation on local matters which would meet the wishes and fulfil the requirements of the several provinces. Even the laws considered the least important, respecting private rights in timber, roads, fencing, and innumerable other matters, small in themselves, but in the aggregate of great interest to the agricultural class, who form the great body of the people, are regarded as of great value by the portion of the community affected by them. And when we consider that everyone of the colonies is a body of law of this kind and that it will take years before those laws can be assimilated, it was felt that at first, at all events, any united legislation would be almost impossible. I am happy to state—and indeed it appears on the face of the resolutions themselves—that as regards the Lower Provinces a great desire was evinced for the final assimilation of our laws. One of the resolutions provides that an attempt shall be made to assimilate the laws of the Maritime Provinces and those of Upper Canada, for the purpose of eventually establishing one body of statutory law, founded on the common law of England, the parent of the laws of all those provinces.

One great objection made to a Federal Union was the expense of an increased number of legislatures. I will not enter at any length into that subject, because my honourable friends, the Finance Minister and the President of the Council, who are infinitely more competent than myself to deal with matters of this kind—matters of account—will, I think, be able to show that the expenses under a Federal Union will not be greater than those under the existing system of separate governments and legislatures. Here, where we have a joint legislature for

Upper and Lower Canada, which deals not only with subjects of a general interest common to all Canada, but with all matters of private right and of sectional interest, and with that class of measures known as "private bills," we find that one of the greatest sources of expense to the country is the cost of legislation. We find, from the admixture of subjects of a general with those of a private character in legislation, that they mutually interfere with each other; whereas, if the attention of the Legislature was confined to measures of one kind or the other alone, the session of Parliament would not be so protracted and therefore not so expensive as at present. In the proposed constitution all matters of general interest are to be dealt with by the General Legislature; while the local Legislatures will deal with matters of local interest which do not affect the Confederation as a whole, but are of the greatest importance to their particular sections. By such a division of labour the sittings of the General Legislature would not be so protracted as even those of Canada alone. And so with the local Legislatures, their attention being confined to subjects pertaining to their own sections, their sessions would be shorter and less expensive.

Then, when we consider the enormous saving that will be effected in the administration of affairs by one General Government—when we reflect that each of the five colonies has a government of its own with a complete establishment of public departments and all the machinery required for the transaction of the business of the country—that each has a separate executive, judicial and militia system—that each province has a separate Ministry, including a Minister of Militia, with a complete Adjutant-General's Department—that each has a Finance Minister with a full Customs and Excise staff—that each colony has as large and complete an administrative organization, with as many executive officers as the General Government will have—we can well understand the enormous saving that will result from a union of all the colonies, from their having but one head and one central system. We in Canada already know something of the advantages and disadvantages of a Federal Union. Although we have nominally a Legislative Union in Canada—although we sit in one Parliament, supposed constitutionally to represent the people, without regard to sections or localities, yet we know, as a matter of fact, that since the union in 1841 we have had a Federal Union, that in matters affecting Upper Canada solely, members from that section claimed and generally exercised the right of exclusive legislation, while members from Lower Canada legislated in matters affecting only their own section. We have had a Federal Union in fact, though a Legislative Union in name; and in the hot contests of late years, if on any occasion a measure affecting any one section were interfered with by the members from the other—if, for instance, a measure locally affecting Upper Canada were carried or defeated against the wishes of its majority, by one from Lower Canada—my honourable friend the President of the Council and his friends denounced with all their energy and ability such legislation as an infringement of the rights of the Upper Province. Just in the same way, if any act concerning Lower Canada were pressed into law against the wishes of the majority of her representatives, by those from Upper Canada, the Lower Canadians would rise as one man and protest against such a violation of their peculiar rights.

The relations between England and Scotland are very similar to that which obtains between the Canadas. The union between them in matters of legislation is of a federal character, because the Act of Union between the two countries provides that the Scottish law cannot be altered, except for the manifest advantage of the people of Scotland. This stipulation has been held to be so obligatory on the Legislature of Great Britain that no measure affecting the law of Scotland is passed unless it receives the sanc-

tion of a majority of the Scottish members in Parliament. No matter how important it may be for the interests of the Empire as a whole to alter the laws of Scotland—no matter how much it may interfere with the symmetry of the general law of the United Kingdom, that law is not altered, except with the consent of the Scottish people, as expressed by their representatives in Parliament. Thus, we have, in Great Britain, to a limited extent, an example of the working and effects of a federal union, as we might expect to witness them in our own confederation. The whole scheme of Confederation, as propounded by the Conference, as agreed to and sanctioned by the Canadian Government, and as now presented for the consideration of the people and the Legislature, bears upon its face the marks of compromise. Of necessity there must have been a great deal of mutual discussion. When we think of the representatives of five colonies, all supposed to have different interests, meeting together, charged with the duty of protecting those interests, and of pressing the views of their own localities and sections, it must be admitted that had we not met in a spirit of conciliation, and with an anxious desire to promote this union ; if we had not been impressed with the idea contained in the words of the resolution—"That the best interests and present and future prosperity of British North America would be promoted by a Federal Union under the crown of Great Britain"—all our efforts might have proved to be of no avail. If we had not felt that, after coming to this conclusion, we were bound to set aside our private opinions on matters of detail, if we had not felt ourselves bound to look at what was practicable, not obstinately rejecting the opinions of others nor adhering to our own ; if we had not met, I say, in a spirit of conciliation, and with an anxious, overruling desire to form one people under one government, we never would have succeeded.

With these views, we press the question on this House and the country. I say to this House, if you do not believe that the union of the colonies is for the advantage of the country, that the joining of these five peoples into one nation, under one sovereign, is for the benefit of all, then reject the scheme. Reject it if you do not believe it to be for the present advantage and future prosperity of yourselves and your children. But if, after a calm and full consideration of this scheme, it is believed, as a whole, to be for the advantage of this Province —if the House and country believe this union to be one which will ensure for us British laws, British connection, and British freedom—and increase and develop the social, political and material prosperity of the country, then I implore this House and the country to lay aside all prejudices, and accept the scheme which we offer. I ask this House to meet the question in the same spirit in which the delegates met it. I ask each member of this House to lay aside his own opinions as to particular details, and to accept the scheme as a whole if he think it beneficial as a whole. As I stated in the preliminary discussion, we must consider this scheme in the light of a treaty. By a happy coincidence of circumstances, just when an Administration had been formed in Canada for the purpose of attempting a solution of the difficulties under which we laboured, at the same time the Lower Provinces, actuated by a similar feeling, appointed a Conference with a view to a union among themselves, without being cognizant of the position the Government was taking in Canada. If it had not been for this fortunate coincidence of events, never, perhaps, for a long series of years would we have been able to bring this scheme to a practical conclusion. But we did succeed. We made the arrangement, agreed upon the scheme, and the deputations from the several governments represented at the Conference went back pledged to lay it before their governments, and to ask the legislatures and people of their respective provinces to assent to it. I trust the

scheme will be assented to as a whole. I am sure this House will not seek to alter it in its unimportant details ; and if altered in any important provisions, the result must be that the whole will be set aside, and we must begin *de novo.* If any important changes are made, every one of the colonies will feel itself absolved from the implied obligation to deal with it as a treaty, each Province will feel itself at liberty to amend it *ad libitum* so as to suit its own views and interests ; in fact, the whole of our labours will have been for naught, and we will have to renew our negotiations with all the colonies for the purpose of establishing some new scheme. I hope the House will not adopt any such course as will postpone, perhaps forever, or at all events for a long period, all chances of union. All the statesmen and public men who have written or spoken on the subject admit the advantages of a union, if it were practicable ; and now when it is proved to be practicable, if we do not embrace this opportunity the present favourable time will pass away, and we may never have it again. Because, just so surely as this scheme is defeated, will be revived the original proposition for a union of the Maritime Provinces, irrespective of Canada ; they will not remain as they are now, powerless, scattered, helpless communities ; they will form themselves into a power which, though not so strong as if united with Canada, will nevertheless be a powerful and considerable community, and it will be then too late for us to attempt to strengthen ourselves by this scheme, which, in the words of the resolution, "is for the best interests and present and future prosperity of British North America."

If we are not blind to our present position, we must see the hazardous situation in which all the great interests of Canada stand in respect to the United States. I am no alarmist, I do not believe in the prospect of immediate war. I believe that the common sense of the two nations will prevent a war ; still we cannot trust to probabilities. The Government and Legislature would be wanting in their duty to the people if they ran any risk. We know that the United States at this moment are engaged in a war of enormous dimensions—that the occasion of a war with Great Britain has again and again arisen, and may at any time in the future again arise. We cannot foresee what may be the result ; we cannot say but that the two nations may drift into a war as other nations have done before. It would then be too late when war had commenced to think of measures for strengthening ourselves, or to begin negotiations for a union with the sister Provinces. At this moment, in consequence of the ill-feeling which has arisen between England and the United States—a feeling of which Canada was not the cause—in consequence of the irritation which now exists, owing to the unhappy state of affairs on this Continent, the Reciprocity Treaty, it seems probable, is about to be brought to an end—our trade is hampered by the passport system, and at any moment we may be deprived of permission to carry our goods through United States channels—the bonded goods system may be done away with, and the winter trade through the United States put an end to. Our merchants may be obliged to return to the old system of bringing in during the summer months the supplies for the whole year. Ourselves already threatened, our trade interrupted, our intercourse, political and commercial, destroyed, if we do not take warning now when we have the opportunity, and while one avenue is threatened to be closed, open another by taking advantage of the present arrangement and the desire of the Lower Provinces to draw closer the alliance between us, we may suffer commercial and political disadvantages it may take long for us to overcome. The Conference having come to the conclusion that a legislative union, pure and simple, was impracticable, our next attempt was to form a Government upon federal principles which would give to the General Government the strength of a legislative and administrative union, while at the same

time it preserved that liberty of action for the different sections which is allowed by a Federal Union. And I am strong in the belief that we have hit upon the happy medium in those resolutions, and that we have formed a scheme of government which unites the advantages of both, giving us the strength of a legislative union, and the sectional freedom of a federal union, with protection to local interests.

In doing so we had the advantage of the experience of the United States. It is the fashion now to enlarge on the defects of the Constitution of the United States, but I am not one of those who look upon it as a failure. I think and believe that it is one of the most skilful works which human intelligence ever created; is one of the most perfect organizations that ever governed a free people. To say that it has some defects is but to say that it is not the work of Omniscience, but of human intellects. We are happily situated in having had the opportunity of watching its operation, seeing its working from its infancy till now. It was in the main formed on the model of the Constitution of Great Britain, adapted to the circumstances of a new country, and was perhaps the only practicable system that could have been adopted under the circumstances existing at the time of its formation. We can now take advantage of the experience of the last seventy-eight years, during which that Constitution has existed, and I am strongly in the belief that we have in a great measure avoided in this system which we propose for the adoption of the people of Canada, the defects which time and events have shown to exist in the American Constitution.

In the first place, by a resolution which meets with the universal approval of the people of this country, we have provided that for all time to come, so far as we can legislate for the future, we shall have as the head of the Executive power, the Sovereign of Great Britain. No one can look into futurity and say what will be the destiny of this country. Changes come over nations and peoples in the course of ages. But so far as we can legislate we provide that for all time to come the Sovereign of Great Britain shall be the Sovereign of British North America. By adhering to the monarchical principle, we avoid one defect inherent in the Constitution of the United States. By the election of the President by a majority and for a short period, he never is the sovereign and chief of the nation. He is never looked up to by the whole people as the head and front of the nation. He is at best but the successful leader of a party. This defect is all the greater on account of the practice of re-election. During his first term of office he is employed in taking steps to secure his own re-election, and for his party a continuance of power. We avoid this by adhering to the monarchical principle—the Sovereign whom you respect and love. I believe that it is of the utmost importance to have that principle recognized, so that we shall have a sovereign who is placed above the region of party—to whom all parties look up—who is not elevated by the action of one party nor depressed by the action of another, who is the common head and sovereign of all.

In the Constitution we propose to continue the system of responsible government which has existed in this Province since 1841, and which has long obtained in the Mother Country. This is a feature of our Constitution as we have it now, and as we shall have it in the Federation in which, I think, we avoid one of the great defects in the Constitution of the United States. There the President during his term of office is in a great measure a despot, a one-man power, with the command of the naval and military forces—with an immense amount of patronage as head of the Executive, and with the veto power as a branch of the legislature—perfectly uncontrolled by responsible advisers, his Cabinet being departmental officers merely, whom he is not obliged by the Constitution to consult with, unless he chooses to do so. With us the Sovereign, or in this

country the Representative of the Sovereign, can act only on the advice of his Ministers, those Ministers being responsible to the people through Parliament. Prior to the formation of the American Union, as we all know, the different states which entered into it were separate colonies. They had no connection with each other further than that of having a common sovereign, just as with us at present. Their constitutions and their laws were different. They might and did legislate against each other, and when they revolted against the Mother Country they acted as separate sovereignties, and carried on the war by a kind of treaty of alliance against the common enemy. Ever since the Union was formed the difficulty of what is called "State Rights" has existed, and this had much to do in bringing on the present unhappy war in the United States. They commenced, in fact, at the wrong end. They declared by their Constitution that each State was a sovereignty in itself, and that all the powers incident to a sovereignty belonged to each State, except those powers which by the Constitution were conferred upon the General Government and Congress. Here we have adopted a different system. We have strengthened the General Government. We have given the General Legislature all the great subjects of legislation. We have conferred on them, not only specifically and in detail, all the powers which are incident to sovereignty, but we have expressly declared that all subjects of general interest not distinctly and exclusively conferred upon the local Governments and local Legislatures shall be conferred upon the General Government and Legislature. We have thus avoided that great source of weakness which has been the cause of the disruption of the United States. We have avoided all conflict of jurisdiction and authority, and if this Constitution is carried out, as it will be in full detail in the Imperial Act to be passed if the colonies adopt the scheme, we will have in fact, as I said before, all the advantages of a legislative union under one Administration, with at the same time the guarantees for local institutions and for local laws, which are insisted upon by so many in the Provinces now, I hope, to be united.

I think it is well that in framing our Constitution our first act should have been to recognize the sovereignty of Her Majesty. I believe that while England has no desire to lose her colonies, but wishes to retain them, while I am satisfied that the public mind of England would deeply regret the loss of these Provinces—yet, if the people of British North America, after full deliberation, had stated that they considered it was for their interest, for the advantage of the future British North America, to sever the tie, such is the generosity of the people of England that whatever their desire to keep these colonies, they would not seek to compel us to remain unwilling subjects of the British Crown. If, therefore, at the Conference, we had arrived at the conclusion that it was for the interest of these Provinces that a severance should take place, I am sure that Her Majesty and the Imperial Parliament would have sanctioned that severance. We accordingly felt that there was a propriety in giving a distinct declaration of opinion on that point, and that in framing the Constitution its first sentence should declare that "The Executive authority or government shall be vested in the Sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and be administered according to the well understood principles of the British Constitution, by the Sovereign personally, or by the Representative of the Sovereign duly authorized."

That resolution met with the unanimous assent of the Conference. The desire to remain connected with Great Britain and to retain our allegiance to Her Majesty was unanimous. Not a single suggestion was made, that it could, by any possibility, be for the interest of the colonies, or of any section or portion of them, that there should be a severance of our connection. Although we knew it to be pos-

sible that Canada, from her position might be exposed to all the horrors of war, by reason of causes of hostility arising between Great Britain and the United States—causes over which we had no control, and which we had no hand in bringing about—yet there was a unanimous feeling of willingness to run all the hazards of war, if war must come, rather than lose the connection between the Mother Country and these colonies.

We provide that "the Executive authority shall be administered by the Sovereign personally, or by the Representative of the Sovereign duly authorized." It is too much to expect that the Queen should vouchsafe us her personal governance or presence except to pay us, as the heir-apparent to the Throne, our future Sovereign, has already paid us, the graceful compliment of a visit. The Executive authority must, therefore, be administered by Her Majesty's Representative. We place no restriction on Her Majesty's prerogative in the selection of her representative. As it is now, so it will be if this Constitution is adopted. The Sovereign has unrestricted freedom of choice. Whether in making her selection she may send us one of her own family, a Royal Prince, as a Viceroy to rule over us, or one of the great statesmen of England to represent her, we know not. We leave that to Her Majesty in all confidence. But we may be permitted to hope that when the union takes place, and we become the great country which British North America is certain to be, it will be an object worthy the ambition of the statesmen of England to be charged with presiding over our destinies.

SUMMER CLOUDS.

FLUFFY, airy, shapeless masses,
Swinging through that cope of blue,
Blending off from snowy whiteness,
To a grayish dappled hue.

Listless, lazy, languid, loitering,
Piled against the Eastern sky;
Hurrying, skurrying, onward ever,
Rolling, romping, rushing by.

Battlements of wondrous grandeur,
Lying low against the blue;
Edged with quaint fantastic figures,
Sinking, drifting, drop from view.

Wayward, wandering cloudlets jostle
And sweep by with bellying sail;
Lost to view and lost forever,
To the mortal in life's vale.

Arthur R. Ford.

THE STORY OF A UNIVERSITY BUILDING.

WITH RARE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING ERECTION.

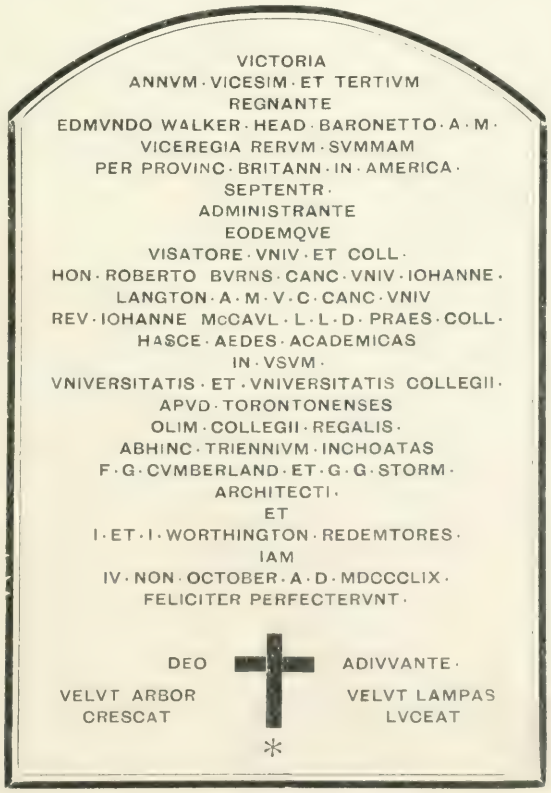
By Barlow Cumberland, M.A.

MEMORY has environed many an ancient ruin with the annals of its past, clothing the hoary and mouldering stones with life as does the ivy which hides the progress of its decay. When admiring the magnificent buildings of early centuries the spectator finds not a little of his interest fanned by learning the history of the men who conceived and built them, and in tracing the soul-marks which these men left upon them and the ideas which they endeavoured to express. Often the very times and moving impulses of successive periods may be followed in the great Cathedral and Monastic buildings where piety and wealth have age after age each added its quota to the original edifice—the rude, unchiselled solid arch, the massive walls and narrow crenelated windows, the simple rounded columns, whose beauty is in their strength, pass onward into more moulded forms and more sun-lit space. Asylum from pursuit gives way to consciousness of freedom, and decoration tells of immunity from ruthless invading hands. So studied, they become more than mere masses of architectural interest.

In a new land like ours where buildings grow apace and forest trees are lone records of a previous century, it is well to note whatever we can of the motives which moved the builders of our earlier days, and so attach the memory of their intentions to the visible products of their skill. In such spirit this record is made.

We have in Canada no single building in whose walls the course of history may be traced, yet in the buildings of Toronto University we have the reminiscence of an eventful period in the history of the University itself, and an untrammelled effort to create and preserve the ideals which impelled its founders.

On a great stone set in the inner walls on the second story of the main tower, and which,



REPRODUCTION OF GREAT STONE

fortunately, was not destroyed by the conflagration of 1890, is preserved the names of those under whom the building was erected. This stone is reproduced herewith in such imitation as is possible with type. The Latin inscription was probably the work of the erudite Rev. Dr. McCaul, then President of the College, and a world-known authority on ancient inscriptions.

The Governor-General of Canada at the time, and by virtue of his office Visitor of the University, was Sir Edmund Head, a man of cultivated taste and high scholarly attainments. He had at one time himself been a professor at Oxford, and was ardently imbued with the desire of aiding in the foundation of a broad laid and permanent University in the country to which he had but recently come in 1854. His views were clearly expressed in a speech delivered by him in Quebec when he said, "an endowment such as that enjoyed by the University of Toronto is a most valuable element in the future progress of this country. Such an endowment once lost or diverted to other purposes is not easily recovered."

The Latinized names of the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor and of the Architects and Contractors are also recorded in the inscription.

Mr. F. W. Cumberland, who had been a student under Sir Chas. Barry, had, after coming to Toronto in 1847, engaged in the practice of his profession as an architect. The present St. James' Cathedral commenced in 1850, to replace its predecessors which had been destroyed by fire, is one of the early examples of his work. In the original design of this building, a choir of ample proportions was proposed between the Apse and the main body of the Church. But this for motives of economy was omitted from the construction, and the Apse moved forward to abutt, as it now does, upon the great arches of the Nave. Even in its present form the Church is still considered an excellent example of applied Perpendicular Gothic. The spire, which was subsequently completed in accordance with his designs, forms one of the graceful landmarks of the city. This and the severely classic and pure Ionic form of the present Receiver-General's office, were executed while Mr. Thos. Ridout was a member of the firm. In 1851 he was nominated a corresponding member of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and subsequently associating with himself Mr. W. G. Storm, of Toronto. The Normal School and the central part of Osgoode Hall are after works of the new firm.

Here it will be well to note the condition of University matters in Upper Canada precedent to the erection of the University buildings.

King's College, created in 1826, the first endowed University of the Province, had been passing through its phases of change and strife. In 1849 its name had been changed to that of the University of Toronto. Since its original inception other Universities had been established in the Province and finally, in 1853, to meet the changed conditions, a division was made of the duties in higher education to be performed by the Provincial University. University College was then first created, to be a teaching Faculty in Arts, having a separate governing body, and a distinct entity as a purely College foundation.

To the University of Toronto, the "abstract entity," was transferred all the University powers of the original creation, such as the holding of examinations, the granting of degrees and the regulation of academic standards. Provision was made in the Act of 1853 for the Federation with this Degree-conferring University of the then existing Universities of the Province, such as Victoria, Trinity, and Queen's, and of such other teaching Colleges as should be qualified to be joined. These separate units of University energy and education, each retaining its own particular individuality, would, it was hoped, together with University College, in time be joined in union with the central University which was to become a part and the elevated represen-



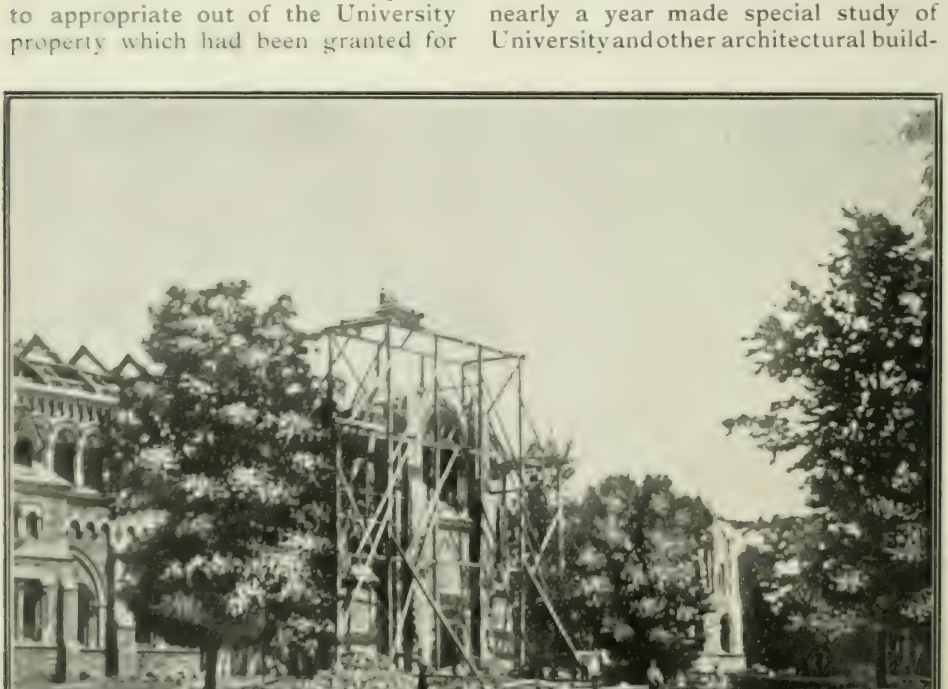
GROUP OF CARVERS—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE TIME OF THE ERECTION OF THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO. IN THE CENTRE OF THE GROUP, BAREHEADED, IS ZOLIKOFFER THE MASTER SCULPTOR, WHO WAS BROUGHT WITH HIS ASSISTANTS FROM GERMANY TO DO THIS WORK. THE CARVINGS ARE SOME OF THE ENRICHMENTS OF THE CONVOCATION

tation of them all. Such was the ideal of the men of that day.

For many years the abode of the Provincial University had been the shuttlecock of fortune. Five times in seven years had its quarters been changed. Turned out of the King's College buildings which it had constructed, it was transferred to the Old Parliament buildings on Front St., thence, on return of the Government to Toronto, back again to King's College. Later, it was again moved to the old Medical School, whose site is now occupied by the Biological building.

Nor was it more happy in the possession of the remaining lands which had been granted for its use. Under the Reconstruction Act of 1853, the Government had taken power to appropriate out of the University property which had been granted for Collegiate purposes at the head of College Ave., "sites for a Government House, a Parliament House, and Buildings for the accommodation of the Public Departments." The necessity for securing its lands and obtaining a permanent home was, therefore, deeply but quietly engaging the thoughts of the University authorities.

A solution of the division of the property was at length arrived at and when it was determined to erect new buildings Mr. Cumberland, who had been a member of the Senate since 1853, resigned his position and was appointed architect to the University, Mr. Storm being then a member of the firm. At the instance of the Senate Mr. Cumberland in 1855 again visited Great Britain and the Continent, and for nearly a year made special study of University and other architectural build-



THE MAIN TOWER IN COURSE OF ERECTION—THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE TREES WHICH WERE CAREFULLY LEFT IN POSITION AND PRESERVED TO ADD TO THE APPEARANCE OF THE BUILDING. ALL THESE HAVE SINCE BEEN REMOVED



VIEW OF THE BUILDING OPERATIONS, TAKEN FROM THE NORTH-EAST, SHOWING THE TWO EASTERN ENTRANCES

ings and of their adaptation to our means and climate.

The finished conception both in massing of the grand yet reposeful outlines of the exterior and the elaborated parts of the University buildings are the results of his wide investigations and of the mass of detailed studies which he made in preparing for what he considered a work worthy of the highest art. The preliminary plans were then prepared, and quietly in the presence of a few members of the building committee, on the morning of the 4th October, 1856, the first stone was laid and thereafter the building grew.

It was the expressed intention of Sir Edmund Head, Vice-Chancellor Langton and the active members of the building committee that the edifice should be one which should be an inspiration to higher ideals, and be a centre of excellence around which the aspirations of the new University just created might in future days cluster, and so, under the influence of its outward home, grow in artistic and intellectual strength.

Surplus University revenues of considerable amount had been accumulated so there were ample means on hand with which to proceed. Sir Edmund Head took a daily interest in the structure; his personal instructions were, as told to the writer: "Spend all the available endowment, or as much of it as you well can, for, if you don't, some people will some day come along and want to fritter it away for other than University purposes. We will anchor the endowment for the University by spending it on its buildings."

Sir Edmund found in Mr. Cumberland an architect after his own heart. Under these influences the edifice grew not only as a collection of rooms for educational purposes, but as a permanent example of noble architecture. While the nature of modern requirements in light and space in the interior

modified in some degree the outer plan, yet the Norman-Gothic style of the design remained dominant in the architectural key of the exterior, and in the finish of all the details of its parts. Although adapted to modern uses the composition is one of absolute architectural values, and is the result of intensest study.

As in a landscape framed by nature all the surrounding ranges seem by intuitive relation to lead to the summit height, so in the University buildings the eye is imperceptibly, yet by carefully planned steps led up to the dominant feature of the design, the Great Norman Tower. While apparent balance is maintained in the wings and on either side of the principal southern façade, yet there is no commonplace repetition. In many buildings one wing is but the reproduction of the other, a repetition on either hand of the same construction; but in this by tower or by gable, by minaret or change in form or grouping of classic windows, an artistic variance is introduced, while the relative proportion is preserved. None of these variations are obtrusive, none abstract the eye from the general design, each while revealing its own individuality is honourably subordinate to the general duty of faithful service in promoting and leading to the central glory of the whole. From whatever point of view the edifice be approached, this lesson of highest ideal is declared in the storied stone. Such was the general scheme.



ANOTHER SOUTHERN VIEW, SHOWING PART OF THE SOUTHERN FACADE AND THE MAIN EASTERN GABLE.

In carrying out the details of the building the utmost fidelity was maintained to the best examples of the ancient style.

In the old building, the major portion of which has been preserved, there were no two carvings the same,



THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO—FROM THE SOUTH-EAST—AS IT WAS IN 1860

no two capitals, no columns, no enrichments repeated. Each detail is a separate study, and the wealth of invention, and the art of workman and architect found in the mediæval buildings is equally here to be found. Skilled art-carvers were collected, the master sculptor and his chief assistants being brought from Germany. A special study of the excellence with which they executed their work and produced the designs of the architects will serve in this one building to give an education obtainable only by much difficult and distant wandering.

One glory of the old interior, the stone stairway with its antique roof near the Convocation Hall, has unfortunately passed away with the conflagration in the building.

Here was lavished a very wealth of carving which would have been worthy a pilgrimage to visit. The enarchments were in Caen stone wherein bird forms interlaced with foliage executed in minutest detail were introduced, and examples of the grotesque carvings prevalent to the style produced both in wood and stone. Many other examples of worthy carvings are still extant in the remaining parts of the building, but this Convocation stairway was one of the architect's delights.

It was a happy fortune that the exterior of the building, and particularly the magnificent central door of the Great Tower came through the flames unharmed. While every part of the exterior stone had received its due share of artistic enrichment, on this has been concentrated the full rendering of the best ancient art.

The East door, in rich but simple outlines, leading to where was then the Convocation and Examination Hall, speaks of severity and accurate learning; the little Western door, hidden behind its pillared cloister enriched with grotesque carvings, whispers of academic quietude and privacy, but the noble Norman portal beneath the massive Norman keep dominates in majesty and design all other openings, and fitly acclaims its place as the principal entrance to an enduring and classic Hall of learning.

Conceived with such ideas and intentions, and executed in such manner, it can easily be understood that the original estimates for the construction of the buildings were far exceeded. To Mr. Cumberland had come the share of planning and designing, of creating the composition, the selection and invention of the adornments of the Norman style; with Mr. Storm was the execution of the works and the honourable care of construction. Both lavished of their best in performing the duties of their profession.

The authorities, however, declined to pay them for the extra services they had given, due to the increased character of the work and of the wealth of artistic detail which had been added to it. Hurt at this want of appreciation of artistic effort, and affronted by the refusal of his claim, amounting to between five and six thousand dollars, a large amount of which had been expended in preparing full-sized drawings for the carvings, Mr. Cumberland abandoned the profession of architecture and betook himself to railwaying, in which he had at intervals been interested, and the University building was the last architectural work in which he engaged. Mr. Storm continued in the practice of his profession, Victoria College, built in 1892, being one of the principal works which engaged his subsequent attention.

In comparing the University Buildings with other edifices which have been executed in this city, it is to be remembered that since then the utilitarian has largely over-mastered the artistic. The cost of construction is more thought of than the creation of architectural expression, and architects are not encouraged to devote to architectural effect so large a portion of the expenditure of construction nor given scope to develop the artistic side of their profession. When they are granted this liberty then abiding and adequate results may be obtained.

In the buildings of the University an endeavour was made to adapt the best

mediæval Art and to represent academic ideas in visible form. Speaking at the celebration held on the occasion of the placing of the copestone on the Tower, on 4th October, 1858, Sir Edmund Head "congratulated the architect upon being the first to introduce this style of building upon the Continent, there being, so far as he was aware, no instance of Norman or Romanesque style of architecture in America. He believed the style capable of producing many useful results. It was the adaptation to modern purposes and uses of the community now existing of the style of an early day. It was the history of modern civilization."

That some success has been obtained would seem to be inferred from the fact that the buildings, although shorn by fire of some of their early adornments, much of which was however faithfully restored, yet continue to be a source of study to those who are architecturally and artistically inclined and after fifty years are still regarded as one of the finest examples of applied Gothic architecture on the Northern Continent.

Whatever they may be to the general public, they were intended to stand as a lesson and an inspiration to all interested in academic culture. Not by rigid repetition nor cold uniformity are the several parts massed together, but as the associated Colleges, each governed by its own methods and contributing its special school of culture, would join in harmony to strengthen and elevate the value of University Education, so the several groups of the buildings, each separate in treatment and perfect in itself, were blended in union to add glory and support to the general design.

As the Great Tower concentrated the proportions of these, so were the colleges to found the character of their Federated University, each giving of its best to lead upward in the noble cause.

To the students who enter its portals their Alma Mater speaks in no uncertain way. As they are the living stones which build her reputation, so her habitation expresses what they themselves should be. Every stone is true; no false stones nor veneer, but true stones built deep into the wall, each being what it looks, and truly doing its ungrudging share of duty. Anyone who saw the massive blocks which were built into its walls will understand how, when the fire swept through it, the building bore the stress and the mighty Tower, though shorn of its interior, stood scathed, but firm. It was built as builded the Norman builders of old.

And decorated stones there are, like students who win renown. Under the cornices around the whole building are series of carved stones and on all the capitals and enrichments, yet no two the same; even the wooden capitals of the cloister of the inner quadrangle are each cut in different forms, yet all these special stones are moulded according to the same architectural school, fit examples of the pervading period of design. Individuality of manhood is not lost in the student, from whatever college he may come, but is marked in scholarly eminence, as are the carved stones in the walls of his University.

May it not be that the hopes of the period they mark may some day be realized and that like the great buildings of older lands, those of Toronto University may become cherished memorials of formative days, an inspiration to the men who come within their influence, and so works of value in the progress of our country.



THE MAIN TOWER FROM THE EAST

THE ARCHITECTURE OF A UNIVERSITY BUILDING.

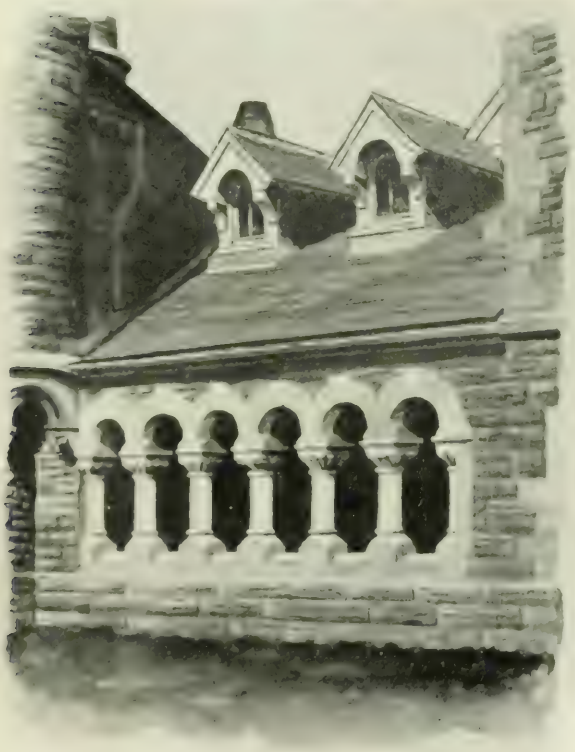
A. H. Harkness, B.A.Sc.

WHEN a city assumes importance as an educational centre, we may expect to find in connection with its educational institutions such buildings as will add to the beauty and enhance the interest of that city. If a country is to have any architecture at all we will expect to find it in connection with those institutions which represent the highest and best in the culture of the people. The process of acquiring an education cannot be seen by a visitor to a city, but the buildings in which this process takes place can be, and will always possess an interest to one who may have occasion to be in their vicinity. Oxford and Cambridge, the most celebrated educational centres of English-speaking countries, and perhaps of the world, possess an attraction to a visitor not through the fact that they are educational centres, but because of the interesting architectural character of the university buildings which are the seat of these institutions of culture. While it is to be regretted that the educational institutions of the city of Toronto, which may rank as the foremost educational city of Canada, are not all housed in buildings that may lay claim to some architectural merit, still it is the good fortune of the city to possess in connection with its chief university a building of such excellence as to be recognized amongst the foremost architectural structures of America. While there are other buildings in Ca-



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO FROM THE SOUTH-WEST—A RECENT PICTURE

nada that possess considerable merit as examples of the architectural art—the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa in the Gothic style, Osgoode Hall of Toronto in the Renaissance, and an array of others of more than average excellence—still there is no other that has called forth from travellers, men famous in art, literature and science, as many expressions of admiration and approval as this example of the Norman Romanesque in Queen's Park, Toronto.



ARCADE AT WESTERN ENTRANCE, SHOWING GEOMETRICAL FORM OF CAPITALS AND BASES OF COLUMNS

There are none of the associations of antiquity about the building. Like everything else in this country of ours, it is new. The erection of the building as it now stands was commenced in the summer of 1856—less than forty-five years ago—three years after the founding of the University of Toronto, or rather after the transforming of the old King's College into the new university under the name it now bears. The building was but three years under course of construction—a remarkably short time for a structure containing so much carefully executed cut stone work as this does.

The building, however, was not destined to pass down to posterity without any vicissitudes of fortune. On the 14th of February, 1890, the occasion being that of the chief annual social function of the university, through the accidental dropping of a tray of lamps, the whole interior of the eastern half of the building was destroyed by fire. The loss, which was a keen financial blow to the institution, involved the complete destruction of the library. Architecturally, however, the building suffered but little. All the damaged stonework was replaced as it was before. However, to suit the more modern requirements of the university, the interior was completely altered, and thus was lost the very interesting Norman wood-carving of the library and Convocation Hall.

The original architect was fortunate in the choice of a style in which to carry out the design of the building. While he has chosen a style the best adapted to our Canadian climate, and one excellently suited to the character of the Canadian people, it is perhaps the most interesting from historical associations. It originated and was developed during the rise and spread of Christianity through Northern and Western Europe. After the downfall



ARCADE IN MAIN HALL, WITH ANIMAL AND BIRD FORMS IN THE CAPITALS OF THE DOUBLE COLUMNS

of the Roman Empire, for a period of about two hundred years there was practically no building carried on in any part of Europe. In the ninth century, however, after Christianity had developed to be a leading factor in the life of the people of Southern Europe, the necessity of providing suitable places of worship gave an impetus to building. The great pagan temples, through their associations, were not suitable for this purpose. But as many of them were in ruins they served well for quarries from which to take stone for the erection of such religious edifices as were required. As a consequence, we find in the simply planned and constructed buildings of this period a great deal of purely classical detail which was taken directly from the Roman ruins. The architecture of Rome, then as now the head of the church, was that most directly followed by the builders of the neighbouring countries. But being unable to use the Roman ruins as stone quarries, they were obliged to do their own carving and ornamentation, and hence in it we find a wide difference from that of Rome. And the farther from Rome we go the greater the difference becomes.

At the time of the Conquest the Normans had learned but very little of the art of architecture as carried on in Rome, so that the style as developed later in England possesses so few of the Romanesque qualities that it may much more properly be called Norman than Romanesque, though we should remember that it is really but a development of the latter. Previous to the Conquest the Anglo-Saxons had practically no architecture. They did some building, but it was mostly of a very crude nature. Immediately following the Conquest was a period of great building activity. All the barons had to be provided with fortified residences. Many churches and other ecclesiastical buildings were immediately erected. While the "architects,"



CAPITAL FROM MAIN ENTRANCE, SHOWING FOLIAGE CARVING WITH GEOMETRICAL FORMS ON COLUMN AND ABACUS

if such they might be called, being for the most part the owners of the buildings or the priests of the churches, had some slight knowledge of architecture as carried on in Europe, the workmen had none, and were at first rather unskilled in the use of the hammer, trowel and chisel. We thus find that while the prevalent style of the mainland of Europe had some influence on the art as developed in England, still the growth of the Norman style very nearly represents the development of a style of architecture from the embryonic state. And through the entire growth of English architecture from the crudest form of the Norman to the most highly developed form of the Gothic we find that, though influenced to some extent by the contemporaneous styles of the mainland, still the development was largely independent of any such influence.



DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR

GROTESQUE WATERDRIP TERMINALS

In a style of architecture developed so largely with a freedom of outside influences we may expect to find many new and original characteristics. In its earliest phases during which the labour of erection was done by the unskilled inhabitants of England, we find the masonry rather crude, the walls very thick and heavy, the carving on the stonework coarse and simple; and as the baronial castles partook as much or more of the nature of a fortress as of a residence we find the openings small. The structural forms were all simple, the labourers having neither the knowledge nor the skill to erect any such daring structural features as became so common in the later Gothic. The columns, but little used in the first stages of the style, were very heavy and massive, and the capitals crowning them were simple cubes, or square plinths with the corners rounded off, and sometimes carved geometrically in such simple forms as may be seen in the small arcade of the western entrance to the University building. The arch was used to span all openings and the vault was very largely used to cover buildings. These characteristics gave to this style of architecture a sense of repose and stability possessed by no other since the days of the great Egyptian temples. In the later development of the style, as the workmen became more proficient more decoration was applied. The exterior of the walls had rows of arcades built on them, as may be seen on the part of wall just to the west of the University main entrance. Windows were placed in these arcades, the wall space of every second, third or fourth arch being pierced for that purpose. The walls and columns were not so mas-

sive. The ornamentation of doorways and windows became much richer. This ornamentation consisted of simple zigzag forms, triangular projections or dog-tooth forms cut on the corners of each ring of the arch, the arch being built up of several successive arches each one larger than the one behind, and each resting on its own column. Thus a cross-section of an arch will show a series of right-angled recesses and projections which lend themselves very readily to this form of ornamentation. And this was the universal practice whether in as elaborate a piece of carving as in the main doorway of the University or in the simpler forms as may be seen in some of the University windows. Capitals became much more ornate. Conventional flower forms deeply undercut and animal and bird forms were extensively used. Corbel tables under cornices and other projecting members, stone water-drip terminals over windows, and gargoyles were carved into wonderfully grotesque animal forms, such as may be seen on many parts of the building under consideration.



TWO CORBELS SUPPORTING CEILING OF THE MAIN HALL—FOLIAGE AND GEOMETRICAL CARVINGS

The feeling that the main building of the University conveys to one on first seeing it is the impression of quiet repose that it possesses, a characteristic quite essential to the architectural success of any building. Although the building is not large, the different parts have been so well proportioned in their relation to each other and to the whole that it is possible to get what one so often fails in doing on seeing a building for the first time, a proper conception of its size. It is to this correct proportion, and to the excellent arrangement of the different features of the building that the feeling of repose is due. The main tower occupies a central position in the front façades. The two wings are about equal in mass and possess the same general characteristics of form, giving symmetry of mass with a good variety of detail. Each extension increases in interest as it approaches the tower. The eastern wing has two small towers marking entrances at two different points along the wing, the nearer tower of the two being the more interesting in design. This wing terminates in a gable of simple and pleasing proportions that forms the final feature of the front façade. Between this gable and the main tower is an area of wall contain-



ARCADE IN MAIN HALL

ing many characteristic Norman features—corbel tables, wall arcades containing windows and window groups. The western part of the front façade terminates in a low circular room almost detached from the main building, and used for the purpose of storing physical apparatus. Adjacent to this is a small arcade and tower, forming a porch to the west entrance of the building. And next to this is a gable somewhat similar in form and proportions, and occupying about the same relative position as the one on the east wing. Between this and the main tower is a wall corresponding to the one to the east. Thus we see how from both the eastern and western extremities of the building one feature leads us to another, each more interesting and more important than the last until we reach the culminating feature of the whole composition — the square, massive and nobly proportioned main central tower.

The view as obtained from the main driveway as the building is approached from the south-east is the best that can be obtained.* From here the eastern wing with its two towers forms a perspective that balances the extra extensions of the front façade towards the west, so that there is almost a perfect symmetry of mass. From a corresponding position towards the south-west the eastern towers cannot be seen, and there is no feature towards the east to balance the circular room and western porch at the west, so that from this position no such symmetry of mass is obtained as from the east.

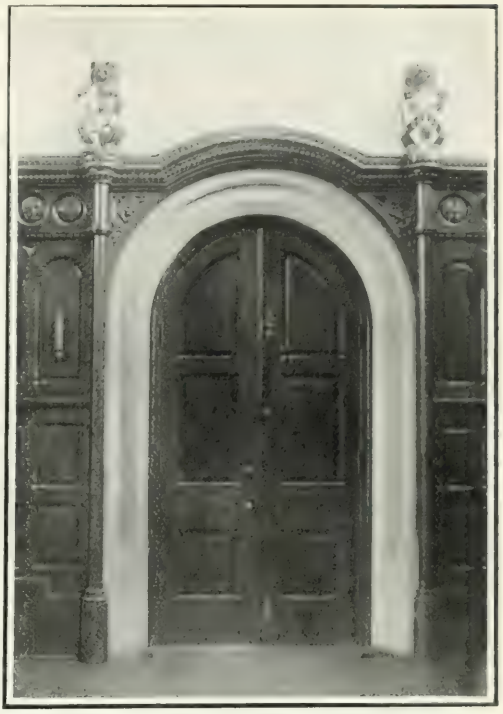
Another very pleasing view, as a whole, is obtained from the eastern approach. From this position an excellent view of the tower is had, with the other minor features grouped about it in such a manner as by comparison with them to show its truly noble proportions. Again from, the north-west the different features of the building form an excellent grouping. It is from here that we see the building has some chimneys, and fine old chimneys they are. And from here we see that the entire building is not devoted to

* See page 241.



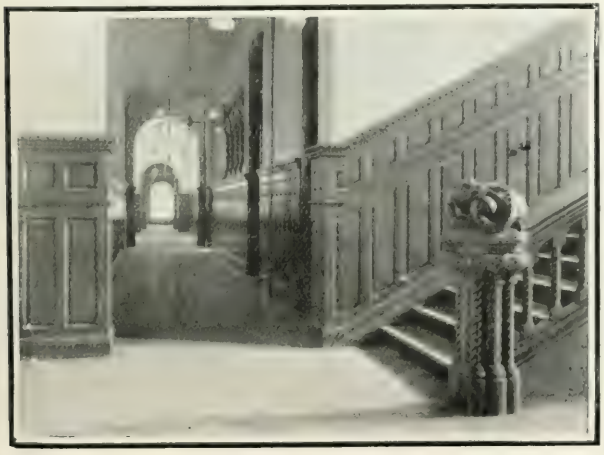
CORRIDOR OVERLOOKING INTERIOR QUADRANGLE, BUILT IN WOOD

educational purposes, that provision has been made as well for man's physical comforts as well as for his intellectual accomplishments. In the foreground is the kitchen with proper kitchen chimneys, and the dining-hall with its appropriate belfry. On the extreme left is the northern extension of the east wing with the two eastern towers extending above the roof. On the extreme right is the circular Physical apparatus room. From these two points is feature after feature — roofs, chimneys, dormers, gables, towers, belfries, all leading up to and grouping about the main central tower, which we see rearing its top up through and above them all. It is indeed a most interesting composition, such an one as it is the good fortune of but few buildings to possess.



A DOORWAY IN WOOD AND STONE

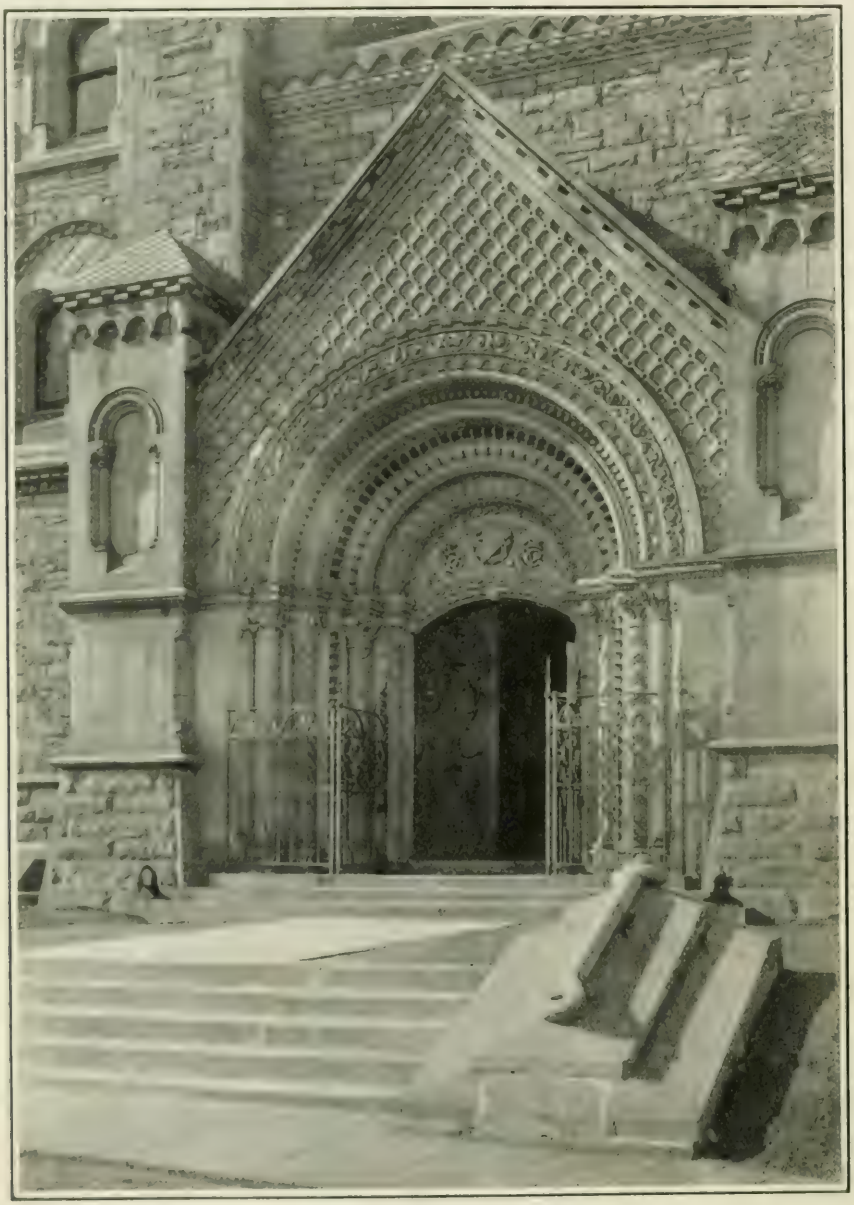
Besides the excellent general composition of the building it possesses a large amount of detail work of more than usual interest. It is all true to the Norman style and represents practically all phases of it. The main entrance is the richest and most ornate piece of work on the building. Flanked by two buttresses, and covered by a richly diapered gable, it becomes in itself a complete architectural entity. The columns are all covered with characteristic Norman forms. The capitals are representative of the highest development of the art of Norman carving; the arch rings are decorated with a variety of detail carving showing the widest range of Norman design. The large double window immediately above, placed in an arched recess, also contains some interesting work. The rope form of the arch moulding is one quite extensively used in the style. The porch of the western entrance forms one of the most interesting features of the building. The plain, short, round columns with the geometrically carved cushion



EAST CORRIDOR AS REBUILT. THE NEWEL POST OF STAIRS IS AN EXCELLENT BIT OF WOOD CARVING

capitals, and the plain splayed arches, represent the Norman style as practised rather early in its development.

piece of carving on the north side of the Physical apparatus room, in the corner between that and the main building,



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MAIN ENTRANCE—THIS WAS UNINJURED BY THE FIRE OF 1890

On all parts of the exterior will be found examples of the grotesque, but the best example on the building is a

There are many more interesting bits of Norman work over the entire building—windows, doorways, arcades,

with their columns and capitals, cornices and corbel tables that present material for the study of the art.

The interior work of the building is confined to the main hall. A low massive arch between the vestibule and the hall, with some of the simpler decorations of the style, confronts one on first entering the main doorway. Passing through this, one stands under a gallery supported by three arches resting on double columns. In the capitals of these columns will be found about the only use in the building of carved animals and bird forms used for the purpose of decorating capitals, a use very often made of such forms at one time during the progress of the style.

While the standard of architecture in Canada has not reached a very high phase, with such a building as this before the eyes of the young men who are to be the leaders in our social and political life, we may hope for a general improvement in the art. One cannot acquire a liberal education in the arts or in science while in touch with an architectural structure of great merit without having his taste for architecture influenced to some extent by such association. With a few more such buildings as the University, as Osgoode Hall, and as our Ottawa Parliament Buildings, the architecture of Canada would soon rise above the mediocre. And with the increasing wealth and prosperity of the country such progress may be immediately looked for.

MEMORIES.

DO you remember when we wandered, you and I,
In days so long ago beside the dear old sea,
And listened to the lonely seabird's mournful cry,
As o'er the watery way it slowly passed us by,
Do you remember, dearest, how it used to be?

I breathed some words of life that in the distance lay,
You laughed that winning, merry laugh so sweet and low,
Why need we trouble us about a future day,
Why not be gay and happy, sweetheart, while we may,
Why should we vainly talk of that we cannot know?

E'en then I felt that we the same would meet no more,
Some warning voice low whispered to my aching heart,
The dim, dark future never can be as before,
The tiny wavelets sobbed it on the silver shore,
I knew then, my beloved, that you and I would part.

Ah! how I long to see your dear face once again,
For I have waited, oh, so patiently, my queen,
Must I alone thus ever desolate remain,
And but the lingering memory of those days retain,
Before the shadows crept in silently between?

Alban E. Ragg.



The Perils of the Red Box

By Headon Hill

PERIL III—THE TSARINA'S WEDDING-PRESENT.

WHEN I took my two months' leave, and went north for the grouse-shooting in the year of the present Tsar's marriage I had only one regret. I was compelled to break off a very interesting flirtation with Fraulein Netta von Friednau.

Netta was altogether charming—a real golden-haired German blonde with a peach-blossom complexion and sea-blue eyes, not for one moment to be confounded with the pasty-faced, cane-coloured type that is all too common. She held the position of maid of honour to the exalted personage whom I am constrained to disguise under the pseudonym of her Serene Highness the Grand Duchess of Silesia. The Grand Duchess was a very great lady indeed, nearly related to our Royal Family, and given to spending a great portion of her time in England, where she was a favourite both at Court and in the inner circle of society.

I returned to town in the early part of November, and dining at the Duke of Selhurst's on the night after my arrival, I was agreeably surprised to find the Fraulein Netta and her Serene mistress among the guests. What could have induced the Grand Duchess to remain in England, contrary to her usual practice, so long after the close of the London season I could not imagine; but whatever the cause I rejoiced in the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with Netta von Friednau.

I told her so the moment I got a chance to speak to her, which was not till quite late in the evening, when every minute I was expecting to hear the Grand Duchess's carriage announced. But her Serene Highness seemed in no hurry to go, and seeing her embarked on a duel of playful badinage with our host, I managed to catch Netta's eye and direct it towards the winter garden adjoining the drawing-rooms. I slipped out, and a moment later she joined me among the palms.

"It is nice of you to say so," she said in answer to my expressions of pleasure. "But I fear that we only meet to part again immediately. We are off to Russia for the Tsar's wedding in a few days."

"To Russia—to Petersburg!" I exclaimed. "Then you must not make so sure of having seen the last of me. My duty may, and probably will, take me to Petersburg before the week is out. Do you not remember, Fraulein, that I told you that I was a Queen's Messenger—on the Russian service?"

I was huffed that she should have so soon forgotten; but her next words, spoken in the caressing tone I knew so well, and all the more piquant for their faint trace of foreign accent, set my pulses throbbing.

"I remember now, but you said so many other pretty things at the same time that I had forgotten. It was of you—not of what you were—that I was thinking. Poor little me!"

After this we had to be silent for a while; and then she told me why the Grand Duchess had prolonged her usual sojourn in England to so late a period in the year. Her Serene Highness, who was distantly related to the future Tsarina, being convinced of the superiority of English workmanship, had entrusted an order for a superb wedding-present to Messrs. Bolton and Field, the well-known Bond Street jewellers. The present was in the form of a tiara of diamonds, having for its centre a noted stone known as "the Mogul's Gem," and itself worth £20,000. Reckoning the price of the smaller stones, and of the setting, the total cost of this princely offering would not fall far short of the enormous sum of

£50,000. The Grand Duchess took the greatest interest in every detail of its manufacture, which it might almost have been said, from Netta's description, she had personally supervised. It had now been completed, and it was the intention of the Grand Duchess to herself convey it to Petersburg, whither she had been invited as a guest to the wedding.

When the fair Von Friednau had imparted this information it was high time for her to return to the drawing room, and soon after the carriage of the Grand Duchess was announced. With the departure of Netta and her Serenity I dismissed the subject of the tiara from my mind as no concern of mine, beyond having given me a pleasant quarter of an hour with a very pleasant little friend. For all that the tiara was to concern me intimately, and I was to learn in what way before I left the house that night.

The Duke of Selhurst, it may be remembered, was not only the father of my friend Poindexter, who had procured me my post as Queen's Messenger, but was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and as such the head for the time being of the department which I served. On my advancing to take leave of him, he asked me to postpone my departure for a few minutes, and led me into the library. I noticed that he closed the door carefully behind us.

"You will have to go to Russia with despatches the day after to-morrow, Melgund," he began. "You will hear of the despatches in the ordinary routine from the Foreign Office, and I only mention your journey because I have a commission for you rather out of the common."

And to my surprise he proceeded to recount what I had so lately listened to—the story of the costly wedding-present which the Grand Duchess of Silesia was making to the future Tsarina—and wound up with the request that I would convey the tiara to Petersburg.

Coming from him the request was virtually a command, but in assenting I must have permitted my face to show astonishment. For the Duke smiled slightly as he condescended to explain.

"It is very irregular, of course," he said; "but I am really as powerless in the matter as you are. Her Serene Highness not only preferred the request to me personally to-night, that the Foreign Office would take charge of the tiara, but she backed it with an autograph letter from the——" (he mentioned a high personage) "endorsing the proposal."

"I understood from Fraulein von Friednau that the Grand Duchess was on the point of starting for Russia in order to be present at the ceremony," said I.

"Meaning, though your chivalry prevents you from saying so, that she might very well carry her present herself," laughed his Grace. "That was her original intention, but it appears that the jewellers who have been making the thing have received an anonymous warning that certain professional criminals have a design for attempting to steal the tiara *en route*. This so scared the Grand Duchess that she bethought her of getting her present entrusted to the care of a Queen's Messenger, who would never be suspected by the thieves of having it in his charge. Knowing that she was to be my guest to-night, she armed herself with the high authority that I have mentioned, and mooted the question in a way there was no refusing."

As a result of this conversation, and of certain instructions which the Duke gave me before I left, I drove up to the shop of Messrs. Bolton & Field two days later to call for the tiara. I was on my way to Victoria, since I always used the Queenborough and Flushing route. As I had already been introduced to Mr. Bolton at the Foreign Office, and I called by appointment, there was no difficulty about my credentials. The senior partner at once handed me the glittering ornament, which for my satisfaction he packed into its own case before my eyes. I locked it into the red box immediately.

"I suppose that this is really all nonsense—that the anonymous warn-

ing was nothing but a hoax," I remarked, as I prepared to return to my cab.

"Possibly; yet I think that the Grand Duchess is wise to be on the safe side," replied Mr. Bolton gravely. "You see on receipt of the letter I communicated with Scotland Yard, and the authorities there held the opinion that it was probably genuine. They could conceive no object in the sending of it otherwise. The view they took was that it emanated, not from a traitor in the criminal camp, but from some female friend alarmed for the safety of the intending thief, and therefore anxious to thwart the attempt by enabling precautions to be taken. The letter was in a woman's hand-writing, though disguised, and was written apparently under the misapprehension that the tiara was to be conveyed to Russia by us."

"No details of the nature or place of the proposed attempt was given?" I inquired.

"There was nothing of the kind," the jeweller replied. "Here is the letter if you care to see it."

The half-sheet of note-paper which Mr. Bolton proffered was of the best quality and texture, and I could understand that it would be practically useless as a clue. It bore the water-mark of well-known makers whose goods have an extensive sale at all high-class stationers. No more was to be gathered from the words written upon it, which were brief and vague—

"Look out! There is a plot to steal the diamond crown that you are making to go to Russia. It will be done on the journey. Your man should watch himself."

The slangy colloquialism of the warning — as instanced by the phrases "Look out!" and "watch himself" —seemed so much at variance with the elegant stationery as to suggest that it might have been purposely affected. Indicating this to Mr. Bolton as the only point that occurred to me, I thanked him for showing the paper and bade him good-night.

I arrived at Victoria with but little time to spare, my stay at the jewellers having been longer than I had intended; but as I had arranged for a reserved compartment, that was rather an advantage. The passengers had all taken their seats, so that I had not the anxiety of safe-guarding the now doubly-precious red box on a crowded platform. The run to Queenborough was made without incident, and as it was raining heavily I made my way as quickly as possible on board the steamer, where I at once gave the box into the care of the captain and saw it safely locked up in the bullion-room.

Satisfied that during the passage at least my charge would be out of danger, I went into the saloon and amused myself with watching the entry of the other passengers. At that season of the year there were not a great number, but as one and all sought shelter from the rain the saloon was soon as full as it often is on a calm summer night. I had just come to the conclusion that no suspicious-looking characters had made their appearance, when the chief steward entered, and with an obsequious bow ushered in two ladies, a gentleman, and a tall footman, who retired after depositing a pile of cloaks and wraps. I was somewhat startled. The ladies were the Grand Duchess of Silesia and the Fraulein Netta von Friednau, and I had no difficulty in recognizing the gentleman as Herr Baumann, the Grand Duchess's private secretary.

A moment's reflection showed me that there was no real reason for astonishment. I knew that the Grand Duchess was due at Petersburg for the wedding in the course of a few days, quite irrespective of the costly present she was giving. Her travelling in the same boat with the tiara which she had been afraid to convey herself was therefore a quite intelligible coincidence—a coincidence which was altogether delightful as suggesting my obvious duty in demanding explanations from Netta von Friednau.

This I was unable to do at once, for as I had never been presented to the Grand Duchess it would have been a

gross breach of etiquette to approach Netta while she was in attendance on her Serene mistress. But as soon as the boat sheered off from the landing-stage her Highness retired to her state-room, after a few whispered words to the deferential Baumann, accompanied, I was nearly certain, by a fleeting glance in my direction. From this I concluded that the Grand Duchess knew me by sight, and took an interest in me as the Queen's Messenger entrusted with the care of her property. I had no doubt that her scrutiny of me had convinced her that she might sleep soundly, in the certainty that the tiara was in safe keeping.

Netta vanished into the state-room with the Grand Duchess, and Herr Baumann seated himself at the saloon table with a newspaper, over which I began to have the impression that he from time to time watched me. Not rudely or obtrusively—for it was hard to catch him at it—yet I resented the peeping and prying as an ungentlemanly impertinence. As he had never been introduced to me, and his manner was not openly offensive, I could not very well take notice of it, but I presently moved my seat to another part of the saloon.

In about half-an-hour Netta von Friednau came out of the state-room, and was passing close to me when I rose up and detained her, in some uncertainty as to whether she was aware of my presence on board. Her lack of surprise on seeing me dispelled all doubts on that head.

"I am going to find the Grand Duchess's maid," she said. "She is with the other servants in the second saloon. When I come back I have something funny to tell you. I do not know whether it will make you angry or make you laugh, but you will please me best if you laugh."

"Then I shall go into fits," I said.

In a minute or two she returned with the lady's-maid, and having conducted her to the state-room came back to me. I did not know if the fair Netta had been apprised of my having charge of the tiara, and during her absence I had decided that, much as I admired her, it was no part of my duty to impart the confidence. Her very first words, however, showed that I need put no restraint on myself in that respect.

"So it is you who like a brave knight have come to the assistance of two frightened women," she began. "When the Grand Duchess told me that the wedding-present was to be taken to Russia by a Queen's Messenger, I said to myself, 'That will be nice. It will be Captain Melgund.'"

Her artless simplicity touched me to the quick. "You dear little girl," I said. "But how could you be sure it would be nice? It was all a chance that we journey together."

"That is part of the funny thing I am to tell you," she was beginning, when I noticed that Herr Baumann had changed his position and was furtively observing us. A woman, that is to say a pretty woman, can do anything to me, but I am quickly annoyed by men who transgress the code of politeness. I interrupted the Fraulein rather more briskly than I could have wished.

"Pardon me! One moment!" I said. "I have not the pleasure of Herr Baumann's acquaintance, yet he seems to take a very close interest in my proceedings. He has been watching me ever since we came on board, and now he has moved nearer to us in a manner that I regard as offensive. If it is that he is jealous of your kindness to me, Fraulein, I can pity him and forgive him, but I think I must go and ask him not to make himself a nuisance."

Netta, who was looking her best that night, tucked a stray curl into her smart little travelling toque and smiled up at me archly.

"That also is a part of the funny thing I am to tell you, which will make you angry or make you laugh," she said. "Do not, I beg of you, be cross to poor Herr Baumann, or you must be cross to poor me too. For I also am watching you—by the orders of her Serene Highness."

"I am only a stupid old soldier, and I do not understand," I said in genuine astonishment.

"It is like this," replied Netta. "Her Highness is gone—what you call it—crazy over that tiara, I think. First there is a letter to the jewellers, and she fears that she will be robbed if she takes her present to Petersburg herself. Then she uses her influence to have it taken by a Queen's Messenger. No sooner is that arranged than she fears that the Queen's Messenger—which is you, my dear friend—will run off with the tiara himself. That is why we travel by the same train and boat, and why she commands Herr Baumann and little me to—what you call it—keep the eye on you."

To be angry or to laugh? Well, I have a fairly developed sense of humour, yet I really for the moment failed to see the fun of the situation. A great responsibility, and, it might be, personal risk, had been thrust upon me, entirely unsought, at the request of the Grand Duchess, and here she was shadowing me by the eyes of her suite as though I was a common thief. A righteous wrath seemed to be the only tribute that I could pay to my wounded dignity.

But the torrent of resentment that rose to my lips was stemmed by Netta von Friednau's roguish eyes, which said as plainly as in words that the laugh was not at my expense. The expression on her face was infectious; I felt the muscles of my mouth begin to twitch, and whether I would or no I found myself enjoying the joke from her point of view.

"Is not her Highness too ridiculous," she said when we had finished laughing. "This is not the first instance I have had of her suspicious nature, I can assure you. She gives me some pretty work to do sometimes. And that is not all the fun. There is the unfortunate Baumann. He knows the—what you call it?—humbug of the thing as well as me. He is the sleepiest of the sleepy, yet he dare not go to his berth, but must sit there blinking like an owl for fear you run away—into the sea."

We sat chatting for some time, the Fraulein indulging in some rather disloyal mirth at the expense of her sovereign, and then, as the most merciful mode of releasing my charming little friend and her colleague, the sleepy Herr Baumann, from their vigil, I said good-night and went to my berth. After all, I argued as I turned in, the extraordinary behaviour of the Grand Duchess towards one of her Majesty's Messengers had given me a very pleasant reunion with the pretty maid of honour.

But though I promised myself further delights on the journey, that conversation on the boat was the last of any duration that I was destined to secure with Netta before entering Russia. At Flushing a special saloon-carriage for the use of the Grand Duchess had been attached to the train, with compartments for the suite and the servants, and all I could do was to watch the dainty Fraulein from afar as she tripped across the carpeted platform in the wake of her Serene mistress. Baumann, the lady's-maid, the tall footman laden with wraps, and half-a-dozen other servants sorted themselves into their appointed places, and I went to take my own seat in an ordinary *coupé*.

So it was at Brussels, and at Berlin, and at the other important stations where there were stoppages for meals. I got no chance of a word with Netta, nor so far as I could see was the watch upon my movements by any of the suite resumed. It is true that I carried the red box ostentatiously, and put myself much in evidence in the neighbourhood of the saloon-carriage during the stoppages, so that I supposed that the Grand Duchess was at length good enough to be satisfied of my honesty.

At Wirballen, the frontier station where the train enters upon the Russian railway system, I got the first opportunity of questioning Netta upon the point. At this place the customs examination of passengers' luggage is made, and while this ceremony was in

progress the Grand Duchess remained in the waiting-room, the Fraulein von Friednau being delegated to overlook the officials. As a well-known Queen's Messenger with a British Foreign Office pass I had more latitude than is accorded to ordinary travellers in Russia, and I walked boldly into the baggage-room. Netta was standing by while a burly, blue-coated Muscovite overhauled a trunk of silk and satin fripperies. I touched her on the arm.

"So I am no longer treated as a criminal?" I said.

"No, she has recovered," replied the Fraulein demurely. "You see when she found that you came on in the train she thought that she might trust you. It was at Flushing she feared you might—what you call—give the slip, eh? Poor Baumann—he can sleep now."

"Her Highness is most kind, and you may tell her, Fraulein, if the etiquette of your exalted Court does not forbid, that she also may sleep soundly now," I replied. "In Holy Russia I am beyond the reach of even the most skilled English criminals, and to-night I shall deliver the tiara at our Embassy. Then it will be my turn to laugh, and I shall not fail to do so when I get back to my clubs."

Netta trilled out a joyous ripple of merriment. "Yes, you will be entitled to tell the story against her Serene Highness," she replied. "I should wish to be there—in your great solemn clubs—to hear you. But seriously, dear Captain Melgund, I am pleased that you have brought the tiara to safety without danger to yourself. As you say, here in Russia such people as wrote the letter could not come. They would not be able to get passports."

I stayed by her during the remainder of the examination, placing at her service my knowledge of Russian, of which neither Netta nor any of the suite seemed to know a single word. The customs room was very crowded, the herd of passengers, mostly American and French, jostling and pushing to get early attention from the officials; but by my aid the Silesian baggage was quickly passed. The Fraulein was murmuring her thanks, preparatory to hastening back to the Grand Duchess in the waiting room, when a man's voice, pitched in a tone of authority, called distinctly—

"Fraulein von Friednau!"

"Your Serene Highness!" replied Netta promptly, turning, as though startled, to look for the speaker. Then, in an instant, she broke into one of her warbling laughs. "How silly of me!" she cried, her colour deepening. "I fancied I heard the Grand Duchess calling. That, of course, is impossible; she would not come among this rabble. Again a thousand thanks, and *au revoir* at Petersburg. And she was gone before I could assure her that she *had* been called, though not in a voice which even in the prevailing din could be mistaken for that of a woman.

Now, at the sound of Netta's name spoken so authoritatively, I had also turned in search of the owner of the voice. Rapid as was my glance, I could pitch upon no one amid the throng who seemed to have addressed the Fraulein, or who was affected by her promptly-uttered reply. Yet I was positively certain that her name had been called, and by a man. The only male member of the suite visible was the tall footman, whose chief function seemed to be the carrying of rugs and wraps. He was leaning against the wall just inside the door of the customs room, gaping abstractedly at the crowd. He did not accost Netta as she passed out, but drew himself up and bowed low, which would hardly have been his conduct had he been sent to her with a message. Besides, the maid of honour would never have replied so naturally to the footman, "Your Serene Highness!"—almost as if it were wrung from her by the force of habit.

And then, as I looked at the fellow again, I was startled by the germ of an idea that that hurried "Your Serene Highness" of Netta's might have been the result of force of habit after all. The Hohenmeisters of Silesia are an

ancient race, impoverished somewhat, and fallen from their high estate as independent sovereigns; but their degeneration into mere understudies of the omnipotent Kaiser has failed to stamp out certain marked peculiarities of feature and mien handed down to them through many centuries. The footman with the wraps and rugs possessed no less than three of those peculiarities to a pronounced degree.

Could it be, I wondered, that the Grand Duke of Silesia was accompanying his wife to Petersburg in such strict incognito that he had assumed the character of a menial servant? Though my life was spent in carrying political despatches, I troubled my head but little with international affairs, and it was quite possible, I told myself, that there might be political reasons why the Grand Duke could not enter Russia in his own august personality. In that case—if my wild surmise was correct—the phrasing of Fraulein von Friednau's prompt response to her unavowed interlocutor was intelligible. It would have been a sudden slip due to her preoccupation at the moment and smartly rectified by both parties to the secret.

Anyhow, it was no affair of mine, and could have no bearing that I could see on my official duty or my private pleasure—the one being to deliver my despatches and the tiara in Petersburg, the other to make love to Netta von Friednau afterwards. I lounged out of the customs room on to the platform, staring the footman full in the face as I went. He blinked stupidly at me—more especially at the red box that I was carrying under my arm—but close to him I was able to strengthen, if not to verify, my suspicion. The resemblance to the Hohenmeisters of Silesia—to the reigning Grand Duke, from my recollection of his photographs—was distinctly traceable.

The tedious exigencies of the frontier being completed, the train started for its long fifteen-hour run to Petersburg. On the Russian system also a private saloon had been put at the service of the Grand Duchess; so that had I been so disposed I should have had no opportunity of cross-examining Netta as to the truth of my surmise. The Fraulein, as maid of honour in personal attendance, travelled in the saloon, the rest of the suite being accommodated in the end compartments of the same carriage; and I particularly noticed that the footman took his seat with the inferior servants, not in the compartment occupied by Herr Baumann, the confidential maid, and a newly-arrived, black-coated individual whose functions I had yet to learn.

I shared a compartment with a couple of American tourists, whose amusing chatter so enlivened the journey through the dreary Russian landscape that when the train stopped at Dwinsk at eight in the evening I was surprised to find that we had come so far. Dwinsk is the junction for Riga, and there was a stoppage there of ten minutes. Having made an early dinner at Wilna, I did not leave my compartment, and about half the wait was over when the Fraulein von Friednau, looking hot and worried, appeared at the window. She shot a quick glance at my fellow-travellers, and beckoned me to her.

"I am ashamed of my errand, after the way you have been treated," she began. "It is only because I know your good nature that I dare. Her Highness has been taken ill with one of the attacks to which she is subject, and her medical man, who travels with us, has forbidden her to go on. We cannot make the station officials understand that we want the saloon detached, so that we may take her Highness to the hotel and go on in the morning. Will you speak to them in Russian for us?"

Of course I was out on the platform in a twinkling, and, reassuring Netta, accompanied her to the saloon, where Baumann was gesticulating to the station-master and the guard of the train. Taking the matter into my hands, I soon made it clear to the officials, who began in leisurely Russian fashion to arrange for the shunting of the saloon. Before this could

be done it was necessary to remove the illustrious patient, and I remained to make myself useful. The Grand Duchess had fainted, and the black-coated man, who turned out to be the court physician, was plying her with restoratives.

Her Serene Highness is by way of being a "fine woman," and the vociferous gratitude of Baumann and the doctor for the help of my strong arms in lifting her from the train would have made a vain man of me were I not proof against such weakness. What I valued more was the furtive squeeze of the hand which Netta gave me when we had got the still unconscious patient on to the station litter.

"It is noble of you," the Fraulein whispered. "How you brush away all difficulties! But it makes me sad, because I fear that my troubles are only beginning. How shall I manage at the hotel with all these stupids—poor little me, who cannot speak Russian?"

She waved her hand scornfully at the suite, who had left the train and were standing dejectedly around, the tall footman among them, seeming as abstracted as ever. I saw very well what she wanted, but I was not quite sure that it tallied with my duty. I had reason to believe that the despatches I was carrying were not important, and had in fact been made up more or less for the purpose of putting on a Queen's Messenger to "oblige" the Grand Duchess. Yet I was on Government service, and it was a law of that service to go straight to one's destination.

"There is nearly sure to be some one who speaks French at the hotel," I said.

"Ah, but there might not be, and then think of poor Netta's difficulties," pleaded the little tempter. "You *will* stay and help us, will you not? Every brave soldier is a friend of ladies in distress."

There was need for instant decision, for the engine was backing on to the hinder portion of the train, after shunting the saloon. One final arrow from the bright eyes touched my heart and settled the question.

"Very well," I said. "I am in her Highness's service already to some extent, and that must be my excuse. I am wholly in yours, and that ought to need none."

She rewarded me with a look of more than gratitude—it was almost triumph—and I hurried to extract my portmanteau from the train. The red box I already carried in my hand. Then I rejoined the Grand Ducal party, which, headed by the litter borne by railway porters, at once moved off to the hotel.

The hotel adjoined the station precincts, so that my services as interpreter were quickly in requisition. Not so really, for as the train panted away to Petersburg I made the discovery that the proprietor was a Frenchman, and my conscience pricked me all too late that I need not have stayed. The Fraulein's "Parisian" would have been quite adequate to the occasion.

The Grand Duchess was carried up to the best apartment in the house, and as Netta went with her there was nothing for me to do but to kick my heels in the public rooms and hope that my little friend would come down. But Baumann and the doctor, who appeared in the *salon-à-manger* later, and took supper together, informed me that, though her Highness was better, the Fraulein would not be able to leave her side that night. The two gentlemen flunkies seemed sheepish, evincing a disposition to avoid me—I supposed because of my having put them to shame in conducting what ought to have been their affair—and, not being attracted by either of them, I made no advances.

When it became evident that Netta von Friednau had no intention of leaving the Serene invalid, I retired to my bedroom for the night. I was a little annoyed, after the breach of duty that I had perpetrated on her account, that she had not made an opportunity of meeting me during the evening; and smarting under the neglect I sent her a curt message by one of the waiters

that, as she had no further use for me, I should continue my journey to Petersburg by the first train in the morning, whether her party went on or not.

True to this purpose I rose early and descended to the *salon-à-manger*, which at that hour was deserted, save by the waiter who was laying the breakfast ordered by me overnight. I had hardly taken my seat, with the red box on the table at my side, when Netta burst into the room, radiant as a newly-opened blush-rose.

"You must come with me at once," she cried. "The Grand Duchess does not know how to be grateful enough, and she wants to thank you in person before you leave. She is much better to-day; but, alas! we shall travel together no longer, for the physician has forbidden her the excitement and fatigue of the Imperial wedding. Imagine my disappointment! We return to Germany at mid-day."

I rose at once, tucking the red box under my arm, and quitted the saloon, Netta chattering as she led the way up-stairs to the first floor.

"I have no business to tell you," she ran on, "but her Serene Highness intends to make reparation for her behaviour on the boat. There is high honour in store for you."

Stopping at a door in the corridor, she tapped and after a slight pause entered, motioning me to follow. The apartment, which was darkened by the blinds being down, was the outer one of a set, an inner door at the far end communicating presumably with the bedroom beyond. The Grand Duchess was lying on a couch, the head of which was close to the slightly open inner door. Baumann and the doctor stood respectfully at hand. I advanced, bowing as gracefully as the carriage of the red box would permit, and Netta glided to her mistress's side.

The Grand Duchess raised herself a little, and smiled graciously. She was a good-looking woman of thirty or so, more English than German, and I could find no trace of illness on her well-known features save a certain sallowness that might have been caused by the yellow window-blinds.

"I have sent for you to thank you, Captain Melgund," she said rather faintly. "You will not put me to shame by asking me also to apologize for my unjustifiable treatment. Let that remain nameless and forgotten. As a reward for very valuable services I intend to confer upon you immediately the Knighthood of the Golden Sword of Silesia. Kneel down, sir."

Still hampered by the red box I obeyed, and the Grand Duchess tapped me on the shoulder with her forefinger for want of a sword. I was about to rise—rather shamefacedly, for a Briton does not set much store by foreign orders—when she checked me.

"The ceremony is not complete," she said. "Baumann! the Bible! That is right. Take it in both hands, Captain Melgund, and repeat after me."

The secretary was offering me a book, but for the moment my hold on the red box prevented prompt obedience to the command. Baumann, as though divining my difficulty, held out his hand; and, perceiving no danger to my precious charge in the presence of the august owner of most of its contents, I allowed him to relieve me of it.

And then, suddenly, while I was mumbling certain out-of-date vows after the Grand Duchess, a slight movement at the head of the couch caused me to raise my eyes. *Two* exactly similar red boxes met my astonished gaze, one being passed by an unseen person in the inner room to Baumann, who was exchanging for it the genuine article which I had just surrendered to his keeping. Even as I looked the exchange was effected, but I was on my feet in an instant, and rushing into the inner room pinned the tall footman to the wall. He held the red box—my red box—in his trembling hand.

"Come in here, you rascal!" I cried, dragging him into the outer room, and taking the box from him. "Your Serene Highness," I continued

to the Grand Duchess, who had risen pale and agitated from the couch, "this fellow and your secretary have conspired to rob me—to rob you, in fact—by substituting a dummy box for the real one. See! Baumann still holds the counterfeit. I shall at once summon the police and give them into custody. In Russia they will meet with quick justice."

Light had dawned on me, and I knew pretty well how the land lay. It scarcely needed the furious face of Fraulein von Friednau, whom failure had changed from a pretty kitten to an angry cat, to tell me the conspiracy in which she had been the prime instrument. But I wanted to force them to a confession, and it came at once from the ashy lips of the Grand Duchess. I will do her the justice of recording that she made it with more dignity than most women could have called up.

"I am the robber, Captain Melgund," she said. "If you will release your grip on your prisoner, who is my husband, the Grand Duke of Silesia, I will explain to you. We are at your mercy, and I address you as a suppliant."

I loosed my hold on the Grand Duke's collar and his wife ran to him.

"We are very poor, for princes, we of Silesia," she went on. "Yet as relatives of the Imperial House it was necessary to recognize this wedding with a present which we could not afford. It was I who hit upon the plan of ordering a costly tiara, of insuring its safe delivery at its destination for a sum, far exceeding its full value, at Lloyd's, and of robbing you of it *en route* in the manner which you have by your vigilance prevented. We were encouraged to hope for success by your intimacy with my faithful friend, Fraulein von Friednau, and you will allow me to say, sir, that for a man in your position you are very free with ladies. It was the Fraulein who wrote the anonymous warning that gave me a reason for asking for the use of a Queen's Messenger; it was I who planned the pantomime on the boat, so that, thinking that I suspected you, you might not suspect me. If we had succeeded the stones of the tiara would have been sold, and with the proceeds of that sale, and of the policies of the insurance we could have bought another present, and yet have gained money by the transaction. It is all very low and shameful, but, Captain Melgund, it is hard to be poor and a princess. I take all blame. My husband did what I told him."

Looking at the shivering Grand Duke I could well believe her.

"But what of me, madam?" I said. "You would have ruined me. I should have had to bear the brunt of the thing. They would have charged me with losing, or even with stealing, the tiara."

"I know," said the Grand Duchess. "You cannot be expected to forgive that. But oh, Netta, plead for me!"

The Fraulein, dutiful to the last, shaped her face for the effort, and came to me smiling. But I turned from her.

"I would rather forgive your Serene Highness than her," I said, gripping the red box and turning to the door. "I shall deliver your property at the British Embassy according to my instructions; and I shall keep my own counsel and my own opinions. I should prefer also, if you desire to earn the forgiveness which I accord, that my name should be erased from the chapter of the Golden Cross of Silesia."

The splendour of the present of the Grand Duchess to the Imperial bride was the talk of the Russian capital for months, and people were still talking when an interesting announcement appeared in the press. The Grand Duke had sold the Schloss Verrelstein, one of his princely seats, to a Berlin banker.

PERIL FOUR WILL APPEAR NEXT MONTH.

A Maid of Many Moods



By Virna Sheard

CHAPTER IV.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—The story opens at the One Tree Inn, halfway between Stratford and Shottery. Master Thornbury has two children, Debora and Darby. Darby is a play-actor in London and, with his father and his sister, is a friend of William Shakespeare. Darby is expected home for Christmas. He arrives, and for some days there is much festivity and much talk of London and its ways. Judith Shakespeare is present at some of these gatherings and chats. Debora wants to go to London, but Darby and her father think it no place for young maids. She has her way, however, and is lodged with her brother at the house of Dame Blossom in Bankside, on the south side of the Thames. She pleads to be taken to the theatre, but it is neither the fashion for women to act nor to attend. Darby, however, promises to take her secretly to a rehearsal.

THUS it fell that each morning for one heavenly week Debora Thornbury found herself safely hidden away in what was called by courtesy "The Royal Box." In truth her Majesty had never honoured it, but commanded the players to journey down to Greenwich when it was her whim to see their performances. But now, in 1597, the Queen had grown too world-weary to care much for such pastimes, and rarely had any London entertainment at Court, save a concert by her choir boys from St. Paul's—for these lads with their oft-times beautiful faces, and their always-fine voices, she loved and indulged in many ways.

At first Debora felt strangely alone after Darby left her in the little compartment above the stage at Blackfriars. Lingering about it was a passing sweet odour, for the silken cushions were stuffed with fragrant grasses from the West Indies, and the hand-railings and footstools were of carven sandalwood. Mingled with these heavy perfumes was the scent of tobacco, since the young nobles who usually filled the box indulged much in the new weed.

The girl would lean back against the soft seat in this dim, richly-coloured place, and give her mind up to a perfect enjoyment of the moment.

From her tiny aperture in the curtains, skilfully arranged by Darby, she could easily see the stage—all but the east wing—and, furthermore, had a fair view of the two-story circular building.

How gay it must be, she thought, when filled in gallery and pit with a merry company! How bright and glittering when all the great cressets and clusters of candles were alight! How charming to feel free to come and go here as one would, and not have to be conveyed in by private doorways like a bale of smuggled goods!

Then she would think half-dreamily of olden times, when the sable friars went in and out of the old Dominican

friary that stood upon the very place where the theatre was now built.

"'Twas marvellous strange," she thought, "that it should be a play-house that was erected on this ground that used to be a place of prayer."

So the time would pass till the actors assembled. They were a jovial, swaggering, happy-go-lucky lot, and it took all their Master-player's patience to bring them into straight and steady work. But when the play once began each one followed his part with keen enthusiasm, for there was no half-hearted man amongst the number.

Debora watched each actor, listened for every word with an absorbed intensity she was scarcely conscious of. She entered so into the movement before her that the colour would die away from her face, and her breathing at times almost stop.

The actors wore no especial dress or make-up during these rehearsals, save Darby, and he to grow better accustomed to such garments as befitted the maid of Capulet, disported himself throughout in a cumbersome flowing gown of white corduroy that at times clung about him as might a winding sheet, and again dragged behind like a melancholy flag of truce. Yet with the auburn love-locks shading his fair oval face, now clean shaven and tinted like a girl's, and his clear-toned voice, even Debora admitted, he was not so far amiss in the role.

What struck her most from the moment he came upon the stage was his wonderful likeness to herself.

"I' faith," she half whispered, "did I not know that Deb Thornbury were here—an' I have to pinch my arm to make that real—I should have no shadow of a doubt but that Deb Thornbury were there, a player with the rest, though I never could make so sad a tangle of any gown however bad its cut—an' no woman e'er cut that one. Marry! Darby doth lose himself in it as if 'twere a maze, and yet withal doth, so far, the part fair justice."

When Don Sherwood came upon the boards the girl's eyes grew brilliant and dark. Darby had but spoken truth regarding this man's fascinating personality. He was a strong, straight-limbed fellow, and his face was such as it pleased the people to watch, though it was not of perfect cast nor strictly beautiful; but he was happy in possessing a certain magnetism which was the one thing needful in a player of that day. The masses were not beguiled through eye or ear, for the stage seldom changed from one act to another, and the details of a scene were left to the imagination. The music oft was a thing which the least said about the soonest mended.

Yet it was not to manner or stage presence that Sherwood owed his success, but rather to his voice, for there was no other could compare to it in the Lord Chamberlain's Company. Truly the gods had been good to this player—for first of all their gifts is such a golden-toned voice as he had brought into this world of sorry discords. Never had Debora listened to anything like it as it thrilled the stillness of the empty house with the passionate words of Romeo.

She followed the tragedy intensely from one scene to another till the ending that stirs all tender hearts to tears.

These six mornings ever afterwards stood alone from out all other happy mornings in Debora Thornbury's life. The lines of the different characters seemed branded upon her brain, and she remembered them without effort and knew them quite by heart. Sometimes Darby, struggling with the distressing complications of his detested dress, would hesitate over some word or break a sentence, thereby marring the perfect beauty of it, and while Sherwood would smile and shrug his shoulders lightly as though as to say, "I' faith have I not enough to put up with, that thou art *what* thou art, but thou must need'st bungle the words!" Then would Debora clench her hands and tap her little foot against the soft rugs.

"Oh! I would I had but the chance to speak his lines," she said to herself at such times. "Prithee 'twould be in

different fashion! 'Tis not his fault, in sooth, for no living man could quite understand or say the words as they should be said, but none the less it doth sorely try my patience."

So the enchanted hours passed and none came to disturb the girl, or discover her till the last morning, which was Saturday. The rehearsal had ended, and Debora was waiting for Darby. The theatre looked gray and deserted. At the back of the stage the great velvet traverses through which the actors made their exits and entrances, hung in dark folds, sombre as the folds of a pall. A chill struck to her heart, for she seemed to be the only living thing in the building, and Darby did not come.

She grew at last undecided whether to wait longer or risk going across the river, and so home alone, when a quick step came echoing along the passage that led to the box. In a moment a man had gathered back the hangings and entered. He started when he saw the slight figure standing in the uncertain light, then took a step towards her.

The girl did not move but looked up into his face with an expression of quick, glad recognition, then she leaned a little towards him and smiled. "Romeo!" she exclaimed softly. "Romeo!" and as though compelled to it by some strange impulse, followed his name with the question that has so much of pathos, "Wherefore," she said, "Wherefore art thou Romeo?"

The man laughed a little as he let the curtains drop behind him.

"Why, an' I be Romeo," he answered in that rare voice of his, full and sweet as a golden bell, "Then who art thou? Art not Juliet? Nay, pardon me, mademoiselle," his tone changing, "I know whom thou art beyond question, by thy likeness to Thornbury. 'Fore Heaven! 'tis a very singular likeness, and thou must be, in truth, his sister. I would ask your grace for coming in with such scant announcement. I thought the box empty. The young Duke of Nottingham lost a jewelled pin here yestere'en—or fancied so—and sent word to me to have the place searched. Ah! there it is glittering above you in the tassel to the right."

"I have seen naught but the stage," she said, "and now await my brother. Peradventure he did wrong to bring me here, but I so desired to see the play that I persuaded and teased him withal till he could no longer deny me. 'Twas not over-pleasant being hidden i' the box, but 'twas the only way Darby would hear of. Moreover," with a little proud gesture, "I have the greater interest in this new tragedy that I be well acquainted with Master William Shakespeare himself."

"That is to be fortunate indeed," Sherwood answered, looking into her eyes, "and I fancy thou could'st have but little difficulty in persuading a man to anything. I hold small blame for Thornbury."

Debora laughed merrily. "'Tis a pretty speech," she said, "an' of a fine London flavour." Then uneasily, "I would my brother came; 'tis marvellous unlike him to leave me so."

"I will tell thee somewhat," said Sherwood, after a moment's thought. "A party o' the players went off to 'The Castle Inn'—'tis near by—an' I believe their intention was to drink success to the play. Possibly they will make short work and drink it in one bumper, but I cannot be sure—they may drink it in more."

"'Tis not like my brother to tarry thus," the girl answered. "I wonder at him greatly."

"Trouble nothing over it," said Sherwood; "indeed, he went against his will; they were an uproarious lot o' roisterers, and carried him off willy-nilly, fairly by main force, now I think on't. Perchance thou would'st rather I left thee alone, mademoiselle?" he ended, as by afterthought.

"'Twould be more seemly," she answered, the colour rising in her face.

"I do protest to that," said the man quickly. "And *I* found thee out—here alone—why, marry, so might *another*."

"An' why not another as well?"

Debora replied, lifting her brows; "an' why not another full as well as thee, good Sir Romeo? There is no harm in a maid being here."

"But I *would* that Darby came," she added.

"We will give him license of five minutes longer," he returned. "Come tell me, what dost think o' the play?"

"'Tis a very wonder," said Debora; "more beautiful each time I see it." Then irrelevantly, "Dost really fancy in me so great a likeness to my brother?"

"Thou art like him truly, and yet no more like him than I am like—well, say the apothecary, though 'tis not a good instance."

"Oh! the poor apothecary!" she cried, laughing. "Prithee, hath he been starved to fit the part? Surely never before saw I one so altogether made of bones."

"Ay!" said Sherwood. "He is a very herring. I wot heaven forecasted we should need such a man, an' made him so."

"Think'st thou that?" she said absently. "O heart o' me! Why doth Darby tarry. Perchance some accident may have happened him or he hath fallen ill! Dost think so?"

The player gave a short laugh, but looked as suddenly grave.

"Do not vex thyself with such imaginings, sweet mistress Thornbury. He hath not come to grief, I give thee my word for it. There is no youth that know'th London better than that same brother of thine, an' I do not fear that he is ill."

"Why, then, I will not wait here longer," she returned, starting. "I can take care o' myself an' it be London ten times over. 'Tis a simple matter to cross in the ferry to Southwark on the one we so oft have taken; the ferryman knoweth me already, an' I fear nothing. Moreover, many maids go to and fro alone."

"Thou shalt not," he said. "Wait here till I see if the coast be clear. By the Saints! 'twill do Thornbury no harm to find thee gone. He doth need a lesson," ended the man in a lower tone, striding down the narrow passage-way that led to the green room.

"Come," he said, returning after a few moments, "we have the place to ourselves, and there is not a soul between Blackfriars an' the river house, I believe, save an old stage carpenter, a fellow short o' wit, but so over-fond of the theatre he scarce ever leaves it. Come!"

As the girl stepped eagerly forward to join him, Sherwood entered the box again.

"Nay," on second thought—"wait. Before we go, I pray thee, tell me thy name."

"'Tis Debora," she said softly, "just Debora."

"Ah!" he answered, in a tone she had heard him use in the play—passing tender and passionate. "Well, it suiteth me not; the rest may call thee Debora, an' they will—but I, I have a fancy to think of thee by another title, one sweeter a thousand-fold!" So leaning towards her and looking into her face with compelling eyes that brought hers up to them, "Dost not see, an' my name be Romeo, thine must be— ?"

"Nay then," she cried, "I will not hear, I will not hear; let me pass, I pray thee."

"Pardon, mademoiselle," returned the player with grave, quick courtesy, and holding back the curtain, "I will not risk thy displeasure."

They went out together down the little twisted hall into the green room where the dried rushes that strewed the floor crackled beneath their feet, through the empty tireing rooms, past the old half-mad stage carpenter who smiled and nodded at them, and so by the hidden door out into the pale early spring sunshine. Then down the worn steep stairs to Blackfriars Landing where the ferryman took them over the river. They did not say a word to each other, and the girl watched with unfathomable eyes the little curling line of flashing water the boat left behind, though it may be she did not see it. As for Sherwood, he watched only her face with the crisp rings of gold-

red hair blown about it from out the border of her fur-edged hood. He had forgotten altogether a promise given to dine with some good fellows at Dick Tarleton's ordinary, and only knew that there was a velvety sea-scented wind blowing up the river wild and free; that the sky was of such a wondrous blue as he had never seen before; that across from him in the old weather-worn ferry was a maid whose face was the one thing worth looking at in all the world.

When the boat bumped against the slippery landing, the player sprang ashore and gave Debora his hand that she might not miss the step. There was a little amused smile in his eyes at her long silence, but he would not help her break it.

Together they went up and through the park where buds on tree and bush were showing creamy white through the brown, and underfoot the grass hinted of coming green. Then along the Southwark common past the theatres. Upon all the road Sherwood was watchful lest they should run across some of his company.

To be seen alone and at mid-day with a new beauty was to court endless questions and much bantering.

For some reason Thornbury had been silent regarding his sister, and the man felt no more willing to publish his chance meeting with Debora.

He glanced often at her as though eager for some word or look, but she gave him neither. Her lips were pressed firmly together, for she was struggling with many feelings, one of which was anger against Darby. So she held her lovely head high and went along with feverish haste.

When they came to the house, which was home now out of all the others in London, she gave a sweeping glance at the high windows lest at one might be discovered the round, good-tempered, yet curious face of Dame Blossom. But the tiny panes winked down quite blankly and her return appeared to be unnoticed.

Running up the steps she lifted her hand to the quaint knocker of the door, turned, and looked down on the man standing on the walk.

"I give thee many thanks, Sir Romeo," said the girl; "thou hast in verity been a most chivalrous knight to a maiden in distress. I give thee thanks, an' if thou art ever minded to travel to Shottery my father will be glad to have thee stop at One Tree Inn." Then she raised the knocker, one rap of which would bring the bustling Dame.

Quickly the man sprang up the steps and laid one hand beneath it, so that, though it fell, there should be no sound.

"Nay, wait," he said, in a low, intense voice. "London is wide and the times are busy; therefore I have no will to leave it to chance when I shall see thee again. Fate has been marvellous kind to-day, but 'tis not always so with fate, as peradventure thou hast some time discovered."

"Ay!" she answered, gently, "Ay! Sir Romeo. Thou art right, fate is not always kind. Yet 'tis best to leave most things to its disposal—at least so it doth seem to me."

"Egad!" said Sherwood, with a short laugh, "tis a way that may serve well enow for maids but not for men. Tell me, when may I see thee? To-night?"

"A thousand times no!" Debora cried, quickly. "To-night," with a little nod of her head, "to-night I have somewhat to settle with Darby."

"Poor Darby," said Sherwood. "Then on the morrow?"

"Nay, nay, I know not. That is the Sabbath; players be but for weekdays."

"Then Monday? I pray thee, make it no later than Monday, and thou dost wish to keep me in fairly reasonable mind."

"Well, Monday, an' it please the fate thou has maligned," she answered, smiling. Noticing that the firm, brown hand was withdrawn a few inches from the place it had held on the panelling of the door, the girl gave a mischievous little smile and let the knocker fall. It made a loud echoing through the

empty hall, and the player raised his laced black velvet cap, gave Debora such a low bow that the silver-gray plume in it swept the ground, and, before the heavy-footed Mistress Blossom made her appearance, was on his way swiftly towards London Bridge.

Debora went up the narrow stairs with eyes ashine, and a soft smile curving her lips. For the moment Darby was forgotten. When she closed the chamber door she remembered.

It was past high noon, and Dame Blossom had been waiting in impatience since eleven to serve dinner. Yet the girl would not now dine alone, but stood by the gabled window which looked down on the road, watching, watching, and thinking, till it almost seemed that another morning had passed.

Along Southwark thoroughfare through the day went people from all classes, groups of richly-dressed gentlemen, beruffled and befeathered; their laces and their hair perfuming the wind. Officers of the Queen booted and spurred; sober Puritans, long-jowled and over-sallow, living protests against frivolity and light-heartedness. Portly aldermen, jealous of their dignity. Swarthy foreigners and sailors. Little maidens, whose gowns, cut after the fashion of their mothers, covered their dancing feet. Little lads, brimful of mischief, turning catharine-wheels for the very joy of being alive, and because the winter time was over, and the wine of spring had gone to their young heads.

Debora stood and watched the passing of the people till she wearied of them, and her ears ached with sounds of the street.

Something had gone away from the girl, some carelessness, some content of the heart, and in its place had come a restlessness, as deep, as impossible to quiet, as the restlessness of the sea.

After a time Mistress Blossom knocked at the door, and coaxed her to go below.

"There is no sight o' the young Master, Mistress Debora. Marry, but he be over late, an' the jugged hare I made ready for his pleasuring is fair wasted. Dost think he'll return here to dine or hast gone to the Tabard?"

"I know not," answered Debora, shortly, following the woman down stairs. "He gave me no word of his intentions, good Mistress Blossom."

"Ods fish!" returned the other, "but that be not mannerly. Still thou need'st not spoil a sweet appetite by tarrying for him. Take thee a taste o' the cowslip cordial, an' a bit o' devilled ham. 'Tis a toothsome dish, an' piping hot."

"I give thee thanks," said Debora, absently. Some question turned itself over in her mind and gave her no peace. Looking up at the busy Dame she spoke in a sudden impulsive fashion.

"Hath my brother—hath my brother been oft so late? Hath he always kept such uncertain hours by night—and day also—I mean?" she ended falteringly.

"Why, sometimes. Now and again as 'twere—but not often. There be gay young gentlemen about London-town, and Master Darby hath with him a ready wit an' a charm o' manner that maketh him rare good company. I doubt his friends be not overwilling to let him away home early," said the woman in troubled tones.

"Hath——he ever come in not—not—quite himself, Mistress Blossom? 'Tis but a passing fancy an' I hate to question thee, yet I must know," said the girl, her face whitening.

"Why then, nothing to speak of," Mistress Blossom replied, bustling about the table, with eyes averted. "See then, Miss Debora, take some o' the Devonshire cream an' one o' the little Banbury cakes with it—there be caraways through them. No? Marry, where be thy appetite? Thou hast no fancy for aught. Try a taste of the conserved cherries, they be white hearts from a Shottery orchard. Trouble not thy pretty self. Men be all alike, sweet, an' not worth a salt tear. Even Blossom cometh home now an' again in a manner not to be

spoken of! Ods pitikins! I be thankful to have him make the house in *any* form an' not fall i' the clutch o' the watch! 'Tis not often he breaks out—just once in a blue moon—either after a bit of rare good or bad luck."

Debora took no heed but stared ahead with wide, unhappy eyes. The old blue plates on the table, the pewter jugs and platters grew strangely indistinct. Then 'twas true! So had she fancied it might be. He had been drinking—drinking. Carousing with the fast, unmannerly youths who haunted the club-houses and inns. Dicing, without doubt, and gambling at cards also peradventure, when she thought he was passing the time in good fellowship with the worthy players from the Lord Chamberlain's Company.

"He hath never come home *so* by day, surely, good Mistress Blossom? Not by day?" she asked desperately.

"Well—truly—not many times, dearie. But hark. Master Darby is one who cannot touch a glass o' any liquor but it flies straightway to his brains; oft hath he told me so, ay! often and over often; 'I am not to blame for this, Blossom,' hath he said to my goodman when he worked over him—cold water and rubbing, Mistress Debora—no more, no less. 'Nay, verily—'tis just my luck, one draught an' I be under the table, leaving the other men bolt upright till they've swallowed full three bottles apiece!'"

Debora dropped her face in her hands and rocked a little back an' forth. "'Tis worse than I thought!" she cried, looking up drawn and white. "Oh! Mistress Blossom, I have a fear that 'tis worse—far, far worse. I' faith, I have little doubt half his money comes from play an' betting, ay! an' at stakes on the bear-baiting, an'—an'—anything else o' wickedness there be left in London—while we at home have thought 'twas earned honestly." As she spoke a heavy rapping sounded down the hall, loud, uneven, yet prolonged.

Mistress Blossom went to answer it quickly, and Debora followed, her limbs trembling and all strength seeming to slip away from her. Lifting the latch the woman flung the outer door open and Darby Thornbury lurched in, falling clumsily against his sister, who straightened her slight figure and hardly wavered with the shock, for her strength had come swiftly back with the sight of him.

The man who lay in the hall in such a miserable heap, had scarce any reminder in him of Darby Thornbury, the dainty young gallant whose laces were always the freshest, and whose ruffs and doublets never bore a mark of wear. Now his long cordovan boots were mud-stained and crumpled about the ankles. His broidered cuffs and collar were wrenched and wrinkled out of all shape. But worse and far terrible was his face, for its beauty was gone as though a blight had passed across it. He was flushed a purplish red, and his eyes were bloodshot, while above one was a terrible bruised swelling that fairly closed the lid. He tried to get on his feet, and in a manner succeeded.

"By St. George, Deb!" he exclaimed in wrath, "I swear thou 'r a fine sister to take f' outing. I was a double-dyed fool e'er to bring thee t' London. Why couldn't y' wait f' fellow? When I go fer y'—y' not there."

Then he smiled in maudlin fashion and altered his tone. "Egad! I'm proud o' thee, Deb, for thou art a very beauty. All the bloods i' town ar' mad to meet thee—th' give me no peace."

"Oh! Mistress Blossom," cried Debora, clasping her hands, "can we not take him above stairs and so to bed? Dear, dear Mistress Blossom, silence him, I pray thee, or my heart will break."

"Be thee quiet, Master Darby, lad," said the woman, persuasively. "Wait then, an' talk no more. I'll fetch Blossom; he'll fix thee into proper shape, I warrant. 'Tis more thy misfortune than thy fault, lad. Yes, yes, I know thou be sore upset—but why did'st not steer clear o' temptation?"

"Temp-ation, I' faith 'tis a good word," put in Thornbury. "Any man'd walk a chalk—line—if he could

steer clear o' temptation." So, in a state of verbose contrition, was he borne away to his chamber by the sympathetic Blossom, who had a fellow-feeling for the lad that made him wondrous kind.

CHAPTER V.

All Saturday night Debora sat at her window—the one that looked across the commonland to the Thames.

The girl could not face what might be ahead. Darby—her Darby—her father's delight. Their handsome boy come to such a pass. "'Twas nothing more than being a common drunkard. One whom the watch might have arrested in the Queen's name for breaking the peace," she said to herself. "Oh! the horror of it, the shame, the shame!" In the dark of her room her face burned.

Never had such a fear come to her for Darby till to-day. When was it? Who raised the doubt of him in her mind? Yes, she remembered; 'twas a look—a strange look—a half smile, satirical, pitying, that passed over the player Sherwood's face when he spoke of Darby's being persuaded to drink with the others. In a flash at that moment the fear had come, though she would not give it room then. It was a dangerous life for a lad, this life in the city, and she knew now what that expression in the actor's eyes had meant; realized now the full import of it. So. It was all summed up in what she had witnessed to-day. But if they knew—if Master Shakespeare and James Burbage knew—these responsible men of the Company—how did they come to trust Darby with such parts as he had long played. What reliance could be placed upon him?

"Nay, then, 'twas a thing not known save by the few. He has not yet become common gossip. Oh! he must be saved from himself—he must be saved from himself," she said, wildly, and then fell to crying bitterly. Resting her face, blanched and tear-washed, on the window ledge, she gazed across the peaceful openland that was silvered by the late moon. Truly such a landscape might one see in a dream. Away yonder over the river was the city, its minarets and domes pointing to the sky, the purple, shadowless sky where a few scattered stars made golden twinkling. "In London," she had said to her father, "one could hear the world's heart beat." It seemed to come to her—that sound—far off—muffled—mysterious—on the wings of the night wind. Away in Stratford it would be dark and quiet now; and in Shottery. The lights all out in One Tree Inn, all save the great stable lantern that swayed to and fro till morning, as a beacon for belated travellers. How long—how very, very long ago it seemed since she had unhooked it and gone off down the snowy road to meet the coach. Ah! yes, Nicholas Berwick had caught up with her, and they came home together. Nicholas Berwick! He was a rarely good friend, Nick Berwick, and 'twas sweet and peaceful away there in Shottery. She had not known this pain in her heart for Darby when she was at home, no, nor this restless craving for the morrow, this unhappy waiting that had stolen all joy away. Nay then, 'twas not so. There in the moonlit room a gladness came over the girl such as had never touched her short, happy life before. A long, fluttering sigh crossed her lips, and they smiled. The troubled thoughts for Darby drifted away, and a voice came to her passing in sweetness all voices that ever she had heard or dreamt of.

"To-morrow?" it said. "Nay, I will not leave it to Fate." And again with steady insistence—"Then Monday?" The words sung themselves over and over till her white eyelids drooped and she slept. And the gray dawn came creeping up the world, while in the eastern sky it was as though an angel of God had plucked a red rose of heaven and scattered its leaves abroad.

To be Continued.

FROM LOVE TO WAR—AND BACK.*

By Justin McCarthy.

A YOUNG man and a girl were seated on a garden chair in front of a large house which stood upon a lawn near one of the English south-coast watering places, and looked upon the sea towards which the sun was sinking. The scene was all beauty and quietude, but there was no quietude in the face of the young man or the girl. Neither was looking at the sea. The young man was gazing earnestly, almost angrily, at his companion, and she had her eyes cast down. She was a very handsome girl, with a face always pale and now suffused with a deep melancholy. The young man was tall, finely made, and of supple, athletic mould. He was Theodore Blandeker, son of the wealthy Londoner who had taken the house for the season, and the girl was named Felicité Mounier. She was a French-Canadian by birth, and had been brought up in that most picturesque among picturesque cities, Quebec.

"Then you are really going to throw me over for such a scruple as this?" he said, in a voice of deep and unsuppressed emotion.

"Throw you over is a hard expression to use," Felicité said, sadly. "You know I love you better than anything in life—and that is not saying much, for I have but little to love in life now—but what can I do?"

He took her hand and she did not draw it away.

"Stand by me," he said, "and tell them that you will not give me up, and that you know I will not give you up; or leave me to tell it for both of us."

"But this is what I cannot do. How can I thus repay your mother and father for all their kindness to me? You know what they have done for me. They gave me a home when I seemed destined to be homeless, and your mother has been as kind to me as if I were her very own daughter, and your sister is fond of me and I am devoted to her. How can I spoil all their plans and make them unhappy and show myself ungrateful for all their kindness? Dearest Theodore, you would not have me do it."

"Will you make me unhappy—make both of us unhappy—to please my father's fancies? My sister will like anything that makes us happy, and I know I can bring my mother over to our side. Stand by me, Felicité, in all you do, and I can talk my father over in the end. I know I can. He always boasts of being a reasonable man."

The girl smiled sadly.

"That is where the trouble comes," she said. "He will think that we are unreasonable, that we are only a foolish, thoughtless boy and girl, and he will think it his duty as a man of reason to save us from ourselves."

She spoke English with a slightly foreign accent and with a certain precision which shewed that to her it was still a foreign tongue.

"Has my father spoken to you?" Theodore asked, with a flush on his face.

"No, not yet, but he will speak to me, your mother tells me so, and she tells me, too, that he will not give up his purposes for you. She says she has done all she can and that it is of no avail. Theodore, you have your way in life to make, and I cannot consent to be the means of turning your father against you. He has been too good to me, and to you—"

"I'll not stand it," Theodore declared, angrily. "I am well able to make a way in life for myself, and I will

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make a home for you and for me, Felicité. What would life be to me without you?"

She smiled sadly again. "We must not be ungrateful," she said. "No good could come to us of that. Let us wait; perhaps things may mend."

"Do you mean that we may change?" he asked. "That we may grow cool towards each other, and learn to do without each other—do you mean that?"

"I can answer for myself," she replied. "I shall never change to you, Theodore. If I do not marry you I shall never marry—never! I shall lead a lonely life and live on the recollection that I once was loved."

"Promise me one thing," he said, eagerly. "Promise me that you will do nothing, and will consent to nothing until we have talked over this again."

"I cannot promise anything," she said, "except that I shall love you always. Be content with that for the moment and do not press me any more."

"I will talk to my father to-night," the young man said, vehemently. "He will have to give in when he finds that nothing on earth shall induce *me* to give in. He is not coming back to-night, and I shall go up to town by the next train and put all this right. To-morrow, perhaps, you may have good news from me."

It seemed a relief to the young man's mind to have some quick and definite course before him. He poured out on her many words of passionate love and then left her. Without waiting to speak a word to his mother he left the house, and caught the train for London. When Mrs. Blandeker came out on the lawn she heard that her son had gone, and she heard, too, from Felicité, who confided in her, the full story of what had passed. Then she told Felicité that Mr. Blandeker had sent her a wire to say that he had changed his mind, and that he was coming down from town that evening.

"I know from that message," she said, "that he had made up his mind."

So he had.

Mr. Blandeker was by nature, by inclination, and by self-training an optimist. He had always enjoyed good health and a robust constitution, and he was satisfied in his own mind that good health and a robust constitution might be the possession of everyone if everyone would only go the right way to merit such advantages. For him, as well as for Voltaire's hero, this was the best of all possible worlds. He was a self-made man, and he had made his way steadily to a large fortune and a considerable position in the respectable society whose approval he especially valued. He was a self-taught man, and he believed he had taught himself how to say and do the right thing at all times and under all conditions. Being a self-taught man he was quietly convinced that he knew all it was necessary for any man to know, and although he had thought it the right sort of thing to send his son to Eton and to Oxford, he did this only because he thought it a duty expected of him, and would have smiled quietly to himself if he had heard it suggested that Eton and Oxford could teach his boy anything worth knowing which he, the boy's father, did not know of his own knowledge. He was emphatically a man of reason. He felt confident that everything in life ought to be, can be, and in the end has to be, settled by reason. He had never during his existence felt any strong emotions, and he was entirely against taking account of such unreasonable things as emotions in his scheme of life. Reasonable and well-conducted persons, he assumed, would always learn to keep their emotions in the proper place, and not allow them to interfere with the serious work of a well-ordered existence. He had married a woman who, although liable to quick and keen emotions herself, yet had so much faith in her husband's unvarying wisdom and success that she had got to regard her own emotions as dangerous impulses which must be kept strictly in order, according to the directions given her by her husband. The pair had two children—a son and a daughter. The

daughter, Cecilia, who was now only sixteen years old, had long been more or less an invalid owing to some spinal weakness, and had never been sent to school or educational institution of any kind. Mr. Blandeker was very considerate about his daughter's physical weakness. He assumed that she must have inherited it in some way from her mother, and while he felt convinced that the fault was altogether with the mother's family, he was too reasonable a man to make it any manner of reproach to his wife, and he regarded it as his duty to put up uncomplainingly with Cecilia's ill-health. He had obtained the services of Felicité Mounier as a companion for the girl, and for a time the arrangement, like all Mr. Blandeker's arrangements, seemed to him to bring perfect comfort and satisfaction with it. Cecilia passed a great deal of her time reclining in an invalid chair or driving in a pony carriage, and Felicité sat with her, drove with her, read to her, taught her French and Italian in an easy, conversational way, saw that she was properly attended to, looked after her meals, her medicines, and her health. The two girls grew extremely fond of each other, and it never occurred to Blandeker's reasonable mind that any possible trouble could come from the constant presence of a very pretty, intellectual, and attractive young woman in the Blandeker home circle. He had never been a reader of novels, and although he had a general idea that there was a great deal of love-making going on in fiction and in the drama, yet he had never, within his own experience, known it to create any serious disturbance in well-ordered families. Such troubles, he assumed, did sometimes arise in real life, but then they were of rare occurrence—they were extraordinary accidents like deaths from shipwreck, or deaths from swallowing over-doses of medicine, and made no figure in the ordinary averages of life; and Mr. Blandeker settled every question by a reference to ordinary averages. He had long shaped out a career for his son. Theodore Blandeker had completed creditably his university course and was studying for the Bar, but it was not his father's intention that he should wear out much of his time in striving to work his way into practice at the law courts. No. Theodore would have a considerable fortune to start with, and then he was to go into Parliament and make a name there, and in due course of time was to marry a young woman of high social position, and thus to found a family.

Mr. Blandeker's feelings of astonishment may, therefore, to use a phrase not quite unfamiliar to newspaper readers, be more easily imagined than described when one evening his wife screwed up courage enough to tell him that Theodore and Felicité were falling in love with each other, and that something would have to be done unless it suited Mr. Blandeker's plans that the young lovers should get married. Mr. Blandeker never stormed or fumed. He rested his chin upon his hand and quietly thought the matter over. Then he said:

"This is out of the question, Louisa; you must be quite mistaken."

"I am not mistaken," his wife said, and then, looking timidly into his face and making a great effort, she added: "He told me so. He always tells me everything."

"But it is perfectly absurd," Mr. Blandeker declared, composedly. "It is quite against all reason. Theodore knows very well it would never suit my plans that he should marry a girl of that kind. It is only some passing nonsense."

"Young people will be young," his wife said. "We were young once ourselves, dear."

"Yes; but don't you see, Louisa, that you are becoming unreasonable and are not looking at the matter in a proper light. It was quite natural in our case, and in every way suitable. We both belonged to the very same class, and I was only just beginning to see my way to make money, and therefore there was really no sacrifice on either side."

"There was no sacrifice on my side

certainly, dear," Mrs. Blandeker said, softly.

"Well, there was really not much of a sacrifice on my side," her husband declared generously. "I was just beginning to get on, and then, you see, you and I had our lives entirely in our own hands and were not disturbing the plans of anybody to whom we owed any consideration or deference. But, of course, it is quite a different thing with Theodore and this young woman, and I must think of his future; and, in short, Louisa, I won't have it."

"Will you speak to him? I know you could put things as I could not hope to put them; but I am afraid his heart is in this."

"I shall appeal to his reason. I shall make it clear to him that in a few months he will have forgotten all about this nonsense—or, stay—I shall speak to *her*. I shall put it to her that it is her plain duty to save him, and to save *us*—to save us from this trouble after the great kindness and consideration we have shown to her."

This talk between the husband and wife took place on the day before that on which the story opens. The conversation ended by the husband announcing to his wife that he was going up to London because he had arrangements to make, and that he might remain in town for a day or two. Then came the meeting between the two lovers, which has been already described, and Theodore's sudden departure for London, with his mind set on a final and distinct explanation with his father—and the father's return to his seaside home. Mrs. Blandeker had said, when she received her husband's telegram announcing his immediate return, that she knew he had made up his mind. She was right. He sought out Felicité at once, and he told her of his definite arrangements. He told her, in fact, that she must go; but he added that he had not been inconsiderate about her future, and that he had found an occupation for her which, he felt sure, would suit her inclination, and might open a career for her, if she could only make up her mind to behave like a reasonable young woman.

"I have often heard you say," he told her, "that if ever you had to begin a new life, your desire would be to act as a nurse under the Geneva Convention."

"I have often thought it," she said, in a low, submissive tone, "and I feel it now more than ever." Then she added, looking up at him with an expression which tried to be grateful: "It was very kind of you to think of that."

"I hope," he said, "that I am never wanting in consideration for those who depend on me—I mean for those who are around me and who come within the range of my influence. I have a friend in London, an eminent surgeon, who is much mixed up with army affairs. He is making up a staff of nurses to go out to South Africa to attend the sick and wounded in the war which is just about to begin. He wants some intelligent young women, and I have spoken to him about you. He has promised to take you if you will start at once, and I have made every arrangement for your going. Are you willing to go?"

"I am willing to go," she replied, firmly. "As things have turned out, I see nothing better for me. It will be a relief to me to know that I am doing good for others in this world, and that I am not bringing trouble on a house which has been a home to me." She spoke without breaking down, although her eyes were swimming in tears.

"Then," he said, "you will say your farewells as quickly as possible and make your preparations, and I will see that you are safely escorted to your port of departure, and put under the charge of my friend. Of course, I am to understand that you will not make any attempt to communicate with my son?"

"I have given him up already," she said, "for his sake, believing that my sacrifice is necessary for his good. I shall not go back upon my resolve."

That very night Felicité started for Southampton, and the sacrifice seemed to be consummated.

Meanwhile poor Theodore, his heart bursting with grief and anger, had hurried to the London home and found that his father was not there. He assumed that Mr. Blandeker was dining out, for Mr. Blandeker had left no message with the servants to say that he was going out of town, and Theodore, therefore, remained in the house hoping for his father's return, until it became clear that he was not to be expected that night. Mr. Blandeker's only probable dissipation would have been a dinner-party, from which he would be sure to return by midnight at the latest. Theodore knew that his father did not usually think it necessary to let his servants know anything about his movements, and he was not, therefore, alarmed or much vexed when his father did not return. He slept in the house that night, and fully expected to receive some news in the morning. Even if he had thought of returning to the seaside home at once, it was too late when he finally gave up the expectation of seeing his father, to find any train returning that night. There was nothing for it but to wait, and he passed a miserable night of broken sleep, snatches of fitful dreams, and almost intolerable suffering. In the morning he received no message of any kind, and then he returned to the seaside home.

There he saw his father, who told him that Felicité had pledged her word to give him up for ever, and that she had left the house, and was by that time far away. Theodore for a while did not speak a word. He could not trust himself to put his feelings into words, for he knew that he could not control his feelings if he were to venture on any expression of them. Mr. Blandeker became at last almost startled out of his usual serenity by his son's stony silence.

"It was a sacrifice on the young woman's part," Mr. Blandeker began to say, after some clearings of the throat, and in the manner of one who was about to make a speech, "but she felt it her duty to make the sacrifice, and she said she was doing it for your good. She is a right-minded young woman; and, of course, I have taken care to make provision for her, so that she shall not be left homeless."

"I ask nothing about that," Theodore said, distractedly. "If she has left me, that is all I want to know. I could not have believed it even yesterday, although she said—well, no matter what she said—it is all over now. She is free to go her own way."

"And you are free," his father said.

"Yes, I am free," Theodore replied, with a fierce, sudden flash of light in his eyes. "I am free, and I shall make it clear that I am free."

"You will be glad of it some time," Mr. Blandeker sermonized. "You could never have been happy if you had marred your fortune at the very opening of your career by marrying a girl in a station of life wholly unsuited to that which I intend yours to be. You might just as well become an usher in one of the law courts, or a private soldier."

The man of reason spoke as if to be a private soldier were about the lowest depth of degradation into which a respectable person could sink. Mr. Blandeker was opposed to all wars on principle, but if there must be wars and people to carry them on, he preferred that any young man in whom he felt interest should at least take part in them as a commissioned officer in a good regiment, where he might meet aristocratic comrades.

"As a private soldier"—the words seemed to sink with a peculiar meaning into Theodore's ears. Theodore was not a reasonable young man—he was a creature of impulse, and he was seized with a sudden inspiration.

"Let us not speak of this again," Mr. Blandeker said; "let us begin a new life."

"You shall not hear me speak of it again," Theodore replied; "and I shall begin a new life, indeed."

Now, if Mr. Blandeker had not been such a reasonable man, and had not assumed that other men—at least, other men who had come within the sphere of his influence—were reason-

able also, he might have thought there was something ominous in Theodore's words and tone, and in the quiet resolution with which he put the whole subject away. But Mr. Blandeker took it for granted that the young man had been brought to see the unreasonableness of his former, and the reasonableness of his present, position, and that everything had gone off even better than might have been expected.

Now, if, on the other hand, Theodore had not been quite so impulsive, if, before making up his mind as to any definite step, he had gone and poured out his soul to his mother, or to his sister, he might have learnt that Felicité loved him with all her heart, and had only sacrificed herself because of her love for him, and things might have gone differently. But the young man, in his anger, told his own heart that Felicité could never have really loved him when she had given him up with such apparent ease, and that his whole life was wrecked by no fault of his own. So he did not go near his mother and sister, and he left his home at once. His heart was filled with disappointment, and with a wild rage against everybody—against the girl who, he believed, had thrown him over, against the father who had urged her to the act, and even against the mother and the sister who might have stood by him, and who, as he believed, had deserted him. The best hope of his life, he felt, was gone, and his only desire now was to fling the helve after the hatchet. The words of his father about enlisting as a private soldier rang in his ears. They recalled to his breast a desire which had at different moments of his life been strong within him, and which he had always repressed in deference to what he knew to be his father's plans for his career—the desire to wear a soldier's uniform and take his place on a battlefield. In the bitterness of his anger, at this moment he seemed impelled also by a longing to realize his father's words as a mere stroke of retribution and act of rebellion. He quietly left his home, and went to the nearest garrison town. There he offered himself for enlistment, and his athletic figure and manly bearing found him a ready welcome from a recruiting sergeant, and he became a private in a cavalry regiment; and in a few days was sent off with his new comrades for service in South Africa.

Before he left England, Theodore wrote a letter to his mother, full of love and grief, telling her of what he had done and beseeching her forgiveness, but telling her also that he had chosen his path in life, that nothing could induce him to go back upon his purpose, and that he would make a career for himself as a soldier, or fail utterly in the attempt to make any career whatever. He wrote, too, a short and tender letter to his sister, praying her to think well of him—to think of him always at his best, to hope for him, and to pray for him; and these letters were, for the time, his farewell to England.

Then came the war, and the heart of the country was strained to an agony of anxiety by the news which came every day in the official telegrams from the front. It would be idle to attempt to describe the feelings of Theodore's mother and sister. These feelings they could only reveal to each other; for Mr. Blandeker had issued an edict that the subject was never to be mentioned in his presence. The mother and sister, amid all their grief, felt a certain proud admiration for the reckless young man who had thus flung all his chances of a peaceful and successful career utterly away; and, like true women, they felt also, and said to each other, that his love for Felicité must have been as deep and strong as human love can be, and deserved a better and more tender consideration than it had received even from them.

Mr. Blandeker meanwhile kept waiting for some letter to come from his son, filled with penitence and with expressions of a desire to return to the career of distinction in good society which he had wilfully thrown away in a burst of boyish and romantic passion. Mr. Blandeker kept assuring himself that the boy would soon see the absurdity of

his conduct, and would beg to be allowed to return to his home; and he was quite resolved, as a man of reason and justice, to pardon the offender when pardon should be properly asked, and to welcome him back to the paternal roof and his claims on the paternal property. Mr. Blandeker, up to this time, did not know that Theodore had enlisted as a soldier, and that he had gone to South Africa, and merely thought that he had rushed off to the Continent somewhere, and would have to reconsider his situation as soon as the money in his pocket had nearly run out. Mrs. Blandeker and her daughter did not know anything about the destination of Felicité: for the head of the family had absolutely refused to tell them anything about the manner in which he had disposed of Felicité's inconvenient presence. It never occurred to Mr. Blandeker as possible that any rational human being of respectable position and with good prospects, even though a romantic young lover, could, in a fit of merely sentimental disappointment, have taken to the life of a common soldier; and as Theodore, fearing discovery and paternal persecution, had not enlisted in his own name, the lists of the killed and wounded and missing published in the morning papers could not in any case give Mr. Blandeker any suggestion as to the whereabouts of his lost son.

Months passed away and the fortunes of the war, at first so chequered and often disastrous, began to change under the guidance of Lord Roberts, and the anxious mother and daughter found their hearts swelling with hope that the war might soon be over, and the worst danger might be removed from Theodore's path. One morning, however, a telegram reached Mrs. Blandeker from her son's Captain, telling her that the young man had been severely wounded in the storming of a difficult position held by the Boer fighters, and that he was lying in hospital, with good hopes for his recovery; and the message added some kindly words about the young man's splendid courage and military promise. It afterwards came to be known that the officers of Theodore's regiment had noticed with approval and admiration the bravery and the soldierly aptitude of the young man; and that when Theodore received his wound, he had confided his name to his kindly Captain, who undertook to send a message home from him. But the important part of Theodore's story was something which his Captain could not have known, something which, even if he had known, the mere fact would not have seemed to him to possess the slightest importance. That fact was that during Theodore's time of dangerous illness, and then of convalescence in the extemporized military hospital, he had been carefully and tenderly nursed by a young Canadian woman, named Felicité Mounier.

The rest of the story is easily told. Perhaps my intelligent readers could guess it without the telling. When Felicité first came to the bedside of Theodore Blandeker, and their eyes met, and they recognized each other, each of them felt that the crisis of the story was over. When Felicité learnt that Theodore had known nothing of her whereabouts or of her new career, and that he had not come out to the battlefields in quest of her, she felt as if Heaven had ordained that they two were to live for each other, and that every scruple was removed out of their way. Had he come out to seek for her and in the hope of meeting her, she still might have felt that it was her duty to restrain him in his wild love-impulse, and to do her best to send him back to his father's house. But the generous spirit of romance was strong in her, and she told herself that the very fact of this strange, unexpected meeting shewed that a beneficent power had brought them together to sanction, by that unexpected meeting, the union of their hearts.

So she watched over him and nursed him, and at last he recovered from his wound under her care, and he was more than ever a hero in her eyes, and she seemed to him to have given him

back his life by her tender care; and he learnt from her own lips that her love had always been his, and that she had only fled from him because she thought it her duty to sacrifice herself in order that he might not break away from his father, and so forfeit his chances of worldly prosperity. All such thoughts were now gone from her mind: her love and her sense of duty went together, and she saw that between him and her nothing but death could ever come again.

When Theodore had fully recovered, the happy pair—they were absolutely happy amid all the storm and stress of war, and with their worldly future still vague and clouded—were married, and Theodore wrote home to his mother and told the story. Theodore's purpose was clear. He would remain in the Service, and would work his way to a commission, and, come what might, he would work his way for himself, happy and exultant in the knowledge that the woman who loved him, and whom he loved, would be his partner through all trials and struggles in life. Let us hope that the trials and struggles may not be very severe or too far prolonged, and that Theodore will get his commission, and make for himself a distinguished name in his profession; and that he and his young wife will be welcome guests at his father's house, when some kindly turn of events gives them a chance of a holiday in England. From his mother and sister Theodore received letters full of nothing but love, admiration, and hope; and he had the proud delight of knowing that nothing he had done had been misunderstood by them or had lessened their affection for him. His mother at first would have wished that her boy should allow himself, after a short time, to be bought out of the Service, and should come back with his wife to the London home; but when Theodore made known to her his deliberate purpose, she understood it, and respected it, and thought all the more of her brave and resolute son.

Mr. Blandeker quietly gave in when he heard of the marriage, and found that the wild project he would fain have fought against had been realized in spite of his efforts. As a reasonable man, he had always preached the wisdom and the rightfulness of recognizing accomplished facts.

"When a thing is done," he used to say, "it is done, and nothing is to be gained by making a fuss about it." Therefore, he declared himself willing to accept the situation as it was, and to hold out the hand of forgiveness and protection to his son and his new daughter-in-law whenever their good sense and their recognition of filial duty should inspire them to accept his offer of reconciliation. But Mr. Blandeker could never be brought to believe that that meeting on the battlefield was altogether the effect of chance. It was quite clear to him that the romantic boy and girl had been playing a pre-arranged part all the time; and Theodore had gone out to South Africa to join Felicité by preconcerted arrangement, just as he might have made a secret plan with her for a chance meeting in the Park or the Royal Academy.

He endeavoured to impress his views on his wife and daughter, but these unpractical women would not listen to the suggestion, and settled every argument by the mere observation: "But then, you know, Theodore has told us how it came about, and that neither he nor Felicité had the least idea that the other was in South Africa." So Mr. Blandeker saw the futility of his efforts, and only smiled at the credulity of these women, and never again brought up the discussion. In all likelihood, he will retain his belief to the end of his life, and will stand by his conviction that such things only happen in romances.

We who know the true story of this strange and unexpected meeting of the lovers in South Africa, are not surprised at this beneficent intervention of Fate; for we know that real life has its chance meetings as fateful and as fortunate as any that have ever been invented by the genius of the story-teller.

EMMELINE.

A STORY OF FRENCH CANADA.

By Arthur J. Stringer.

IN dose days we call her Emmeline, for she always have a leetle smile for mos' everyboddy, from 'Tite Pierre, who tend de geese, to de kind leetle Curé wit' hees ol' green coat. An' in dose days, by gare, I always t'ink Mamzelle Emmeline was de mos' pretty girl on all de Reever, wit' cheeks lak de peach-blossom, an' de hair w'at she braid almos' down to de knee. I guess mebbe she have wan douzaine *cavalier* all de tam, an' de peep say she mus' make de bes' match on de village. But, by gare, msieu, w'at you t'ink she do!

She go an' mak mariée wit' Patrice Gérin, w'at was mos' ol' enough to be her fadder. Dey say he lak Emmeline from de tam she was a leetle girl an' come an' play on hees raft, w'ile he watch her so she don't fall in de Reever, an' dat he seet up all night wit' her w'en she have de fever. But I t'ink he was 'bout forty year ol', w'ile Emmeline she was 'bout eighteen. In dose days she was very light wit' de heart, an' sing de *chanson* all de tam, an' I t'ink it was de mos' fonny t'ing for dat ol' Patrice to fall in love wit' a leetle girl lak dat. Mos' all de peep on de village say Emmeline will be sorry for dat some day, an' somebody tell Patrice dat, but he only smile wit' de mout' an' say "Mebbe not." An' Emmeline w'en she hear dat, she put her arms round Patrice's neck, an' say, "We'll be de mos' happy peep in de worl', won't we, Patrice?"

But Patrice was a ver' qui't feller, an' dough he try hard to mak' some *plaisurement* for hees young wife an' always was mos' kind wit' her, de peep say dat bimeby af'er a w'ile she get tire wit' everyt'ing an' don't sing on de house no more. Den Patrice he mak' mooch wory 'bout dat, but he say mebbe she be all right w'en de winter go by.

But Emmeline she get more an' more thin on de face, an' her cheek get w'ite, an' dough she always tell her husban' dat she was ver' happy an' content, an' dat he was ver' good to her all de tam, she get more an' more sad on de eye, too, an' say she wish Patrice don't have to be 'way on de boosh so many tam.

Den de nex' winter bimeby she have wan leetle baby, an', by gare, dere come a change in Emmeline, an' she seem ver' happy an' content, an' sing ver' sof' an' qui't all de day long to dat leetle baby, w'ile her husband be away on de raft, or up on de boosh wit' hees reever gang.

But wan day de leetle baby die wit' de croup, an' af'er dat I t'ink Emmeline was get more w'ite an' lonely dan ever. De peep say she walk up an' down de cabane an' wring her hands, an' w'en her husban' be dere she begin to cry ver' sodden for no matter at all.

Well, de spring come, an' dat's de tam for Patrice to go up to de head of de Reever wit' de gang, to bring down de log. W'en he leave Emmeline he say dat will be de las' tam he will go 'way, an' he tell young Cyprien Latour to go on de cabane w'enever he can, an' keep Emmeline from gettin' too *solitaire*, an' play hees violin for her, for Patrice he say mebbe dat make de leetle *femme* forget 'bout dose t'ings w'at make her so *trieste*.

Cyprien promise to do dat for Patrice, an', by gare, he go on de cabane mos' every day wit' hees violin, for w'en he was de leetle boy he was play wit' Emmeline an' dey was grow up

togedder. He was a fine young *garçon* wit' black hair an' de mos' jolly laugh you never hear. But bimeby he change ver' mooch, an' get thin on de face lak Emmeline, an' de first t'ing de peep on de village know, dey was see dat Cyprien was fall in loaf wit' Emmeline. I t'ink Emmeline see dat, too, an' dey both try ver' mooch not to do anyt'ing lak dat, but dey can't help heem wan leetle bit.

W'en Patrice come down wit' de first drive of log, Emmeline go out to meet heem at de Leetle Forks, lak she was always do. W'en she see heem she ronne up to heem an' hang on heem, an' cry mos' all day. Patrice don't know w'at to mak' wit' dat, but de peep don't say nodding. Den ol' Beaupré he say he 'tend to dat biznesse, so he spik qui't wit' Patrice, an' tail heem he better watch out 'bout dat young wife of hees. Ol' Beaupré say dat first t'ing Patrice look lak he would kill heem, den he laugh ver' qui't an' say Emmeline was as good as de snow w'en it first fall on de ground.

But de peep say dat wan night w'en Patrice come on de cabane from de sawmill an' was unstrap hees snowshoe' outside, he hear Cyprien ax Emmeline to ronne away wit' heem, to Mo'real, an' dat he know ver' wail dat she was in loaf wit' heem. Patrice he don't wait to hear no more, but walk up an' down de chemin 'bout all night long.

De nex' day he have hees mind mak' up, an' sen' for Cyprien an' ax heem ver' qui't if he'd better not join de gang dis tam an' help bring down de nex' drive of log. Cyprien look at Emmeline on dat, an' Emmeline look out de winder, an' don't say nodding. Den Cyprien look at Patrice, an' mebbe see somet'ing in de eye w'at mak heem change hees mind an' say yes, he will go wit' de gang.

So he join de gang an' go wit' Patrice an' help bring down de drive. Dey get down as far as de Leetle Forks, w'en, by gare, dey have de worse jam on de Reever. De log all pile up across de Reever an' pretty soon de water was hol' back by dat jam 'bout ten, twelve foot high. Emmeline was dere, to wait for w'en her husband was come, an' w'en she see dat bad jam she walk up an' down among de leetle pine tree on de bank an' make t'ree, four long pray'r wit' herself.

Patrice look up an' see see her do dat. He shut hees teet' togedder but don't say nodding. Den he call Cyprien an' say to heem ver' qui't, "Ceep, I am de boss of dis gang, an' I have decide dat you are de bes' man to go out on de jam an' loosen dat key-log!"

Cyprien he don't say nodding, but I t'ink he onderstan' all right. Two tam he start to spik wit' Patrice, an' den he shut hees teet' an' take hees ax an' start out on de log. Patrice stand' on de bank an' look at heem w'ile he go, an' den call heem back sodden.

"Ceep," he say, "mebbe you t'ink dat's not de right t'ing for me to do. So I t'ink we leave dis t'ing in de hand of *le bon Dieu*, an' bot' go out on dis jam togedder, an' de wan dat come back—well, I t'ink you onderstan'!"

W'en Cyprien hear dat he grow ver' w'ite on de face *encore*, and he say 'ver' wail'. An' dey bot' take deir ax, an' go out on de jam togedder, crawlin' lak two cats from wan log to de odder.

All dat tam Emmeline was stan' on de bank an' watch everyt'ing dat go on. She was jus' stan' dere, waitin', waitin', wit' her han' on her heart, an' her face w'ite as de foam w'at spurt out at de foot of de rapide.

De two men come to de meedle of de jam an' fin' de key-log. Patrice fin' heem first, an' w'ile he was chop t'ru dat log de jam geev 'way an' make wan beeg roar, an' go rushin' down de Reever, wit de log all rollin' an' jompin' an' twistin' lak dey was all alive for sure.

Emmeline look down an' see dose log churnin' in dat *feroce* current, an' she see bot' men go onder, an' she was fall right over on de ground in de faint, an' de peep have to come an' carry her on de house.

All de gang ronne down de Reever an' mak' de search for de body of Patrice an' Cyprien. Den, by gare, de first t'ing dey know dey see Patrice in de water, hold on to de end of a log. Dey help heem out on de bank, but he was dat bruise' an' fatigue he can't say nodding, so dey carry heem into Desjardin's cabane an' geev heem t'ree, four dreenk' of *wisky blanc*. Den he cry out, "De boy! Save de boy!"

But dat was mak' no good, for dey find de body of Cyprien Latour wash up on de gravel two mile down de Reever. Dey bring heem back on de village an' someboddy say mebbe it was bes' tail Emmeline 'bout dat first.

So Ol' Beaupré he go to Emmeline an' shake de head ver' solemn, an' Emmeline scream out an' say, "W'ere is he? W'ere is he?" An' Ol' Beaupre shake de head *encore* an' say dat he was dead, for he t'ink for sure she mean Cyprien. Den Emmeline she don't say nodding, but she get up an' go on de leetle closet, an' pour somet'ing out of de bottle an' swallow heem. Ol' Beaupré ax her w'at she was do wit' dat bottle, an' she smile ver' qui't an say she was jus' take de mediseen to cure de pain w'at she have in de heart.

Den she fall on de floor, an' Ol' Beaupré see dat de mediseen she take was poison sure 'nough, an' he ronne out an' call Patrice quick. W'en de girl see heem she t'ink he was a ghos' at first, but w'en he spik to her she crawl to hees feet an' hug hees knee, an' say, w'ile she die, "I t'ought it was de odder! I t'ought it was de odder!"

An' Ol' Beaupré tol' me dat Patrice he pick her up in hees arms an' hol' her dere mos' all night long. An' w'en ol' man Beaupré tol' me 'bout dat de tear ronne down hees cheek an' he say, "Bigosh, 'Poleon, I mak' de beeg mistake 'bout dat *pauvre* Emmeline of ours, I tink!"

TOAST TO THE KING.

NOW it's lift your swords for King Edward,
And loud your voices raise!
Here's to his health and honour,
Raise loud the shout of praise!

We have fought for his sainted mother,
We will fight as well for him;
Here's to his health and honour,
Fill, fill your glasses to the brim!

Yes, we fought for Queen Victoria
On many a barren plain,
And now that her son's our ruler,
We will fight for him again!

Yes, we will fight for him, as the tiger
Fights to defend its den;
If all the African jackals
Were pitted a hundred to ten!

So it's lift your swords for King Edward,
And loud your voices raise!
Here's to his health and honour,
Up, up with the shout of praise!

Cecil E. Selwyn.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited by Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

"WHAT good do you suppose will come of it?" asked a man in London lately, as we talked of the meetings of the National Council of Women of Canada that were then taking place. I thought quickly over the occurrences of the previous days before I answered him, for I knew he asked the question in all good faith, and not flippantly, as is so often done. As I thought the faces of bright, clever, earnest womanly women came before me, women who had travelled from the Atlantic and the Pacific shore, at their own expense, simply because they believed in the "good that will come of it" to themselves and to those other women among whom they live. And remembering many other things as well, I answered, "I believe these meetings will help to make us better home-makers in the widest sense, and that in turn must mean much good for the nation."

WOMEN IN COUNCIL.

And, after all, as one scanned the long Agenda, and read the titles of the many topics that were brought before the Council in papers, discussions and by resolutions, there was not one that did not directly bear upon Woman's Kingdom—the Home—for that kingdom can never be narrowed or limited to the space within the material walls of the house she inhabits. Let me ennumerate some of these matters aforesaid, and I think you will agree with me that in what I have just said I have stated only a fact. Under the general designation of "Health," for example, came excellent addresses on the all-important matters of "Infection," "The Prevention of the Spread of Consumption," and "The Hygiene of Childhood in reference to the Prevention of Tuberculosis;" and as these were given by experts such as Dr. Sheard, Dr. Bryce, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Niven, Dr. Eby, and Mrs. Mackenzie Cleland, M.D., of Victoria, there is no doubt that the valuable information received by the delegates will be of infinite and wide-spread value.

Then there were many topics concerning Education, such as "The advisability of a Uniform Dominion Standard for teachers," for the mothers present felt that a standard good enough for Manitoba (which was stated by a leading Educationalist to be the highest in Canada) was none too good for Ontario, British Columbia, Quebec, and the other Provinces. They resented the idea that a teacher with an inferior standard would do for their children because this might be a cheaper plan. Of course, the necessity for a thorough training in Domestic Science for all girls was insisted upon, and plans were discussed how such might be obtained from some of the benighted School Boards that have not yet realized that a girl has a right to thorough training in that which ordinarily will be her future life-work. And just here it follows as a logical conclusion that the Council again pledged itself to promote the election or appointment of a suitable number of women on the School Boards. The promotion of industrial and fine arts, of home arts and handicrafts, and of vacation schools and playgrounds, also came under the general topic of Education, and were subjects that were ably treated in papers which were followed by most interesting discussions. The last evening meeting was devoted to a Round Talk Conference of mothers and teachers, which was most ably led

by Mrs. James L. Hughes, who won the admiration and gratitude of very many mothers by the way in which she clearly and sympathetically answered their questions, and by the many valuable hints and suggestions she gave them.

Agriculture as an occupation for women was almost a new thought for many of the hearers, but it was placed before them so attractively by Mrs. FitzGibbon and Miss Fowler of Winnipeg, that its feasibility seemed self-evident and its charm undoubted. "Back to the Land" will, to them, at least, be no longer a cry in which women will have no personal concern. Here, as indeed all through the meetings, the warning note of "thoroughness" was sounded. The need of thoroughness in training, and thoroughness in work was emphasized again and yet again.

Yet another subject which closely concerned the home was treated in a valuable paper by Miss Fairley, of Montreal, which was followed by a discussion. This was "A plea for simpler methods of living," and therein the present craving for elaborate dressing, elaborate entertaining, and the feverish unrest which is making social life a burden to the many instead of the helpful relaxation which it ought to be, was described. It was also said that elaborate and costly dressing and house-furnishing, except for the few, leads from extravagance to much unhappiness for the person with a small income trying unsuccessfully to keep pace with those whose bank account is twice as large. And here another keynote was sounded, which rang out again and again from one speaker and another throughout the meetings—the power of personal influence, and the responsibility for the same. In the discussion on this paper it was well pointed out that the children's parties where elaborate dressing, expensive suppers, late hours and the like are indulged in, are very undesirable as tending to cultivate a condition which all sensible people must regret.

An afternoon session was devoted to the consideration of the development, mentally and physically, of the girl; and the value of girls' clubs, on the lines of the May Court Club of Ottawa and of the Girls' Club founded by Miss Masson, of Toronto, was dwelt upon.

The work of the National Council of Women throughout the year is principally carried on by a number of Standing Committees formed of representatives from the Local Councils in all parts of the Dominion. The report of these Committees are always of great interest, representing as they do the varied conditions and environments in the several Provinces. These Committees have carried on their work steadily and quietly for some years, gathering and spreading information and educating public opinion on the matters in which they are severally concerned. These are: Committee on Laws for the Better Protection of Women and Children, Committee on the Care of the Aged and Infirm Poor, Committee on the Spread of Pernicious Reading Matter and Pictures, Committee on the Immigration of Women, Committee on the Need of Custodial Care of Women of Defective Intellect, Committee for the promotion of Home Industries among the Doukhobor Women, and the like. Some facts that at this time are of particular interest to housekeepers were related in the report on Female Immigration, in which was recounted the unsuccessful efforts that the Committee had been making to procure domestic servants for Canada from Sweden and other Scandinavian countries, where great unwillingness was expressed at allowing a girl to come here unless her whole family came with her. It was also stated that whereas fifty domestic servants are given free transportation annually from Great Britain to New Zealand, and the charge on the ships for the others is only £1, yet to Canada, a voyage of a week instead of a month, the fare for domestic servants is £5, a discrimina-

tion that is not quite easy to understand, but which, alas, is severely felt by Canadian housekeepers.

The insidiousness of the spread of shocking reading matter and pictures among young people, principally undercover, through the mails, was spoken of in order to put all mothers on their guard against this evil.

But the careful consideration and discussion of these important matters by no means covered the whole usefulness of these Council meetings. It is a question whether the intercourse between women gathered from all the Provinces during the luncheon hours and the drives, and whenever they are together, is not quite as useful to the community at large as helping indirectly to break down the stone wall of Provincialism.

If these Council women can and do give close attention to business, they also enjoy to the full any amusements that are provided for them. The reception, and again the beautiful drive given by the London City Council, the afternoon tea given by six ladies out at the beautiful home of the Hunt Club; the trip to Springbank given by the street railway company; the bountiful tea and pleasant evening when we were the guests of the principals of the City Schools and their wives and of the members of the Teachers' Association and of the Frœbel Society were all most happy and delightful occasions and will long be pleasantly remembered by those who took part in the same. On the same principle which is laid down is the old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," these pleasant amusements also served the purpose of enabling the work of the succeeding sessions to be carried out all the more successfully.

That this Canadian National Council, comprising as it does a federation of societies and organizations of women of all sorts and kinds, of all creeds, and of the three Canadian races, English, French and Indian, is but a link in a long chain of other flourishing National Councils in other lands in all parts of the world, which altogether form the International Council, is hardly yet realized by the public at large. Yet such is the case, and consequently the time devoted to matters pertaining to this larger federation was not the least interesting part of the programme. That such a world-wide and unique organization of women should have sprung into being in comparatively so short a space of time, in the interest of no one propaganda, but simply for the furtherance of the Golden Rule, is a matter that may well cause thoughtful men and women to realize that in it lies wonderful possibilities through united influence. The members themselves, wherever they may be, the fact of the possession of that influence bears with it the realization of the personal responsibility to use such influence wisely and well.

Four daintily little volumes lie on my desk, each of them filled with good and useful things that girls should know. Their titles are "The Well-Bred Girl in Society," The Business Girl," "Home Games and Parties" and "Successward." These particular volumes in question came to me from the Publishers' Syndicate. All are beautifully bound in morocco, and would be delightful gifts for one's girl friends. The volume, entitled "The Business Girl," is by Ruth Ashmore, who writes from many standpoints of the life of a girl who in an office or profession is earning her own income, giving her most excellent suggestions about life in a boarding house, the care of her wardrobe, her social position, her money and what to do with it, her recreations and the like.

FOR GIRLS.

E. C.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

Every small New England village had its public library and its lecture course, and in the good books read

and the stimulating thoughts heard was laid the foundation of much of the calm good sense of many of the prominent American men. We hear of the Puritan backbone, but that backbone was strengthened by study as well as religion. East and West alike pay their tribute of praise to the strenuous men and women of New England, and delight to ascribe the secret of the success of the American commonwealth to the New England education which included school house and library.

It is high time that we as Canadians awoke from our slumber. Less than the fingers of one hand are sufficient to count the libraries which have found shelter in good buildings in Ontario, east of Toronto. A bare hall unadorned, often up narrow and usually dirty stairs, in charge of some cheap clerk whose ideas of good books is bounded by novels by Ouida or the Duchess usually constitutes the public library. There is little pride taken in it by the citizens. If there are good books on the shelves few know of them, the catalogue has been made by a tyro among books. If you want a book on political science, it is a happy chance if you find it under Science, Philosophy or History, according to its nomenclature. The classification of books as given by the Department of Public Libraries to the local libraries is bad; one has only to read over the different sections under which books must be classified for returns to government to realize how hopelessly behind the times our public libraries are. There is scarcely a question which excites the interest of the public to-day which is not suffering for lack of the general intelligence which a public library might stimulate. We are threatened with bad architecture in our public buildings; how many members of a church or school board have the faintest idea what good or bad architecture means? How many have any idea where to obtain books to enlighten their ignorance? We are clamouring for more technical education, and even the leaders of the movement have little knowledge beyond that gleaned from magazines, and there are few books accessible in public libraries on the subject. Christian Science is creeping into our country; the propagandists have their own literature, but we shall be powerless to wage war against it because the only successful weapon is the deepening of the general intelligence. I venture to say that there are not six libraries in Ontario that have a copy of Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena." Single-taxers advocate their own reform because they know little of the history of taxation and the public know less. Our schools are falling behind the schools of other countries because parents are not keeping abreast of educational theories. Temperance fanatics gain the ear of the public because the public have not been guided to read history. Canada is suffering everywhere from a lack of trained intelligence.

Our public libraries have never been recognized as part of our educational system; they have been regarded as simply luxuries for those who wished to use them. Who will lead in a movement to place libraries on their proper footing?

There is a small town in Ontario wherein are domiciled, at least, three millionaires that is suffering for lack of ideals. The men spend their nights playing cards, the women vie with each other in their social entertainments, but spiritually and intellectually the place is dead. How could such a village be awakened? Why should not that community have a public library with gymnasium attached? Why should it not have an art gallery in its Public Library? It is not money that is lacking but ideals.

Another town larger than the first has one generous millionaire who is reckless in his gifts. Why should not the town reap a permanent benefit from his generosity? It is largely a question of a lack of ideals both on the part of the giver and the town.

A. A. C.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD
by John A. Ewan

THE British budget has been a popular topic not only in the British Isles but also far beyond their shores. The sum asked for the civil and military administration of these two specks of land lying off the shores of Europe is the greatest that has been. Reduced to our currency it is given at $920,000,000, a sum that, of course, the mind cannot grasp. Enormous as this sum is, however, it is altogether likely that the financial outlook of Britain's nearest neighbour, France, is even more unsatisfactory.

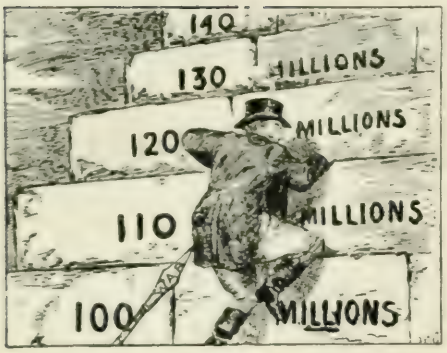
Compared with the portentous total given above the figures of the French budget may seem moderate, but when all the circumstances are considered the prospects of the country across the Channel cannot be considered as reassuring. The French Chamber has just made appropriations of $720,000,000 and when it is remembered that this is in a time of peace, and when France has enjoyed profound quiet for a generation, it must be considered as an enormous normal expenditure. The national debts of almost all countries are the legacies of past wars. They are piled up with great rapidity during years or perhaps only months of stress, to be slowly reduced in years of calm. This has been the experience with the national debt of the United States. At the close of the Civil war its proportions were astounding, but by the application of surpluses to its reduction it has been greatly diminished. During the forty odd years since the Crimean war the debt of Great Britain was reduced by over $750,000,000, lowering the annual charges by $17,000,000. Unfortunately this result of forty years of economies has been wiped away by the South African war and the nation finds itself back where it was when the Crimean war came to a close.

But the people have at least manifested the ability to meet current expenses and have a surplus over for the reduction of the public debt. Without this power the position of a country would seem to be alarming. That there will occur extraordinary expenditures at periods more or less widely separated is the universal experience, and unless the nation is able to effect reductions during the quiet times the



THE RUSSIAN BEAR IN VARIOUS ROLES

In Manchuria, Greedy
To the Students, Barbarous
In Finland, Cruel
To Europe, the Cavalier



CLIMBING THE WAR PYRAMID

JOHN BULL: "This is all very well, but whenever shall I get to the top?

—*Westminster Gazette*

people must look forward to a continually growing debt and a burden of interest eating up more and more the annual revenues. This is the position that France finds herself in. The debt has been calculated at close on thirteen hundred million pounds sterling. Seven years after the Franco-German war it stood at a thousand millions sterling, so that in a time of peace it has increased by three hundred millions sterling. These additions have been mainly or largely at least through the inadequacy of the ordinary revenues to meet the ordinary expenditure, and yet taxation is believed to be as high as industry can safely be asked to bear. In 1889 the national wealth of Great Britain was estimated at £9,400,000,000 and the national debt at £698,000,000, while the national wealth of France was £8,600,000,000 and the debt £1,269,000,000. France's burden of debt, therefore, on a smaller sum of national wealth, was almost twice as great as that of the United Kingdom.

Nor does this tell the full tale. The population of the United Kingdom shows continuous gains. That of France is almost stationary. In 1860 the population of France exceeded that of the British Isles by 7,000,000 souls. The latter now have the greater population. There is no likelihood that the population of France will increase in any appreciable extent. So that the situation is, a country with a stationary population whose revenues frequently fall below its expenditures, with the consequence that a debt which is already portentous tends to constantly increase.

In other respects matters in France look brighter. The Republic seems to be firmly seated in the saddle and the outlook of pretenders, whether Bourbons or Bonapartes, was never more hopeless. France has at last got an administration, too, which appears to have the seeds of continuity in it. There is confidence on all hands that M. Waldeck-Rousseau will safely weather all dangers until the expiry of the term of the Chamber brings on the general election. As his Cabinet has already been in office three years, this will be marvellous—for France. He came into power when the country was rocking with the agitation of the Dreyfus affair. He not only weathered that, and gave the army or rather some of its officers to understand that it was not an instrument for political agitation, but he also challenged the clericals in the last session of the Chambers with the legislation against the religious corporations. He has allied himself with respectable socialism in the person of M. Milleraud, and the Cabinet at the end of its stormy passage finds itself seasoned and weather-tight and fit for almost any kind of sea that may roll. What it needs most, however, is a twentieth century Turgot to lead it into the paths of financial safety.

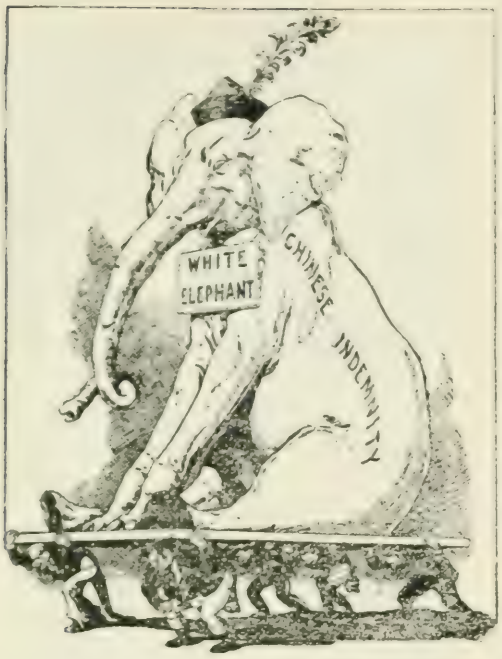
Whenever the word "Balkans" is whispered in Europe, a chill of apprehension seizes on the body politic. Count Goluchowski, the Austrian Foreign Minister, is responsible for whispering the disturbing syllables on this occasion. In a speech on foreign affairs, made to the budget committee of the Hungarian Delegations, he referred to the situation in the Balkan peninsula as critical and intimated that

Austria-Hungary could not permit any attack on the existing political order or any changes prejudicial to its vital interests. This was followed by a statement of Signor Guiccardini in the Italian Chamber of Deputies. He also thought the Albanian question had reached a critical stage. The movement in Macedonia might precipitate a surprise at any moment. Italy, he declared, could not be the puppet of any Power whether of the first or second rank. She had already suffered at Bizerta, but she could not accept another Bizerta at Vallona or Durazzo. He went on to charge Austria-Hungary with having a propaganda in Albania. Other speakers took part in the debate in the same strain, but Signor Prinetti, the Foreign Minister, although present refused to be drawn.

Both countries speak about maintaining the *status quo*, but they evidently have no faith in each other's sincerity or there would be nothing to warrant the warm language employed. The latest rumour comes from Vienna where it is stated that Russian agents are busy in Servia and Bulgaria urging the formation of a military agreement between the two states under the patronage of Russia. This active interest in the Balkan countries is invariably contemporaneous with the occasions when the Sick Man shows renewed signs of indisposition. For a short time after the Turko-Grecian war there were very few references to the Sick Man. An invalid who possesses a general like Edhem Pasha and an army with the merits of that which chased the Grecian troops across the Thessalian plains is not to be trifled with. It seems to have been but a flicker of the expiring lamp, however. The four million Turkish pounds extracted from Greece were no real relief to the situation. Signs of the desperate state of the finances constantly recur. The unpaid and starving troops have been deserting for months past by wholesale, the deserters generally taking to brigandage. The members of the Turkish embassy at Paris recently communicated with the authorities at Constantinople, threatening to resign in a body if their long-overdue salaries were not forthcoming. In fact, all the hectic signals of national decay are once more apparent and this accounts for the buzzing at Rome, at St. Petersburg and at Vienna. The long-postponed event is, they deem, at length at hand, and, to be well-placed when the proceedings begin, Russia is busily coquetting with King Alexander of Servia. On the understanding that in case of a partition of the Turkish Empire, Servia will obtain an extension of territory in the sanjak of Novi Bazar and from portions of Macedonia, Alexander is being urged to consent to a military convention with Russia. If the arrangement is concluded the Servian forces would be virtually a part of the Russian army.



WHO'S GOING TO CARRY IT?



THE WHITE ELEPHANT OF CHINA

New York Herald

It would be easy to warn Servia of the Bear that walks like a man, but what are these Balkan countries to do? A writer the other day declared that the Treaty of Berlin had doomed the Balkan provinces to a generation of uneasiness and intimidation. Instead of creating one strong state out of the dismembered European possessions of Turkey, they had been cut up into little weakling principalities unable to preserve their self-respect and forced to cringe for the favour of their big neighbours. Russia being not only near, but formidable, the "little peoples" have to pretend to be fond of the blatant beast that is preparing for their mastication. The fate of the gallant M. Stambuloff is a warning as to what anti-Russian patriots in the Balkans may expect, and as a consequence no one has dared to take up the role of the murdered statesman. The action of Great Britain and the other Powers who devised the treaty of Berlin was analogous to that of the shepherds who put the lambs in the sheepfold and then withdraw with their dogs, leaving the wolves ravening outside. Those who take an interest in the making of history should keep an eye on current events in the south-eastern corner of Europe for the next few months.

The tribulations of another "little people" have been somewhat lost sight of amid the clash of arms and the note of mighty changes in the far east. Despite the various distractions elsewhere Russia is proceeding steadily with the Russification of Finland. The latest move is to stifle all discussion likely to encourage the spirit of protest. The local censors throughout Finland have been ordered to prevent the publication in newspapers of any complaints or criticism of the police authorities as well as of the reports of the trials of persons who have made such complaints. No articulate sound will henceforth be heard from the little victim. The curious thing is that the notion has gone abroad that the extinguishment of Finn aspirations is said to be preparatory to the carrying out of designs against Norway. That Norway would be a valuable appendage to the Russian Empire, little inferior to Constantinople itself from the maritime point of view, will be readily admitted. It is altogether unlikely, however, that there is anything in the story. Russia has become the favourite national bogey, and all sorts of ambitions and sinister designs are attributed to her. In the present state of her internal affairs, no very decisive steps will be taken even along the lines which are known to be set purposes with her statesmen, but when the hand of famine is raised and the finances once more begin to show a smiling countenance, the Colossus that now stretches in a vast band around half the world will begin to bestir his mighty bulk.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

WITH noblemen engaging in trade, with international relations affected by trade, with society dominated by the moguls of trade, it is hardly to be expected that our educational systems shall remain untouched by the fires from the new altar. Upper Canada College, which Dr. Parkin has restored to its place as the only leading preparatory school in Canada, established a commercial course two years ago having "for its avowed object the education of the prospective business man along lines which shall fit him for entering upon business life with the minimum of friction." Latin was abolished in this course and greater attention given to bookkeeping, writing and commercial arithmetic, typewriting and shorthand are optional and must be studied after school hours.

TRADE AND EDUCATION.

Now some of the universities are being persuaded to add commerce to their list of studies. Business courses are to be instituted, so that every man attending a university will have a chance to qualify himself for the newer and higher life of trade. In other words, "education" and "learning" are to be divorced.

It is hard to foretell the probable effect of this change in our attitude towards college and university work. We may soon inaugurate a day when the man who never heard of Homer and Xenophon, of Virgil and Livy, of Chaucer and Spenser, of Goethe and Rousseau shall be given greater respect than the man who has been broadened by a certain familiarity with the works of these men. Indeed, the day seems imminent. The newspaper has little to say of the scholar, but much to say of the millionaire. A man's status in society is determined approximately by his rating in the books of the commercial agencies. Art and music, sculpture and philosophy are still worshipped but from a decidedly utilitarian standpoint.

While admitting the power and importance of wealth and trade, the value of culture to the happiness of the individual and the nobility of the nation must not be overlooked. Last month an attempt was made in this periodical to estimate the progress of culture—in prose, poetry, general literature and art. This month a similar attempt is made to indicate our national position in regard to architecture, by taking the best example of Canadian architecture and showing what it represents and why it demands admiration. It is doubtful if ten graduates of the University of Toronto, out of the thousands who have knelt at the feet of the Chancellor, were ever taken by a professor and shown the wondrous beauties of the building in which they had studied for four years. It is doubtful if a half dozen of the professors themselves have ever seen the beauties which have been before them for years. Truly we are lacking in culture, and in no class is the lack more apparent than in the men who are supposed to be the greatest amongst us. Canada sadly needs a renaissance.

In Toronto there are some small signs of a movement for a higher art life. There is a cry for streets unbrutalized by huge overhanging signs, hideous telephone, telegraph and electric railway poles, or by buildings out of proportion to their surroundings. There is a pleading for larger and better public squares, handsomer avenues and more artistic buildings. In other cities there is a similar if weaker longing. Perhaps, after all, wealth will bring us back to culture instead of farther away from it. Perhaps, the

fears of the effect of commerce upon culture are groundless.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

It is fitting that a national publication, such as this aims to be, should upon the thirty-fourth anniversary of Confederation recall to the minds of Canadians the reasons why Confederation was brought about. It is fitting also that upon the tenth anniversary of the death of the most notable of the fathers of Confederation, that his life and work should be recalled.

Sir John Macdonald was the most notable political figure in Canada during the years just before and just after Confederation. His record has stood the test of time. The attitude which he assumed toward the mother country and toward the political future of Canada is the attitude assumed by the greatest of the men who now guide the ship of state. The policy he inaugurated with the help and assistance of men almost as able and as far-seeing as himself, is the policy of his successors to-day, whether those successors belong to the political party of which he was the great chieftain, or to the party which for years fought him most vigorously. That he was able to perceive that Canada's future depended upon national unity, national faith and British connection is much to his credit. That his successors in the office of Premier of Canada have recognized the same principles is to their credit. Praise of Sir John Macdonald implies praise for Sir John Thompson, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the others who have fought for these principles in later days.

Those who will take the time to study the speech made by Sir John Macdonald in 1865, as reprinted in part in this issue, will feel once more, and with great thankfulness, how much was accomplished at the Quebec Conference of 1864, and by the events which followed upon that gathering. Sir John had not the eloquence of Joseph Howe or D'Arcy Magee, nor the vehemence of George Brown, but he could marshal his facts with a broad and comprehensive grasp which showed the greatness which was in him. If he had weaknesses, if he loved power, if he showed some of the crudities of the politician, he was yet the greatest of those men on whom was put the god-given task of laying the foundations of the Canadian Dominion, of the nation of northmen who are yet to play an important part in the world's history.

DEATH OF MR. HARDY.

Ontario, the leading Province of the Dominion, has, until last month, mourned the death of only one premier or ex-premier. Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald passed away in the early seventies. Sir Oliver Mowat and Hon. Edward Blake are still present. Hon. A. S. Hardy, who owing to ill-health was succeeded in 1899 by Hon. G. W. Ross, died on June 13th. Mr. Hardy was born in the troublous days of 1837, and spent his early days on a farm. He was educated at the famous Rockwood Academy, and was called to the bar in 1865. He made his first reputation as a lawyer, skilful in fence and defence. The Hon. E. B. Wood and Mr. Hardy were the leading counsel in the city of Brantford for many years, the former being termed "Big Thunder" and the latter "Little Thunder." In twelve years Mr. Hardy made a name for himself as a Counsel, and then politics claimed him as her own. For twenty-two years he gave of his best to his native Province, retiring with the poverty and the fame which politics brings to honest and able men. He demands our respect, since he gave much and received little. The memory of his sterling integrity, his honesty of purpose and his skill in administration will long remain in the hearts of the people he so loyally served.

There has been considerable talk about the position of Canadian Law Lord. It has been assumed by the

omniscient newspaper correspondents at Ottawa that such a position will soon be created in London by a reorganization of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It is claimed that this lucky Canadian will, in addition to a title, get $30,000 a year for seven years. Sir Louis Davies denies being a candidate for the position and declares that if Edward Blake became a Law Lord for Canada he would fill the position with ability and lustre. Sir Louis thus admits the possibility of such an appointment. Other people have talked of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the present Solicitor-General. Sir Wilfrid would grace the position, but any person who will read Sir Wilfrid's speeches during the whole of his political career will easily conclude that Sir Wilfrid would be unwilling to take such a position. In fact, it is hardly likely that he would resign the high honours he now holds for others which would be no greater and which would place him in a less congenial atmosphere. As for the Solicitor-General being given this position, it is out of the question for obvious reasons.

A DOUBTFUL ADVANCE.

It is hardly likely that this scheme will ever be matured. It is doubtful if the Governments in Ottawa and London have ever considered it seriously. It is a sop—if it has been offered—which would hardly be accepted by a Colonial Government which apparently is strongly in favour of an Imperial consultative council. Nor is there any evidence that such an arrangement would be acceptable to the Governments of Australia and Cape Colony.

The first session of the ninth Parliament of Canada closed at Ottawa on May 23rd, having opened on February 6th. The references to the Queen's death and the election of a new Opposition leader were the leading events of the first few days. One of the earliest Bills was one granting five-eighteenths of two million pounds as Canada's share of the cost of an Imperial cable across the Pacific. This expenditure and that in connection with the South African contingents must not be forgotten by those who are agitating for a Canadian contribution to Imperial expenditure. A Bill to make May 24th a perpetual holiday as "Victoria Day" brings to realization a project advocated for the first time in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for October, 1896, at the suggestion of Mr. G. E. McCraney, an Ontario barrister.* An act to establish in Canada a branch of the Royal Mint, is also noteworthy. This was also one of the favourite projects of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, several articles advocating it having appeared during the past few years. In view of the increased length of the sessions, the sessional indemnity to members of the House of Commons and senators was increased from $1,000 to $1,500.

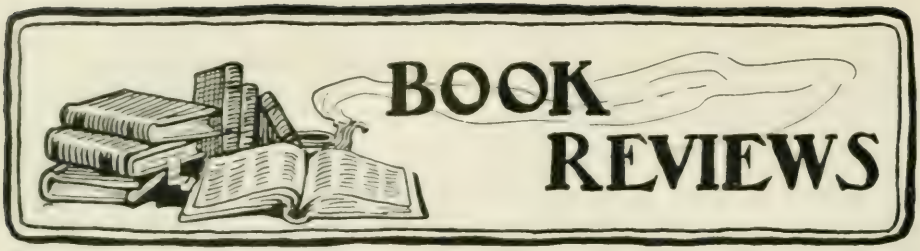
PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

On the whole, the session may be said to have been exceedingly creditable to those responsible for the programme and the results. One member of the House is said to have been on his feet 94 times and another 57 times. This unnecessary waste of time has, however, been frowned upon as it never was before, and we may reasonably expect that speeches of two to four hours' duration will be a feature only of our past.

Her Excellency Lady Minto has in hand the subject of suitably marking the graves of the Canadians who are buried in South Africa. Her Excellency is also working out a scheme of cottage hospitals for our newer districts. Canadians will be exceedingly grateful to Lady Minto for her interest in these two subjects. This country has been decidedly fortunate in the character of the various Governors-General sent from London to represent the Crown and no less fortunate in the character of the notable women who have reigned at Rideau Hall.

* See Vol. VII, p. 578, and Vol. VIII, p. 341.

John A. Cooper



A DAUGHTER OF PATRICIANS.

THE French-Canadians have furnished material for a number of novels, good, bad and indifferent, and it must be said that the theme is apt to pall upon the taste. Mr. Smith, however, in his new tale* has struck entirely new ground, and has ventured upon a rather delicate and daring subject—the relations of the church in the Province of Quebec to the civil power. There is no attempt to make the story a political disquisition, and the author is to be commended for the propriety and taste displayed in handling the vexed question of clerical powers, but the whole plot turns upon the illegality of a marriage between two Roman Catholics when performed by a Protestant minister. This appears to be the law, and the unfortunate predicament in which Severine d'Egmont finds herself differs from the Delpit case in certain respects. It is curious that the author should actually have written the novel before that *cause célèbre* came to the front. The *motif* of the tale is thus real and of current interest. M. d'Egmont, the scion of an ancient French family, casts his daughter off for eloping with a young violinist, whose father was an Italian organ-grinder and whose mother held the most liberal views regarding the marriage tie, to the extent of dispensing with it altogether. Giovanni, the son, therefore possesses the hereditary disdain for such trifles as the refusal of a cautious priest to marry an eloping couple when the bride is under age, and obtains a license upon which a clergyman of the English Church acts. One may not sympathize with the mediæval views of Father Cinq Mars, but neither does one sympathize with the selfishness of the lovers. They suffer for their sins, although the direst consequences seem to overtake the woman. It is not necessary here to indicate the outcome of the plot, except to say that it is readable and at times dramatic. There are certain evidences of crude melodrama, such as the episode of Friar Fontaine, which might easily have been dispensed with.

* A Daughter of Patricians. By F. Clifford Smith. Toronto: The Publishers' Syndicate.

THE ABANDONED FARMER.

The name of Mr. Sydney H. Preston is new in the list of Canadian writers, and his first novel—his previous attempts having been short stories for the United States magazines—is a departure from anything hitherto produced by our native authors. The experiences of Henry Carton as an amateur farmer are droll throughout.* When the editor of the newspaper on which Henry was employed assigned him the agricultural department, the latter protested that he "did not know much about agriculture." This was scarcely candid, because, in the event, he knew nothing about it. The editor, however, assigned him the exchanges, the farmer's cyclopædia and the scissors, told him to be as funny as he liked, provided there was always a grain of horse-sense at the bottom, and took kindly to Henry's suggestion of "planting summer boarders in rows three feet apart." We are not told the fate of this journalistic experiment, which would have been diverting and original, since all the agricultural journals which have come under our notice, whatever their merits, have certainly not been funny. Instead, Henry be-

* The Abandoned Farmer. By Sydney H. Preston. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

comes a farmer himself on a small scale, that is he rents a farmhouse and some acres. This is done for his boy's health, and, incidentally, of course, to provide material for the story, although we still think his career of agricultural editor if followed up would have done equally well if not better. Be that as it may, the agricultural editor tries conclusions with a real agriculturist and is badly worsted at every point. Peter Waydean is the abandoned, i.e., wicked, farmer who "does up"—to use a colloquialism—his innocent tenant on all occasions. Mr. Preston's humour is quiet, effective, and entertaining. His book has been compared to some of Stockton's work, a poor compliment, seeing that it is never wearisome or silly, while the humour is not forced. One can well believe that the author can further develop this vein to good effect, and that his present book will be popular.

CANADA'S PART IN THE WAR.

The work just issued by Mr. W. Sanford Evans on the part played by Canada in the Boer War,* is one of the most important books of the year, whether viewed from a Canadian standpoint or from the wider aspect of latter-day Imperialism. Mr. Evans has covered the whole ground suggested by the outbreak of sympathy in this country with the Motherland, the raising of a force here to co-operate with the British Army, the political issues evoked by the war, and the actual campaigns themselves, and he has done it all with clearness, vigour and candour. His view of events is so comprehensive and well-balanced that it possesses the characteristic of having been worked out long after the events were over, instead of being, as it must have been, the product of a temperate and fair-minded critic writing before the strong political and military feelings aroused by the war had subsided. We see no reason to doubt that Mr. Evans' book will continue to be the standard authority on this interesting incident in our history and that it will be quoted in



Illustrated from "The Heart of the Ancient Wood"

* The Canadian Contingents and Canadian Imperialism: a study and a story. By W. Sanford Evans. Toronto: The Publishers' Syndicate.



"'HE'S A BACHELOR,' SAID VIRGINIA; 'WHAT USE HAS HE GOT FOR IT?'"
Illustration from "The Crisis"

years to come as an exceptionally important piece of testimony on contemporary events. Naturally the book recalls the angry controversies which raged around the sending of the contingents, and as long as men differ at the bidding, or at least at the suggestion, of a few political leaders, without being able to divest themselves of personal concern for the fate of one party or another, so long will different opinions be held of the action of the Canadian Government at the time of the sending of the contingents. This is still a vexed question. It bristles with the difficulties that surround all party issues. We merely allude to it as an evidence that the author's task was no easy one. If his narrative of events, his patient and intelligent analysis of the situation, displease anyone it will only be those persons who cannot bear to think that any part of the truth rests with their opponents. It would be hard for a stranger reading the book to infer that Mr. Evans is a pro-

minent Conservative journalist, nor would it be easy to define the extent of his Imperialism. He is sane at all points, a tribute that can be paid to very few writers of history, past or present. After a careful study of the conditions in Canada prior to the despatch of troops, the author records their military achievements in the modest fashion that marks all his writing, and he concludes with some reflections on the working of the Imperial system which may be digested at leisure by those who think on these subjects. The book is attractively bound, well illustrated and a very satisfactory specimen of bookmaking. It should be highly successful, for the industry, honesty and ability of the author have contributed to the production of an indispensable chronicle of Canada's share in the war.

The chief interest to foreigners in an American story like "The Crisis" * is its portrayal of Abraham Lincoln who must always possess a great attraction for students of character in all countries. The scenes are those of the civil war, and St. Louis, where North and South met on even terms, is the stage whereon most of the characters play their parts. Anything like a brief general narrative of the war is not attempted, but at various stages of the great conflict, vivid pictures are given which recreate the leading events and weave them around the tale. Some knowledge of the war is taken for granted and there are times when the author seems to us to fail in coherency and clearness, but perhaps this is the result of rapid reading, for the story is of absorbing attraction, and the reader hurries on from chapter to chapter as quickly as he can. But as already said, the distinctive feature is Lincoln who, as far as one can judge, is well done by a sympathetic hand. His uncouth manners, funny stories, and largeness of mind and heart are all depicted by the author who has apparently made a study of his subject without giving it an undue proportion in the book. "The Crisis" will enhance the author's reputation. It is written with some regard for the feelings of both combatants in the great struggle.

* The Crisis. By Winston Churchill. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

The qualities which made Miss Fowler's previous books so popular are visible in her new one* : witty dialogue, epigram, and a good deal of shrewd philosophy. These tales deal almost wholly with persons in a certain class of society, and none of them (persons or tales) is in any respect remarkable. But they talk amusingly and well, their actions throw some light on phases of modern society, and reflect the charm a bright and clever woman can put without effort into anything she writes. That it is an epoch-making book cannot of course be said ; that it is agreeable and entertaining goes without saying.

The educational authorities in Ontario are very lax seeing that they have allowed the principal of Gravenhurst High School to establish an arboretum in the grounds of that institution. This is most daring. In this arboretum are specimens of practically all the trees and shrubs in the district and they are studied by the scholars.

This teacher has offended further. He has prepared a little manual which he calls "Sylvan Ontario," † in which he attempts to popularize the study of trees and shrubs. He simplifies it so that any man or boy, if he can read at all, may study these native trees and know all about them. He may also classify in a general way the ordinary specimens he meets. These modern ideas are too progressive for this country and an example should be made of this revolutionary Gravenhurst schoolmaster. His name is W. H. Muldrew.

* Sirius: a volume of fiction. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

† Toronto: William Briggs. Soft leather, $1.00.

IDLE MOMENTS

UTTERLY ROUTED.

IT is not an ordinary lawyer who can overcome a woman's reluctance to tell her age, as the following failure proves:

"And what is your age, madam?" was his question.

"My own," she answered promptly.

"I understand that, madam; but how old are you?"

"I am not old, sir," with indignation.

"I beg your pardon, madam; I mean, how many years have you passed?"

"None; the years have passed me."

"How many of them have passed you?" the lawyer went on testily.

"All. I never heard of them stopping."

"Madam, you must answer my question. I want to know your age?"

"I don't know that the acquaintance is desired by the other side."

"I don't see why you insist upon refusing to answer my question," said the lawyer coaxingly. "I am sure I would tell you how old I was, if I were asked."

"But nobody would ask you, for everybody knows you are old enough to know better than to be asking a woman her age, so there!"

And the vanquished one passed on to the next question.—*Selected.*

THE WOODLARK'S SONG.

The woodlark hopped on the maple limb
And raised his voice and sang,
And thro' the depths of the forest dim
These merry wild notes rang:
Oh, Canada, Canada, Canada,
Fair Canada, Canada, Canada,
See lands did I, none did I, none did I,
Like Canada, Canada, Canada.

Hid in the green woods across the way
His mate took up the strain,
And again rang out the joyous lay,
Again the sweet refrain:
Oh, Canada, Canada, Canada,
Fair Canada, Canada, Canada,
See lands did I, none did I, none did I,
Like Canada, Canada, Canada.

The rovers who from over the foam
To this new country came
Heard among the trees the same glad tone
And caught the magic name:
Oh, Canada, Canada, Canada,
Fair Canada, Canada, Canada,
See lands did I, none did I, none did I,
Like Canada, Canada, Canada.

Sing ye who will of the eagle swift
Or of the nightingale,
The lark that sings in the summer lift;
But we the woodlark hail.
Oh, Canada, Canada, Canada,
Fair Canada, Canada, Canada,
See lands did I, none did I, none did I,
Like Canada, Canada, Canada.

William Matheson.

A PRIZE POEM.

Some time ago the Podunk *Herald* offered a prize of $1.00 for the best poem "on the ravages of rum," open to the public school children of Podunk County. The winner was Miss Leonora Skifflings (aged 11) of Coldwater township. We herewith present this striking poem. It is true that it often transgresses established rules of rhyme, metre and even of grammar, but we would call attention to the following points of excellence: (1) The wonderful knowledge of the laws of cause and effect as applied to strong drink; (2) the powerful word painting of the horrors of delirium tremens; (3) the strict adherence to established ideals of "temperance" literature.

THE DEMON RUM.

O! Brother, see that sad-faced man,
All battered, tattered, solemn, glum;
From which or whence has all this come?
O! Brother! 'twas the demon Rum.

What makes those once bright eyes to glower?
Perhaps, perchance, "a whiskey sour;"
And whence that horrid pimply rash?
Maybe, mayhap, from "Brandy Smash."

*The contributions to this Department are original unless credited to some other journal.

His beauteous wife whom once he loved ;
Alas, alack, he can't abide her ;
What chilled the current of his love ?
'Twas drinking ice-cold, hard-pan cider.

He once was cheerful, bright and gay
(If one might say so) almost frisky.
He's slow as chilled molasses now.
What worked the change ? Why, drinking whiskey !

He once was rosy, sleek and fat.
Behold him, pallid, wan and thin ;
What made him so ? O ! Sisters dear !
'Twas sipping down of London gin.

Behold the way his head-piece wags,
The sad result of countless "jags ;"
That palsied shake, that horrid leer
Were born of drinking bitter beer.

At times he sees the sky-blue dog
Tackle the pale-green cat,
While fiery serpents sizzle round
As umpires of the spat ;
And purple horses shod with fire
Are climbing lofty trees
And fanning with their scarlet tails
The circumambient breeze.

What is it ails this once good man
That he such sights should see ?
My friends, he is only ending up
A splendid "Jamboree" ;
It's just a free old circus show
Which bar-men all throw in
To everyone who buys enough
Of whiskey, rum or gin.

O ! Brother dear ! thou hast a child,
A manly son, a lovely daughter,
Ah, show the way where safety lies
In shunning rum and drinking water.

If water isn't always nice
Resist the more the Devil's slop,
And blow yourselves (if blow ye must)
On sweet, refreshing "Ginger pop."

G.

'TWAS EVER THUS.

I listen to the rolling of the
Waves, waves, waves,
And watch my dear Lucinda as she
Laves, laves, laves.
Her tangled hair is yellow
And also out of curl,
Her shapely limbs are gleaming,
Her skirts are in a whirl.
Ah ! surely there was never
Such a wilful, wanton girl.
And how I love Lucinda mid the noisy rolling waves,
I love her best of all as she
Laves,
Laves,
Laves.

I listen to the bike-bells with their
Peal, peal, peal,
As I sit behind sweet Mary on a
Wheel, wheel, wheel.
Her smooth brown hair is parted,
Without a sign of bleach,
Her ankle is perfection,
Her cheek—well it's a peach !
Ah ! surely there was never
Such fruit within my reach.
And how I love sweet Mary, with her heart as true as steel.
I love her best of all upon a
Wheel,
Wheel,
Wheel.

I listen to the music with its
Prance, prance, prance,
As I lead the stately Gladys in the
Dance, dance, dance.
Her raven hair is a-la-mode,
Her stunning dress is blue,
Her large brown eyes are melting,
And the way she looks at you !
Ah ! surely there was never
Such a step—so light and true.
And how I love dear Gladys with her dark coquettish glance.
I love her best of all in the
Dance,
Dance,
Dance.

Ah ! past and gone forever are those
Days, days, days.
And, alas ! I see the "finish" of my
Ways, ways, ways.
A widow did the business
With her shiny bags of gold.
She isn't very fetching,
And, well—she's rather old !
Ah ! surely hearts were never
For such golden shekels sold.
And how I love my widow with her sovereign little ways,
I love her best of all 'cause she
Pays,
Pays,
Pays.

Laura B. Thompson.

PAT'S STREET CAR RIDE.

Pat boarded a car down near the Woodbine the other evening, says a Toronto paper. He carried a dinner pail in his hand and an Irish countenance of saffron hue above his shoulders. And, all forgetful of the fact that Big Ben had announced that seven o'clock had come and gone, he made a jab at the slit in the fare box with a red ticket. "Too late for that," the conductor said as he pulled the box

away. And Pat's eye struck the colour of the ticket. "Sure, now, I t'ought it was a blue one," he said. He gazed at it as if it was to blame for its colour, till the conductor interrupted him with another impatient "Fare, please." "Oh, av coorse," Pat said, and he proceeded to go through his pockets, wondering audibly the while where that ticket could have got to. He ceased his searching and wondering as the conductor left him to his work and went on to collect the other fares, and a pleased grin broke over his sunset features. But he was searching hard again when the conductor returned. The latter was getting suspicious. "Come, now, hurry up or you'll have to get off," he remarked sourly. "Sure, now, and ye wouldn't put a poor man off," said Pat. The conductor, for answer, jerked the bell, and as the car pulled up in front of a wayside inn he motioned to Pat to alight. "Oh, I'll get off, I'll get off," the latter murmured as he climbed down the steps. And when he reached the ground a little smile leaked out of the corner of his mouth. "Sure," he said, "I was jist comin' up to Jimmie's for a pail of beer, anyway."

DON'T CUT THE CURLS TOO SOON.

A merchant living on Bloor Street poked fun at his boy because he had long curly hair, and called him a girl, and from that moment the kid hated his curls, and cried himself to sleep. And in the morning the old man stole him out by the back door while his wife was in the parlour. The curls fell on the barber shop floor one by one, and the lad jumped from the chair and said, "Pa, I'm a man now. Give me a cigarette."

Don't cut the curls too soon. When the curls go, discontent creeps in, and we pass from the joyous hour of innocence, and begin to know; and when we know, pain comes, for the truth is hard.

Don't cut the curls too soon; the mud pies, the skirts, the dirty hands and faces, the soap bubbles, the blocks, the toys, the dolls that roll their eyes and speak, the mysteries of Christmas, of birth, of death, of life, go with them. Don't cut the curls too soon.

Too soon at best some little child will find that if he would succeed, life is but a battle, and a bitter battle too. Don't cut the curls too soon.—*Toronto Star.*

PUNISHED AND PARDONED.

Last night my little son was sent
 Unkissed to bed, with angry eyes
 And lips that pouted wilful-wise;
This was his mother's punishment—
 A gentler woman does not live,
 But yet she tarried to forgive.

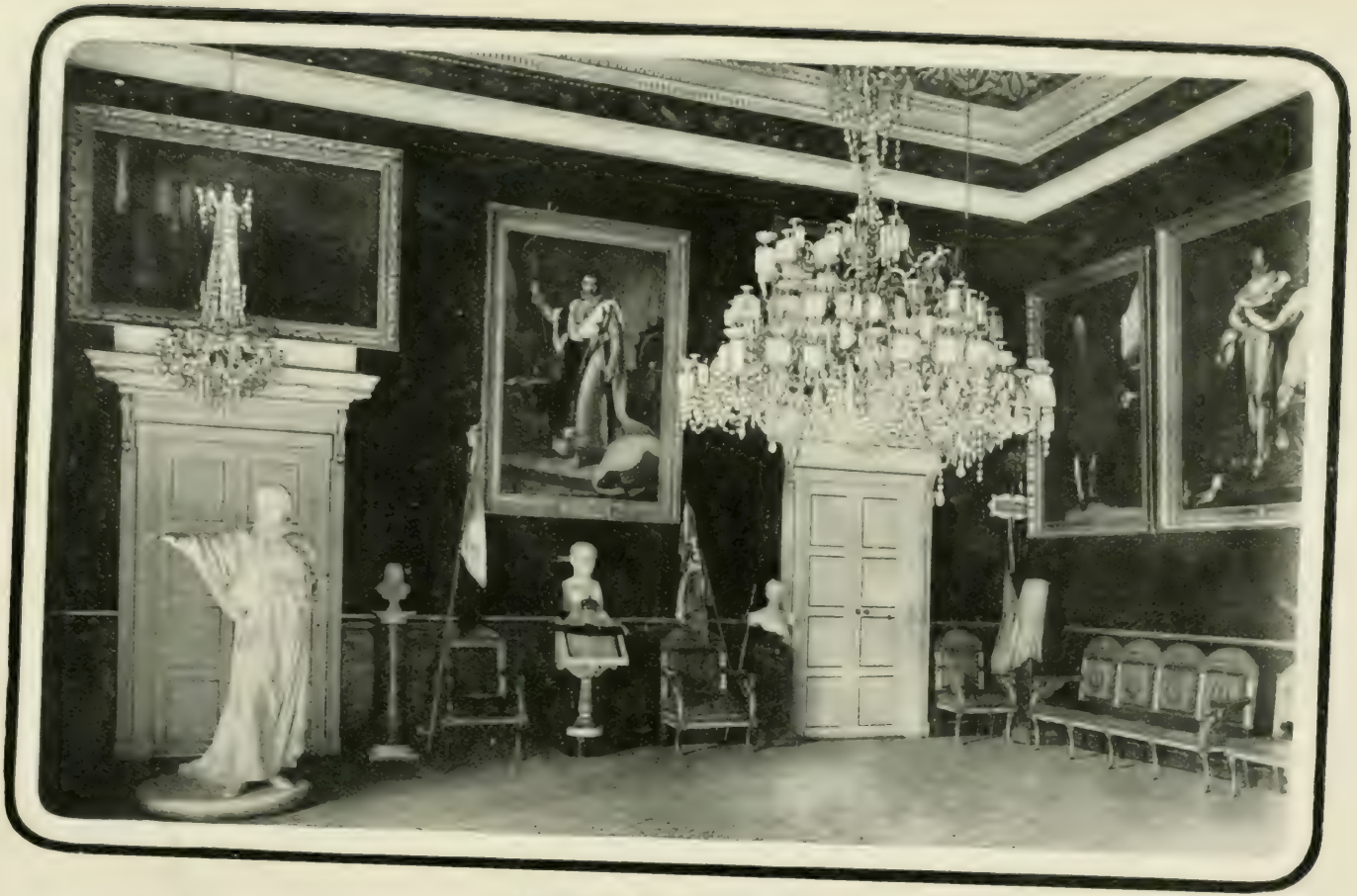
The childish fault, the passionate deed,
 They must be checked; so in the gloom
 He stumbled to his little room;
He was too proud to weep or plead.
 I saw his mother's eyes grow dim,
 In tender yearning following him.

But in the silence when he slept,
 Undried the tears lay on his cheek,
 The little face seemed very meek.
How piteously, perchance, he wept
 Before he took to slumberland
 The grief he could not understand!

Then tenderly his mother smoothed
 The fair-tossed hair back from his brow,
 And kissed the lips so passive now,
But woke him not, since he was soothed,
 And there beside his little bed,
 She knelt and prayed awhile instead.

Ah! so, dear God, when at the last
 We lie with closed and tear-stained eyes,
 And lips too dumb for prayers or sighs,
Sorry and punished for the past,
 Surely Thou wilt forgive and bless,
 Being pitiful for our distress!

Boston Gazette.



RELICS OF NAPOLEON

AJACCIO—ROOM IN HOTEL DE VILLE SHOWING PICTURE OF NAPOLEON IN ROBES OF STATE; BUST OF L'AIGLON AND A STATUE OF KING OF ROME (NAPOLEON'S SON) TO LEFT; PORTRAITS OF NAPOLEON'S FATHER AND OF HIS BROTHER THE KING OF SPAIN TO RIGHT

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII AUGUST, 1901 No. 4

THE BIRTHPLACE OF NAPOLEON.

By Nonie Powell.

THE tourist sojourning at Nice, or elsewhere on the lovely coast of the Mediterranean, would be repaid by a short excursion to the Island of Corsica, and a visit to Ajaccio, the birthplace of the world's greatest General —Napoleon Bonaparte. Leaving Nice at 6 p.m., by steamer, we touch at Calvi early the next morning. This ancient fortress, founded in the thirteenth century, has withstood many fierce sieges, and only fell to Nelson after a valiant struggle of two months' duration. It was here that the gallant and brave commander lost one of his eyes—which partial blindness he, however, turned to good account, subsequently, when he was victorious in one of Britain's greatest naval fights. The proud inscription—"Civitas Calvi semper fidelis"—carved by order of the Roman Senate over the chief gate of the city, is still to be seen—a just tribute to the traditional bravery of its defenders.

In another six hours the boat arrives at Ajaccio. It is beautifully situated. The sapphire-blue waters of the Gulf of Ajaccio make a deep indentation on the coast line forming its picturesque harbour, and on the opposite shore high ranges of hills rise one above the other overlooking the sea. It is a quaint, charming old place with its stone buildings of French and Italian types of plain flat façades capped by red-tiled roofs, and narrow, roughly paved streets, though the principal and more modern thoroughfares are broad and well laid out, bordered on either side with great spreading palms towering to a considerable height, the massive trunks being several feet in circumference. In the centre of one of the avenues is a pretty square hemmed in by tall, graceful lindens, and adorned with a marble statue of the "Premier Consul" by Laboreur. It is supported at the base by four huge lions "couchant" (the



THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF NAPOLEON AT AJACCIO



BASTIA—A CORSICAN CITY

lion is the emblem of Corsica), with water gushing from their open mouths into the large round basin beneath, the whole forming a most bewitching glamour of repose and coolness on the warmest summer's day. The Place du Daimant, off the main avenue, is a fine square of a few acres in area, surrounded by magnificent palms and commanding an extensive view of the sea. A good military band plays there twice a week, and distinguished visitors may be seen enjoying a promenade among the beauty and chivalry of the island. On one side of the square facing the water is the magnificent equestrian statue of Napoleon clad in his favourite show garb of Cæsar, his finely cut features clearly defined against the sky and ever turned towards France, the land he loved so well. Standing erect at the four corners of the statue, attired in Roman togas, are the figures of his brothers, Joseph, Jerome, Louis and Charles, attesting in all their majesty and strength the glories of the Bonapartist regime.

One of the objects of our pilgrimage being to see the home that sheltered his boyhood days, and in which this wonderful man of genius first saw light, we retrace our steps to the older portion of the town. The house, a plain and unpretentious two-story tenement, is recognized by the inscription on a marble slab over the door: "Napoleon est né dans cette maison le 15 août, 1769." The caretaker turns a ponderous key in the rusty lock of a heavy wooden door, and ascending the stone steps, we enter a large apartment, probably used as a reception room. The ceiling is prettily frescoed, and in the middle panel are observed the scales of Justice; in another the caduceus of Mercury, scrolls bearing the names of most famous battles—Wagram, Marengo, etc., while suspended from the centre is a large crystal candelabra. There is an old spinet with ivory keys in one end of the room the only instrument of the kind in Ajaccio at that time, while against the walls, ornamented with four large mirrors, are ranged a sofa and chairs of Louis XVI period, covered with brocade, which, though worn to shreds, still are well preserved. In another small salon one notes the beautiful marble mantel, carved with a delicate design in bas relief and an exquisite old cabinet inlaid with specimens of rare marbles and



VIEW FROM CHANTILLON PRISON—GULF OF AJACCIO IN DISTANCE

lapis lazuli, which opens and forms an escritoire neatly finished inside. Opening out of this room is a salon of splendid proportions with several long French windows. There are sixteen small mirrors in gilt frames, each containing two candlesticks, hung at intervals on the walls, and at either end two great mirrors framed in plaster, with a narrow gilding, into which we glance, as we survey some pieces of bronze statuary and other ornaments. The floor is beautifully inlaid with polished nut

painting of his mother, whose soft brown eyes, regular features and winsome expression impress us most favourably as to her personality. Napoleon's chamber is a small room, with a low wooden bed and solid chest of drawers. An old cracked mirror framed in wood, which must often have reflected the boyish features, hangs above the mantel. A trap-door is pointed out in the floor through which he once escaped from his pursuers. Another object of interest is



AJACCIO—NAPOLEON'S NATIVE TOWN

wood, and some handsome gilt chairs are placed against the walls, chiefly of Louis XIV and Louis XVI period.

Perhaps the greatest interest is centred in Mme. Litizia Bonaparte's bedroom, where she first greeted her infant prodigy. The plain white wooden bed with its tracery of roses and the couch are still preserved. On the marble mantel, daintily carved with a bas relief of cupids and wreaths of flowers, is a bust of Napoleon, while above hangs a

the sedan chair which his mother always used. Other members of the family occupied the stage above, but the rooms are all dismantled.

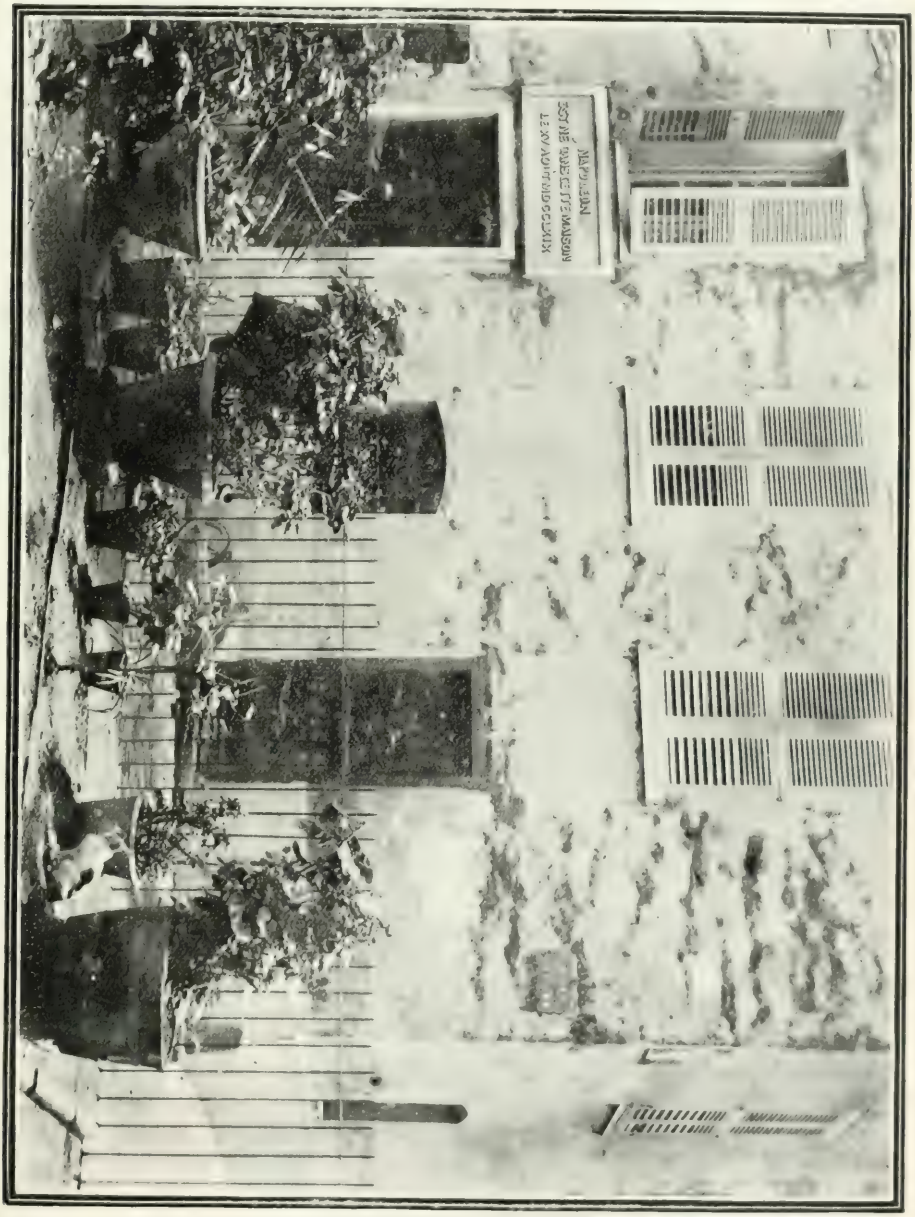
There are many relics of this epoch of Corsican history in the Hotel de Ville, a fine stone building devoted to a variety of uses. All civic affairs are transacted here, and my girl friend may be entrusted to know that there is one room exclusively set apart, and, I suppose, con-

secrated for marriage. In the upper floor are some lofty spacious rooms containing life-size portraits of different members of the Bonaparte family, by whom they were donated, a beautiful painting of Napoleon in his robes of state worn at his coronation, and a very pretty youthful one of the Empress Eugenie. One also sees a bust of Napoleon's little son, L'Aiglon, which he so cherished in exile, and a bronze cast of the Emperor taken after death, his fine features so sadly emaciated by sorrow and disease. In another salon the walls are likewise lined with splendid paintings of some of the greatest battles and other subjects of that exciting period. In a glass cabinet are the gorgeous priestly vestments of solid cloth of gold worn by Cardinal Fesch (a maternal uncle), worn at the coronation when he accompanied Pope Pius VII to take part in the ceremonies of that grand and historic occasion. Besides this, there are other expensive raiment and all the golden plate belonging to the church. The reader will remember that the Cardinal attained great honours and wealth with the rising fortunes of the family. He was devoted to art and spent half his lifetime and fortune in acquiring a wonderfully complete collection of paintings which at the time of his death in Rome numbered no less than 3,333. He bequeathed the greater part of this splendid collection to his native city, his object being that one should be able to follow the history of painting from the Renaissance covering the intervening centuries without leaving the gallery. He founded Fesch College, and several large rooms are devoted to his collections of these arts which are unique and magnificent. There are many valuable originals of the great masters, as well as copies of all the most famous paintings of various galleries, representing every distinct school of art in Europe from the Greek painters of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to Raphael and his contemporaries. A beautiful marble bust of the Emperor by Canova and one in bronze by Merrimée are among the art treasures which are too numerous to mention.

Not far from here is the Rue Fesch, a curious narrow old street thronged with women and children of the poorer classes in front of the doors, the better to enjoy their home life in public. Here we find the Chapelle Fesch, erected by the Third Napoleon, where Mme. Litizia, her husband and Cardinal Fesch are buried in the crypt. The cathedral is a fine old edifice, of the Italian Renaissance style of architecture. Its gilded towers, rising in the form of a Greek cross, glisten in the bright rays of a Corsican sun, and it was at the font within this structure that Napoleon received Christian baptism at the age of two years. The grotto is pointed out as his favourite resort where he was wont to retire mysteriously when a boy for solitary study and meditation. It was his great delight to steal away from his companions to this secluded retreat, and when asked what made him intelligent beyond his years his reply was "En y pensant toujours."

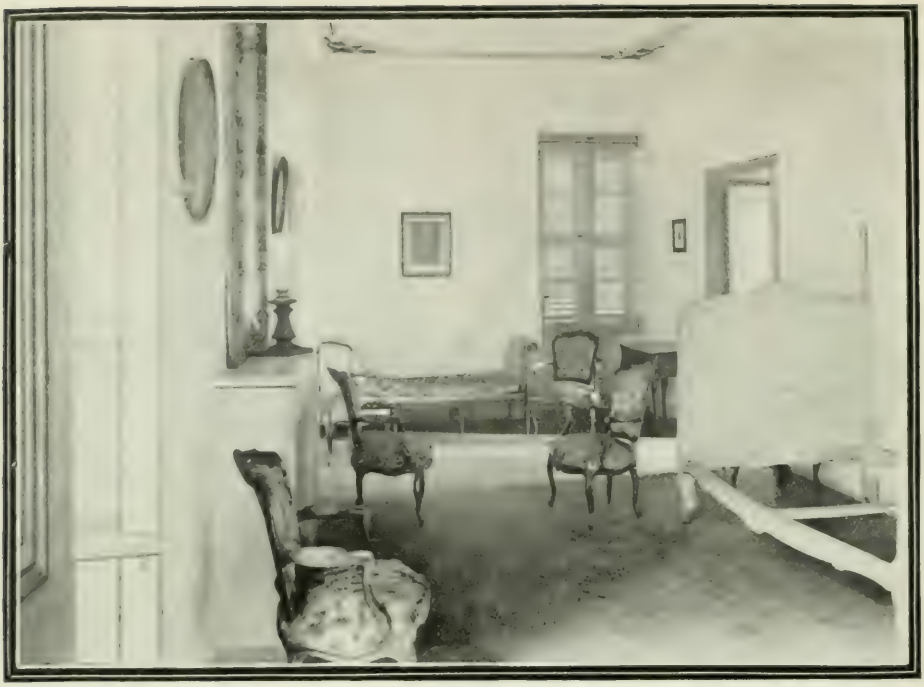
The Grand Hotel Continental, conveniently located, stands in the midst of a miniature park luxuriant in tropical bloom and redolent with the perfume of choice flowers. It is thronged with guests from all parts of the world during winter which comprises "the season" on the Riviera. Many people are attracted by the highly favoured climate, others come for sport—pig-sticking, partridge-shooting, etc. There are lovely drives and excursions to be taken to places in the vicinity. One such is to the prison of Chantillon, the beautiful situation of which makes one almost envy the lot of its inmates—at least for a very brief period. On the sunny side of a hill, it commands a glorious view of the cultivated lowlands—a landscape of cereals, vineyards, olive groves, etc., while in the distance the rugged mountain peaks bordering on the blue waters of the Gulf lend a wild enchantment to the scene. The prisoners are mostly employed in beautifying the grounds which would do credit to many a noble

mansion, and in tending the herds of sheep which graze upon the hillsides. A pleasant variation to the entire sea trip is to return by way of the inland railway to *Bastia* on the north-east coast, and breaking a journey of several hours by a call at Vizzavona. It is a charming drive from the station where little Corsican brunettes make their irresistible appeals to buy their wild strawberries, to the country hotel in the very heart of the mountains.



AJACCIO—HOUSE IN WHICH NAPOLEON WAS BORN—NOTE THE TABLET OVER THE DOOR

Through an air of delicious temperature and fanned by the gentlest of zephyrs, we drove through forests of magnificent beeches, intermingled



AJACCIO—THE ROOM IN WHICH NAPOLEON WAS BORN—THE FLOOR IS TILED

with the bright verdure of the wild holly and scented with the fragrance of the pine. Here the sporting tourist finds an enjoyable holiday with the fishing-rod and rifle in delightfully cool and health-giving surroundings. Indeed, the chief charm of Corsica is that it embraces such a variety of climatic mildness. In the valleys and on the coast there is an even, warm temperature all the year round.

Corsica possesses a history, rich in folklore, with poetical legends of the vendetta, etc., dating back to the time of the Phœnicians when Cadmus, the son of a Phœnician king, is said to have discovered and named it "Calliste" (beautiful place). The Romans called it Corsica and the Greeks Cyrnos (Kyrnos) in memory of Cyrnus, son of the Grecian Hercules whom we sometimes see represented on plate or bric-a-brac as a negro with his head tied with a white scarf. It is interesting to note that the Empress Eugenie calls her beautiful villa which we see from our window at Cap Martin, "Cyrnos," after the ancient monarch who according to legend was the first king of Corsica. The Corsicans of the present day are a people proud of their lineage and hereditary character for bravery and honour, though somewhat conceited in their prejudices against other nationalities. Of course they are confirmed Bonapartists, and resent the rule of the French Republic, always believing that their day of triumph will return. Most of the people implicitly believe that *only* Corsica can and will produce another Napoleon and every birth within the radius of its most hallowed ground is narrowly watched for some occult token or mysterious indication of budding genius. It is little wonder that the native Corsican is so fondly attached to his island home which the gods have so highly favoured, or that he venerates the memory of the dead hero who, born and reared in their midst, conquered half the kingdoms of the earth in his brief span of victorious career, though, alas, compelled in the end to drain the cup of disappointment and bitterness to its dregs, and die a lonely exile in the hands of his enemy.

A RECORD CLIMB UP THE MATTERHORN.

By S. Turner, of Penarth, Wales.

IN these days of keen competition and speed, the general tendency of men appears to be to outstrip one another. This spirit has even led men to record-breaking up the Matterhorn.

Having read of several record climbs, I felt like trying conclusions myself, and with this in mind I went in for a thorough training for three months. This made me feel in fine form, and on September the 7th I left London for Zermatt determined I would stand on the summit of the Matterhorn and return to Zermatt in the shortest possible time.

Arriving at Interlaken on the 8th, I was able to continue my way over the Gemmi pass on the 9th. The view from the summit and the promise of a beautiful sunrise led me to stay the night; and I was not disappointed, as the mountains were lit up beautifully.

I started down the Gemmi for Luekbad Monday morning, catching the diligence to Luek, and into Zermatt Monday afternoon, in splendid form after the walk.

Having engaged Julius Zum Taugwald by letter from England, and selected a guide at Visp to accompany him, Franz Burgener, I had that most important matter settled. On arriving at Hotel Mont Rosa, and learning that the Matterhorn was in a very bad condition, and likely to be worse, as the season was at its close, I determined to climb at midnight, or rather 12.5, which would make it Tuesday morning, Sept. 11th. The people at the hotel thought it a mad act on my part to climb so soon after such quick travelling, but I had trained myself to stand it. I thought the perfect weather more than counter-balanced the objection to climbing so soon after the long journey.

After arranging with the guides, and getting one of the leading citizens to act as time-keeper, I tried to get a few hours' rest, leaving instructions to be called at 11.30 p.m. After a hurried supper, we shook hands at 5 minutes past 12 with the gentleman who had kindly promised to act as time-keeper, and were off to climb the Matterhorn that day, and as soon as possible.

Passing the church-yard, and turn-



SCHWARZ LAKE 9,600 FT. ON THE WAY TO THE MATTERHORN PEAK



THE MATTERHORN, A FAMOUS ALPINE PEAK

so they made the pace pretty hot. We were soon crossing the Matterhorn Bridge, and up through the woods. We stopped once to take a drink of spring water, and in 1 hour and 25 minutes were by the south side of the Schwarzsee Hotel. We paused here for five minutes and had a drink of cold tea.

Continuing over the rocks towards the peaks we were soon passing the Schwarzsee, over a rough stony path by the side of the Fuggen Glacier. Going quickly along the Moraine, up a zig-zag path to the right, we were soon off the Moraine, going straight towards the

ing round to the left, I could see in the pale moonlight the graves of those noble gentlemen who had made the first ascent of that majestic peak. The guides knew my plans (which had been discussed previously to save time) Matterhorn Hut, which we reached after climbing a little more rock at 3.15 a.m., exactly 3 hours and 10 minutes, from Hotel Mont Rosa, Zermatt. Of course the pace was a lot too quick. We did not intend to stop at the hut at

all, but the pace made us. Dr. Murrett, of Lausanne, a member of the Swiss Alpine Club, and his two guides, were in the hut when we arrived. It was a great pleasure to meet this gentleman.

We decided to start from the hut together at 3.30 a.m. My guide led the way to the final peak. The weather had become rough, and as we passed along the Hornli Ridge the wind was very fresh. After a little steep rock work we were on the actual peak of the Matterhorn. Going round the base of it to the left along a ledge of rock, we had an occasional glimpse of the moon through the fast fleeting clouds. Turning toward the main ridge, we climbed steep rocks in that direction for a while. Then turning round to the left again we passed over a lot of loose stones, and came to the large couloir. We cut steps up the couloir, and were soon climbing steep rock at the top. We crossed several small slopes of snow, and arrived at the old cabin (which is now out of use) and sat down for an early breakfast. The first signs of sunrise could be seen in the direction of Mont Rosa, and the wind made pleasant music amongst the crags around us.



ABOVE THE CLOUDS, ON THE SHOULDER OF THE MATTERHORN—14,000 FEET. THE BERNESE OBERLAND CAN BE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE 90 MILES AWAY

We were soon climbing steep rock again, and after crossing several snow slopes and some couloirs where we had to cut steps up steep ice slopes, we had another pause. Here the cold wind was very intense, so I put my gloves on. The handholds in the rocks were very small, and coated in many places with thin sheets of ice. It was very steep leading up to the main ridge, and very careful climbing was necessary, as the wind became more fierce; so we ascended in sheltered parts as much as possible, and, although the rocks were steeper, we did not again get too near the ridge, until, on drawing near to the shoulder, we were compelled to do so. Then we found ourselves in the midst of a snow-storm which kept us sheltering three-quarters of an hour.

As the Doctor overtook us the wind and snow seemed to abate, so we proceeded with all possible determination. We climbed a steep rock, and were now on the shoulder of the Matterhorn, and the most difficult part of the mountain. It is a peculiarly awkward slope, where snow has time to melt during the day, filling all the available handholds with water, and freezing again at night. The shoulder is only about 40°, but there was no fair chance of cutting steps, as the ice coating over the rocks was not thick enough. We felt the full force of the wind here, and the Doctor, who followed close behind, had his hat blown down the mountain. Although the rope attached to the mountain in *some* parts was found to be of little use, still, as we forced our way step by step, stooping down as much as possible to avoid the

wind, we found, near the top of the shoulder, that the rope came in very useful; in fact, we should have been blown off, if we had not grasped it very firmly. I took a snap-shot of the Doctor's party as they were coming up the shoulder, and the Doctor in return took a snap-shot of us when we were climbing over the ridge on the top of the shoulder. Here it commands a grand view of both sides of the great peak. I was compelled to stoop considerably to prevent being blown off, but while in that position I could see huge square blocks of ice broken away from the Matterhorn Glacier 4,000 ft. below, very large crevasses and seracs of all sizes and shapes. Thoughts of that terrible accident crossed my mind in which Lord Douglas, Messrs. Hudson, Haddow, and Croz fell on the glacier 4,000 ft. below. Turning I could also see for a distance of about 4,000 ft. down the other side of the mountain to the Fuggen Glacier, which was a most inspiring sight. The mountain was sharing the golden sunlight with the Dent Blanche, and others of its majestic kind, and the peaks were beautifully lit up.

The snow had stopped, and the clouds far below us were just like the sea. We were now climbing at a fair rate, and the summit did not appear to be more than 800 ft. above us. We had walked over many small bridges of rock not more than two feet wide. Underneath us I could see huge precipices on both sides of the mountain at almost the same glance.

We were soon climbing the last very steep rocks with light hearts, feeling the Matterhorn was almost conquered. It was terribly cold, and I had to pause once or twice to rub my fingers to keep away the frost, but very soon we were ascending the last snow slope, and the guides stood on one side and let me reach the Swiss side of the summit first (about 8.30 a.m.). Too impressed to speak, I shook hands with both those faithful fellows, and walked with them over on to the summit on the Italian side of the mountain. We returned to the Swiss side of the summit very quickly, as we felt the blizzard in its full force and could hardly stand. After placing my card with a photo on the back into a bottle, and pushing the neck into the snow, we stood to take in the view of the surrounding scenery. Everything was of the wildest description, showing that the forces of nature and the giants of the Alps had been at war. The Matterhorn had lost heavily. Thousands of tons of moraine and huge rocks 7,000 ft. below told us that many mighty avalanches of rock had been rent from the noble peak, carrying destruction at every bound, smashing and being smashed into all



SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN, 14,705. DR. MURRETT, THE GUIDE AND THE AUTHOR

sizes in its downward course. The sun which had lifted the rain to be frozen into snow and ice had also thawed it, and caused this terrible destruction. The Matterhorn never looked so much like a pile of ruins as from the summit. The silent glaciers slowly creeping down its sides were all confusion, as on their journey they had tumbled down precipitous rocks. To anyone but a born mountaineer the view would be awe-inspiring. Everything is on such a very vast scale that it is impossible for anyone to take all in at one view; looking even for a few seconds one feels utterly lost in wonder and amazement.



NINE FEET UNDER THE SUMMIT

One hundred miles into Italy, Mont Viso stood out quite clear. The Italian side of Mont Blanc and its range of giant peaks seemed quite near us. Thanks to the beautifully clear Swiss atmosphere we could see 100 miles in each direction, and, knowing a large number of the peaks, was just like looking on the faces of old friends, each with its peculiar form and impression.

I was able to crowd a great many thoughts into that short space of time. It is one of those views which make one feel his own littleness.

After having a snap-shot taken of the Doctor, his guide and myself, my guides lowered me over the snow ridge of the summit on to the Italian side, and one guide was lowered after me. The icicles hanging from the Italian side of the summit were thirty to fifty feet long, so, after having a snap-shot taken of ourselves in this position to try and include them also, the second guide pushed his ice-axe into the snow, fastened the rope round it, and climbed over after us. The Doctor and his two guides found the wind too rough on the summit and joined us. The calmness was exceptional, which was a great relief. While sitting on these rocks and looking down about 5,000 feet, my guide, Franz Burgener, gave us a Swiss warbling song in fine form, and I balanced my hat on my nose to help to make a miscellaneous entertainment. A fierce gust of wind and snow led us to think we were in for an other snowstorm, so we made ready to start as quickly as possible. The intense cold made me take pity on the Doctor who had lost his hat, so I lent him the silk handkerchief from around my ears. We climbed over the ridge on to the summit again. The wind was driving small and large pieces of hard snow up the mountain twenty or thirty yards higher than the summit. Luckily we were not hit by any of the large pieces, but the small ones stung like needles as they were driven against our faces by the terrific wind. We were soon going as fast as we could down very steep rock. The guide said,

"We must be as quick as possible." The intensely cold wind nearly took my breath away, and it was very difficult to keep up the circulation although we were working hard and descending very fast. These sharp bits of hard snow were enough to make anyone go recklessly fast. The danger from the snowstorm was quite forgotten in my efforts to evade these pieces of snow as we climbed towards the shoulder in marvellously quick time. Fissured rock, with narrow bridges, which we had walked cautiously across coming up, we now nearly ran across. I was unable to keep my left eye open, and it was difficult to turn my back to the storm. The snow was covering the rock, and all traces of the hand and foot holds were soon obliterated. This was dangerous on the steep part we were descending. Nearing the shoulder, we did not stop to cut fresh steps on the terribly exposed aretes, trusting to luck and sure-footedness in haste to get down. We soon arrived on the shoulder, and, as expected, the snow had filled up all available handholds. We lost sight of the rope in several places on the shoulder which was covered with snow. We scrambled down as best we could. Both guides were very excited, and our progress was slow. When we came to the glissade, as in many other places, we moved one at a time. While the guide Taugwald was carefully climbing down, luckily I got hold of the chain which was here fastened to the rocks, and showing through the snow. The leading guide slipped and gave the rope a sharp jerk, but I had a firm hold of the chain, which enabled him to gain his feet again. This required the greatest possible coolness. The guides were shouting instructions; they were only five yards away, at each end of the rope, and although I could hear their voices, it was impossible to tell what they were shouting.

The last, almost vertical, rocks of the shoulder were scrambled down, and we were sheltering once more where we had left our knapsacks under the shoulder. We did not stop long as the wind was still severe and very cold. My moustache was like two small icicles, and I was frozen all over. We shouted to the Doctor, but no answer came, and we were soon climbing down the steep rocks away from the exposed main ridge as fast as possible. Looking up we could see large quantities of snow still being blown high up over the summit. We were crossing snow slopes, aretes, and steep rocks at about three to four miles an hour until we reached the old cabin, where we rested ten minutes for refreshments, and after proceeding round



COMING DOWN THE STEEP ROCKS ABOVE THE SHOULDER OF THE MATTERHORN

corners of rock, over small snow slopes, and down steep rocks again, we came in sight of the couloir. Then slowly climbing down almost vertically we reached the side of the large couloir. "Now," said the guide, "we must get down as quickly as possible; this is the most dangerous part of the mountain. Only one of us must move at once." Carefully, but as quickly as possible, my guide, Burgener, got on to the ledge of the couloir. To our dismay every step which we had cut in the morning had been obliterated by the stones which had fallen since our ascent, but the ice was almost as smooth as glass. We quickly set to work to cut steps in the ice, but it was very hard and polished; it took us longer than usual. After five steps had been cut, and Burgener had moved down, I followed. Then my other guide followed. Just as Burgener gained the rocks round to the left, he shouted, "Stones, stones, stones!" and gave a sharp tug at the rope, which nearly sent me down the mountain. I nearly ran down the last few steps, my other guide coming down almost on top of me on to the rock. We had no sooner got down than we saw a huge avalanche of rock coming down the couloir, at every bound breaking into smaller pieces, some of them flying over our heads as we crouched under a ledge. While waiting in that position we heard the ice on the couloir sliding down and making a hissing noise. Looking round, I could see that the steps we had cut had been partially destroyed. We heard a report like thunder as the avalanche reached the Fuggen Glacier, 2,500 feet below. From the first sight of the avalanche until we heard it drop on to the glacier below, it did not occupy fifteen seconds, and all was silent again. With thankful hearts we turned towards Zermatt once more, climbing over large stones across a snow slope, and down some almost perpendicular rocks. A few snow slopes and a little steep climbing brought us on to the Hornli Ridge, and to the Matterhorn Hut, where we stayed ten minutes.



COMING DOWN THE MATTERHORN—A HALT ON THE SHOULDER

I left my guide Burgener to bring the knapsacks on after us, and we went on sliding and jumping from rock to rock down a zig-zag path, and were soon passing the loose rock which had been carried down by the Fuggen Glacier. On reaching the Schwarzsee Hotel, and after ten minutes' welcome rest and refreshment, and congratulations from acquaintances, I proceeded alone as fast as possible, half-running and half-walking. I arrived at the Hotel Mont Rosa, Zermatt, at exactly 12.40 midday, having made the ascent of the Matterhorn in twelve hours, thirty-five minutes—one hour quicker than the fastest time on record, and ending the most exciting mountaineering experience I have ever had.

S. H. Fleming Robt. Gill Dr. Hugh Fleming L. G. McCarthy, M.P.
D. C. Campbell (Umpire) C. J. Jones Hugh Guthrie, M.P.



CRICKET AT RIDEAU HALL—PARLIAMENT vs. RIDEAU HALL AND RIDEAU CLUB

SOME PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON OUR TRAINING CAMPS.

By A. T. Hunter.

WE have reached the season of the year when the moneys appropriated by the Parliament of Canada for the ostensible purpose of training the active militia are, according to the immemorial usage, expended on things which to the civilian have a military semblance, but which studied with the naked eye and near at hand look like very queer foolishness. The matters which I shall state are not at all of original observation, are very well known to every militia-man and would have been remedied long ago were it not that our public men are not much in contact with the volunteer whose ardour is for shooting and marching ; but are influenced rather by political and social colonels who abound and flourish exceedingly. I must be understood, however, to speak not in any military capacity, which would no doubt be impertinent and insubordinate on my part—and possibly insecure—but as a civilian who does not like to see the public money wasted or the public mind deluded into the belief that its citizens are really being trained for the defence of our country.

To be more specific, I wish to direct public notice to the fact that the Militia Training Camp, which is now an annual function, is simply an elaborate piece of tomfoolery. While my personal evidence is restricted to Niagara Camp, I have ascertained by comparing notes with enthusiastic militia-men from other parts of Canada, that the defects of one camp are those of the Canadian Camps generally and that Military District No. 2 is not more absurd and belated than all the other districts in our curiously defended country.

A SAMPLE CAMP.

Speaking then only of what I have actually seen I can give this testimony, which can be corroborated by a summer trip to the historic precincts of the ancient capital of Upper Canada, or by five minutes' talk with any officer, non-com. or private in a rural battalion.

There, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, the great mobilizing intellects of our militia concentrate some thousands of uniformed men with the presumable object of teaching them how to fight. Immediately they arrive on the spot, the great men yawn, rub their fierce eyes and discover that the Niagara rifle range is totally inadequate, and that it is impossible to teach rifle shooting this year. The same thing happens and has happened year in and year out—the same concentration at Niagara (which town seems as inevitable as Sedan)—and the same discovery about the absurd little rifle-range. The result is that the lads who go out to learn the arts of the citizen-soldier are made to blaze off twenty rounds of actual ammunition in *half-company volleys* (*!!*). That is the training. But I forget ; there is a sort of emergency-ration in rifle training called the Morris Tube Practice. In this practice the volunteer is supplied with a toy bullet like that of a boy's pea-rifle, which bullet he is told to place on the bull's-eye by aiming at another spot. Such practice is extremely valuable because it teaches the green shot not to aim at what he wants to hit.

If then the Camps do not teach shooting, how are the twelve days taken up ? *Mainly by squad drill.*

THE FORMALITIES OF BATTALION DRILL.

However, outside of squad drill there are other things taught, such as battalion drill. Here, for the benefit of the curious, let me tell you—from actual experience on Niagara Commons—what a Canadian infantry bat-

talion would do if caught in tours like the Black Watch was at Magersfontein :

1st. It would form column of companies.

2nd. It would close to quarter column.

3rd. It would deploy into line with markers.

4th. After a preliminary lecture, the odd numbered companies would be called the firing line.

5th. The captains of odd companies would then order their two centre sections to advance, the two outer sections to be supports.

6th. The centre sections would advance with great gallantry.

THE FORMALITIES OF GUARD MOUNTING.

Yes. There are other things besides squad drill. There is guard mounting —not outpost duty or scouting, but real formal dressed-for-dinner guard mounting — "Old Guard, Shoulder Humph," etc. The value of this ceremonial is that it teaches a sentry not to pay any attention to the insignificant person who slides in behind the sentry's back, but to carefuly hold up and give the correct salutation to officers or armed parties who approach with the intention of being properly discovered by the sentry or knowing the reason why. The extreme usefulness of this elegant and intricate game is well shown in Chapter XLI of General Grant's Memoirs, where it is related how the General came upon the Confederate picket guard and instead of getting a bullet in his undershirt, heard the sentinel call, "Turn out the guard for the commanding general, General Grant," and received a salute. Those Confederates were well trained in guard mounting as taught on Niagara Common.

THE MORTALITY CAUSED BY SQUAD DRILL.

But chiefly at camp there will be *squad drill.* It is marvellous to behold the reckless daring of our soldiers in the sham battle. How they stand erect in the withering fire of the old Snider blank ammunition and bunch together shoulder to shoulder as did their ancestors at Waterloo or Derry Walls! The officers rush here and there and try to make them fan out, calling, "Extend," and "Get down!" "D— you, get down." "Why the — do you stick together like a lot of wet hens?" But it is useless. They cannot separate and they will stand erect. Why?

For the reason that during the previous seven or eight days we have been busy teaching them *squad drill*—"Look up there," "By the left," "Feel in to the left," "Ease off to the right," "Don't leave that gap there," "Keep closed up," "Swing your arms," "By the left now," "Look to it," "Look to it." After seven days it has become an instinct to the dazed recruit to look to a flank, to hold himself erect (with his manly breast away out in front and his rump away out behind), to keep touch "at half arm interval" with the man on his left or right. All this has been scolded into him till he knows it better than he knows the Lord's Prayer —till he knows it fairly well. This is our chosen time to take him out into the field of action where standing erect is like standing on Radcliffe's drop and close touch with your comrade is as the touch of death.

Some day we may put the right thing first — begin by teaching men how to fight in the field and not how to march to their death : begin by teaching "*extended order,*" which is to war what sparring is to fist fighting. But that happy day is afar off. Why? Because "Sergeant What's-his-name," the pride of the Egyptian Army and the pontiff of ours, and all the commissioned pupils who have learned everything they know from "Sergeant What's-his-name,"—because these men need *squad drill.* Squad drill is more to a drill instructor than spelling and grammar are to a school teacher. Abolish squad drill and your drill instructor becomes Sergeant Ichabod. If the great man couldn't extend his victims from single rank to a squad-at-intervals and then say "Right turn,"

"As you were," "D— you, don't you know that in a squad-at-intervals the turnings are always done by numbers?" —if he couldn't do this and other equally arbitrary but senseless things, wherein would he be superior to common flesh and blood?

Squad drill is to the British drill instructor what bleeding and calomel were to the old-time doctor. When in doubt prescribe squad drill. Young subalterns sometimes look forward and wonder what will be taught next camp, but the old militia-man who has gone year after year is in no uncertainty. It will be squad drill: there will be an amusing farce of tactics, a sickening farce of rifle shooting and any quantity of squad drill.

THE VALUE OF DISCIPLINE.

But you will say the *discipline* is good. Though our boys are not taught to shoot or to march any distance or to take advantage of cover in attack and defence, or to do scouting or outpost work, still they are taught to obey, to yield implicit obedience, to go forward unflinchingly at the word of command, etc., etc. So also were the Dervishes taught, and lots of other heroic but not extant people who had the misfortune to have learned implicit obedience to commands that were no longer wise or sensible commands. Other things being at all equal a disciplined force will beat an undisciplined. But Gen. Braddock's disciplined regulars did not beat the Indians, and Col. Ferguson's disciplined regulars did not beat Gen. Sevier's mountaineers. Why? Because when one force understands shooting and uses what now is called "extended formation" (and which over a hundred years ago was practised as "Indian tactics") and the other side only understands parade-ground movements, then hardly any amount of discipline will suffice to make the contest a fair one.

THE REMEDY.

Now as it is not probable that the annual training of our militia will be abolished, let me propose one plan by which it could be redeemed from some of its most startling absurdities. In the first place would it not be wise to quit bottling up all the troops of No. 2 District for 12 days at Niagara, a town whose tactical advantages resulted in Brock's repulse and death, and whose climate is such that the privates shiver all night and in the day-time feel as if they were dancing on the stove-lid of Sheol? If it is inevitable that the troops should arrive at Niagara, why not march them there? For instance, instead of taking the York Rangers in the *Chicora* across the Lake, why not march them to Long Branch? They might camp a couple of days there and be taught some real shooting. Then march them to another rifle range, repeat the dose of target practice and so on to Niagara. By the time they arrived on the Commons a rural battalion would have learned shooting and marching, with such elements of camp life, outpost duties, and general drill as their Colonel would consider it possible to teach without harassing them with fatigue. Each regiment would have a life and individuality of its own. At present the training of every man at camp is regulated by an absurd little pink schedule of drills, and the colonels, majors and adjutants that gallop about have as much real say in the training of their battalions as the familiar cows that we chase out of the line of tents.

I am aware that this proposed plan would present excellent opportunities for those bungles which are cheap in peace time and costly in war, and would throw considerable hard work upon some of the officers connected with the Militia Department. But it would prove their capacity and they would rise to the occasion. They would recognize that the machinery by which they could provision separate units starting from various headquarters, and marching on different roads would be the same machinery that would keep the "Canadian Army" in the field.

At any rate, of our present system we may affirm this. Every Canadian

volunteer has for more than 15 months been reading every day of the ludicrous shortcomings of the English Tommy Atkins; how he cannot shoot, cannot skirmish and is ruined by an absurd adherence to barrack-square evolutions. What opinion must these volunteers have of the military geniuses that direct our militia when they find themselves on Niagara Common (or wherever the camp is held) getting a boil-down of Tommy Atkins' training (with the good features omitted) and being carefully instructed in exactly the very things which for months every correspondent, critic and returned soldier has been denouncing as deadly imbecilities?

FOILED BY A VIOLIN.

H. J. Temple Hill (Nelhar.)

WE were rushing along in a Pullman on one of the Indian railways, Bob Stevens, Jack Trelawney, and myself, going home on furlough, and jolly glad to escape the baking hot and tiresome climate of India. We dashed along through the wild jungle; then past some native villages, simmering in the heat. By-and-by we reached a rather more different piece of country, and in a distant clearing a small half-ruined temple was seen.

Bob Stevens shuddered and said, "I can never look at that temple without shuddering, as I had an experience there that deepened my first bad impression of Indian character, and priests especially."

"Spin us a yarn, old man," and Trelawney filled up the glasses.

"Well, as it is somewhat of a relief to me, I will. Take a good look at the temple," and we all looked at it, eagerly and attentively. It was an ordinary type of Indian temple, partly in ruins, dark and dismal, and of smaller size than usual.

"You remember the state of unrest that prevailed up in this region in 18—," began Stevens, "and how that fanatic, Rham Sing, was continually stirring up the natives to rebellion. He ran foul of Col. Watcher, and since then vowed that the vengeance of Buddha should dog his footsteps. Well, one night, or evening rather, Brisbane and myself received some important despatches from Col. Watcher, whose daughter had been kidnapped the night before, and were instructed to ride with all speed to Major McDonald, who was encamped at K——, deliver despatches and ask him to join in the search for the girl, as the Colonel was nearly distracted. We left at about 10 p.m. riding fast, and shortly afterwards the moon came out in all her silvery beauty, making it almost as light as day. We were neither of us inclined to talk, so barring an occasional remark, we proceeded in silence.

"After a long interval we heard the faint sounds of a violin being played. It was wonderful and remarkably strange, but unmistakable. Brisbane said, 'By jove, who the devil's playing a violin here?' You must remember that the whole country was greatly excited, and that no European was at all safe then. We pricked up our ears and hurried our horses, and as we approached nearer the sounds, a small native temple came into view, the music got louder, and we recognized one of Strauss' tenderest waltzes. 'It's in the temple,' I ventured to remark, and halting our horses, we dismounted cautiously to reconnoitre. We managed, by pulling ourselves up with our hands to have a peep inside, and what we saw made our blood freeze. Inside, where the moonbeams fell, all was bright and clear, which served only to accentuate the darker recesses of the

gloomy place. In the centre of the floor, upon a slab of white marble, about a foot high, stood a lovely European girl clothed in white and playing her violin, never ceasing. Around her, gently swaying to the rhythm of the music, were snakes innumerable, large and small, principally cobras. As they swayed back and forth, up and down, in their shiny, lissom black and yellow skins, the bright moonlight tinged them all, as it were, with fire, and made their wicked little eyes and tongues scintillate and sparkle again. Such was the sight that rewarded our curiosity. I whispered to Brisbane as soon as I could speak, then said in a clear voice to the girl, 'Keep on playing, help is near.' The young musican started, nodded her head, and still kept the music rolling off her violin and floating through the arches of the temple, while the dancers of death kept up their dance.

"'It's that fiendly priest, Rham Sing's work, I'll bet my rations,' muttered Brisbane, as we dropped to the ground. 'One thing is certain,' I remarked, 'if the music stops, she is doomed. As long as that continues the cobras will not touch her.'

"'How to rescue her, that's the problem,' said Brisbane. 'By the roof. Come, we'll make a rope of our stirrup leathers,' I replied, and we hurried to our horses. We speedily had a rope, made of all the harness that we could possibly use; then writing a note for urgent and immediate help, stuck it in my saddle and started both horses swiftly back to our headquarters. It was then 1 p.m. If our horses went straight back, they would reach camp in less than three hours, and we could count upon assistance arriving three or four hours after.

"There was only one place where we could get up on the roof, and only one could get up at a time. It was hard and dangerous work. The stonework was quite irregular, being partly ruined, which, however, rendered our ascent somewhat easier. Eventually we reached the roof, and clambering over the rest of the irregularities, got to the window or slit in the centre, and immediately beneath which was our object.

"Lullabies of Schumann were varied by gavottes and waltzes by Strauss, and occasionally a march by Godfrey, and had it not been for the horrible danger to the player inside, the weird scene would have enthralled us," and Stevens took a long draught. We said nothing, and he proceeded.

"Fortunately for us, the place was crumbling and in a state of decay, or we could never have done what we did. After some hard work we managed to enlarge the aperture in the roof right over the girl's head, until we felt sure it was large enough to pass a human being through. I then leant over the hole and told her in clear and distinct tones what we meant to do to rescue her. She looked up mutely and nodded, still keeping up the bewitching music and still holding the yellow and black skinned serpents enchanted and spell-bound.

"Brisbane had by this time a good slip-knot made at the end of our improvised line, and was tying one end of it to a projection on the roof. 'Twas then that we heard natives shouting in the distance.

"'We've no time to lose,' said Brisbane, as I quickly took the rope and lowered it through the opening, carefully dropping the noose over the girl's shoulders. Instantly she dropped her violin, pushed the noose further down her body and clung to the rope, while we at the top gave a long steady haul, which brought our precious burden hanging in mid-air seven or eight feet above the whirling, seething mass of snakes, who, now that the spell had been broken, were darting at the marble slab and the girl's violin. Another long haul and our young lady was just beneath the hole, and we gently pulled her through and on to the roof, where, true to the tradition of her sex, she promptly fainted.

"The natives were coming nearer, and a few had already collected outside the temple and were showing signs of excitement. We laid our burden down

and I gave her a lavish dose of my brandy flask. We had our revolvers, and meant to give the natives some stiff work before they captured us, and, of course, we had good hopes of being rescued ourselves before that transpired. The girl soon revived under my ministrations, and we made her as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances. She was a decidedly pretty girl, blue eyes, golden hair and all that sort of thing, and the beggars who had put her in the temple had taken most of her clothes, thus leaving her more exposed to the bites of the reptiles. It was a trifle embarrassing as we had never met before, though Brisbane whispered to me that it was the Colonel's lost daughter. He knew her by sight.

"Meanwhile the natives, being stirred up by that arch-villain, Rham Sing, were crowding round the temple, and gazing up at us with no very friendly looks. I could see the old fiend, with his ghastly face and priestly garments, inflaming the crowd to attack us, which they shortly did; a few shots rung out, and we heard some bullets go whizzing past. Brisbane and I fired simultaneously at Rham Sing, but whether it was owing to the uncertain light, or his having a charmed life, I don't know; anyway we both missed him, and were rewarded by a malignant glare from him, divided between our two selves and the girl, and a volley of bullets which pattered all about us, hitting nothing but the stonework.

"Matters were getting interesting, when to our straining ears was borne the familiar and then jolly welcome sound of cavalry dashing along and accoutrements rattling, and, with a hearty cheer, a squadron of our cavalry, led by Colonel Watcher himself, charged into the open space and into the remnant of natives, who had deferred to make their escape upon the first alarm. We stood up and waved our helmets, and it wasn't long before we were all down beside the Colonel. Brisbane and I looked the other way and talked when the Colonel met his child, but a minute or two afterwards he called us over to him and introduced her as his daughter, Miss Evelyn Watcher, who now, I am glad to say, is Mrs. Bob Stevens," and he looked radiantly happy.

"What became of Rham Sing, though?" asked Trelawney.

"Oh, he escaped; went north, I believe, and, as far as I know, is living yet."

"And the snakes?"

"Oh, we left them to those who like them. My wife doesn't, neither do I," said Stevens emphatically.

IN AUGUST'S GLARE.

COULD we but call them back—
The scented hours of spring,
When love was holy awe,
And thought took lyric wing;
When the skies were full of dream
And the winds of sweet desire,
When night was a purple tent
And dawn a sacred fire.

The blinding heat, the dust,
The mid-noon shadowless glare—
Would they could pass and change
To June's soft healing air;
And the heavy hearts that creep
Through hours of sordid strife—
Oh for a breath of youth
To stir them back to life!

Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald.

Hildegarde

By

Evelyn Durand



THE town of Burlington upon the lake was then called Wellington Square, and was composed of a dozen or more log-houses. In one of these had lived the famous warrior of the Six Nation Indians, Thayendanagea, better known perhaps as Joseph Brant; the house where he had died in 1807 was always pointed out to strangers. The only tavern was MacFee's at the Canal, and here assembled to smoke and drink and gossip with MacFee, the men from the environs and the outlying farms. David MacFee was a short, thick-set man of vigorous mind and rich vocabulary, a man who gave the impression of knowing more of every matter than he chose to tell. This knowledgeful reserve was fascinating, especially since it was combined with much freedom of tongue, and imperturbable good nature. He was, according to his own narration, by birth a Scotchman and familiar with the plough, by education an American and accustomed to trade, by choice a Canadian and given to hospitality. During the war of 1812, he had drifted over with the American troops, and in some inexplicable way had developed into MacFee of the Canal. He had two compeers, and but two: Matthew and Thomas Hughes. Matthew kept the shop at Wellington Square, selling merchandise valuable though miscellaneous: calico and boots, note-paper and harness, candles and Bibles, molasses and paints. He lived with his wife and his brother Thomas, the schoolmaster. A wire-door led from the shop to the backroom where he ate his meals, sitting at the head of the table, with a vigilant eye upon the shop. He and Thomas looked upon themselves as scholarly; they had some books in their possession, purchased from a certain Colonel Wentworth, of Niagara, the only books about the settlement. There was an old edition of Shakespeare with many leaves missing, Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, a translation of *Don Quixote*, Spenser's *Faery Queen*, the life of Leonardo Da Vinci, and Bacon's *Novum Organum*—these with sundry volumes on Astronomy, Geography and Christian Behaviour, made up the collection. Matthew used to dust them every week and arrange the ragged leaves of Shakespeare which Hildegarde sometimes misplaced.

The school-house stood two miles from the Canal on the Beach Road. Across the fields to its right a long row of Lombardy poplars faced the lake. Behind the poplars stretched a garden full of bushes, hollyhocks, sweet-william and roses. Midst the profuse growth a foot-worn path conducted to a little log-house. It was here that Hildegarde dwelt. Her grandfather, old Isaac, was a Quaker, and he did not fraternize with the country folk. He had settled in the neighbourhood sixteen years before with Hildegarde, a little child, his sole companion. He lived with primitive simplicity, molesting none and desirous to be unmolested, tilling his land with quiet industry. The girl grew up in strength and beauty, and became his helpmate, toiling with him cheerfully. At last one spring the old man was seized with paralysis, and thenceforth he spent his

time asleep in the big cedar-chair that Hildegarde had made for him. She did the work, ploughing and planting, gathering flax, weaving cloth, manufacturing, contriving and inventing, and always caring for old Isaac.

Long since she had gone to the school-house to learn from Thomas Hughes, and had assimilated every fact he was possessed of. She had gone to Matthew—he had lent her one by one his books. To him also for his examination and approval she brought her various productions, sometimes a verse or two, sometimes a fairy-tale, or again a drawing in charcoal, or a piece of wood-carving. Matthew's patience was inexhaustible; he listened to everything and inspected everything with the air of a connoisseur; and when his critical faculty was overcome his eyes would grow very round and serious, and placing his hands upon his knees, he would lean forward and ask slowly: "How *kin* you do it?" and Hildegarde would answer vaguely: "Oh, I always could."

Matthew and Thomas used to talk about her, and one day when they were at the tavern, sitting tilted back in their chairs, they convinced themselves, over their pipes, that Hildegarde was descended from some great artist. But MacFee declared, as he handed them their toddy, "She has come o' a line o' musicians, that girl. She plays her fiddle like the devil himself. That old coof o' a Quaker has money enough and to spare, I bet. She works too hard, ploughin' and sichlike. Damned old Quaker—he's set no foot in my door since he came here."

II.

It was a chilly evening in October, and it was Hildegarde's birthday. After helping old Isaac into bed she had gone to play at the tavern. David always welcomed her, although he sold less liquor when Hildegarde played. He was lounging now behind the bar with his thumbs caught in his vest, listening to her. Thomas Hughes sat near the fire, his bleared eyes closed; Captain Hill, from Ancaster, occasionally moved one of his huge hands outspread upon his hips to poke him jestingly by way of emphasis to some remark. Tom Richards and George Stoutworth had come with Master Peter Crosthwaite from the Six Mile Creek. They sat embarrassed, avoiding Peter who had ordered something hot for them, while he, with legs comfortably crossed, was pondering his magnanimity. Ephraim Burns, who sometimes worked with Hildegarde, had modestly retired to a dim corner where little of him was seen, and nothing heard, but intermissive sniffs. A solitary candle flared upon the counter and threw fantastic shadows of the rugged figures on the old discoloured walls.

Hildegarde had taken up her violin again. In her music was something that could move them and she knew it. She stood in the full glare of the hearth, her slender arms uplifted, the bow grasped in her strong, light fingers, moving now rapidly, now slowly, over the sonorous strings. The melody swelled forth, thrilling and pure, like the notes of a soaring lark.

Suddenly the door was opened to admit a man. He came slowly forward, bending his gaze upon the girl. MacFee got up and tiptoed across the room, but the stranger did not heed him, nor the proffered seat. He leaned against the wall intent and silent, watching Hildegarde. She raised her wondering eyes to his, still playing on.

A hush had fallen upon the company. There was scarce the sound of breathing in the room, pervaded by the high, sweet strain, and the muffled roaring of the flames. Faster fled the bow, intenser grew the theme, diviner sang the strings, weaving immortal harmonies foreign to the player, trancing to the listeners, never again to be heard by any—while the eyes of the stranger, compelling and tender, and the eyes of the maiden unquestioning and enrapt, mingled and transported their souls with the symphony to some loftier sphere of communication.

After minutes or hours, no one knew when, the music ceased—ceased of it-

self, as it had begun. The men roused themselves as if awakened from dreaming. The door stood ajar, and the candle was extinguished. The stranger had gone and Hildegarde had followed.

A white autumnal mist was thick upon the air, delineating objects which it yet concealed. She looked blindly around; the tall pines bent and swayed above a mighty horseman towering in the vapour; she saw the giant outline and ran forward, but the horse careered beyond her reach.

"Will thee come again?" she cried aloud, striving to perceive him.

"I will come again."

"And will thee help me?" she called again, radiant in the darkness.

"And I will help you." In his tone there was a certainty inspiring confidence.

"And I will help you, I will help you," sang the waves. "And I will help you, I will help you," echoed back the pines.

"O lake! O trees! be still!" imperiously cried the girl.

A little beam of light shot through the mist. "Hildegarde, come in; come in out o' the cold!" MacFee was at the door, shading the candle with his hand.

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III.

"Grandfather, nine peas in a pod!" Hildegarde sprang to her feet.

"Eh?" said the old man. She laid the basin of peas upon the floor and going into the dark corner where the old man sat, she took her ladder and fastened the pod above the entrance.

"Why does thee place it there, child?" said Isaac, peering at her.

"Because," the girl responded gravely, "it is said the first who shall pass under will be *he*."

"Thee should know there are many foolish babblings these days, Hildegarde."

She gathered the peas together and poured them into the cauldron. Going back she threw herself lazily upon the doorstep.

"What does thee mean by *he*?" queried the old man leaning forward. She made no reply. His countenance was full of a delighted craftiness as he put the next question: "Is it Ephraim?" Hildegarde laughed outright, then suddenly grew serious.

The sun was streaming into the garden, focusing a thousand rays upon each drop of dew that glittered on the fresh crisp cabbage leaves. Across the intervening meadows the school-house peeped from the clump of large scrub-oaks; she fancied she could hear old Thomas pounding on his desk and crying, "*Now chil-der-en!*" Farther still lay the long level gleam of Lake Ontario, and she imagined that she heard the waves. This was impossible, for the water was quiet. But the thump of the flail in the barn she did hear, and she pictured therein sweating Ephraim with his bovine face and brawny arms.

She said gently, "I like Ephraim, and I like his oxen." The old man looked gratified. "He helps us, and his farm lies here just back of us; would thee like to give him ours?"

"Yes, yes, grandfather, when we go away; when *he* comes."

"Aye, but thee is queer. When who comes did thee say?"

Hildegarde answered in a soothing tone, "Thee shall see, grandfather; thee shall see."

"Well, well, I can't see much now, Hildegarde. Queer name—thy mother called thee so, well! I and thy father—does thee mind thy father?"

"Yes, but I like best to hear about my mother Gretchen, who was not a Friend. I like to hear about her hair—'twas bright like mine, grandfather, wasn't it? And her arms were nice like mine, eh? And she played on my fiddle, her fiddle, she played like I do?" The girl got to her feet and took the old instrument from the shelf where she kept their Bible and the books that Matthew Hughes had lent her. She raised the violin and drew some long soft chords. "That is all I remember of her, grandfather, that sweet murmuring sound. Thee says she couldn't talk to thee; that was too bad. Perhaps thee might have loved

her if she could have." Her face was very pitiful as she spoke.

The house consisted mainly of this one room—Isaac had a little place adjoining where he slept, and the young girl's chamber was the garret. She had stained its boarded floor a dark mahogany red. She had constructed chairs and tables ornamented with intricate designs. The rough plastered walls were covered with sketches in chalk and charcoal, and beneath the ignorance and crudity a peculiar power was revealed. On either end of the little oaken ladder, her only stairway, she had carved an eagle poised as if to flutter upward. Each night as she climbed to the garret, she fancied that she was assisted and upborne by them. Her hands touched nothing but to give it shape and beauty. Her very fingers seemed creative.

A small joint of beef was on the spit before the fire. She began to stir the logs.

"Thee'll just let me do that," and Isaac shuffled over, took the iron from her hand and struck feebly at the huge backlog. Hildegarde watched him. He was one of those gaunt, large-framed old men who always look unkempt; his jaws were sunken, his face displayed a labyrinth of wrinkles, but his eyes still lightened now and then with bygone spirit. His coat was threadbare, and it filled her with solicitude.

"Grandfather, Ephraim must get my cloth from the fulling mill, and I will make thee a new jacket." His exertion had resulted in a fit of coughing; as she led him back to his chair, he answered irritably: "Thee is all of the flesh. Thy thoughts are of costly apparel. What does Paul say of gold and pearls and such like?"

She wore a linsey-woolsey petticoat, which failed to hide her naked ankles; her feet were shod in home-made moccasins. A little crimson bodice was laced closely over the full linen chemise gathered about her neck and her uncovered arms. There was nothing costly here, nor was there any gleam of gold, unless it were the lustre of her hair, which fell in short, heavy waves upon the vigorous young shoulders.

"Grandfather, Paul sometimes seems to me a gnat beside the Christ."

"Thee should never have been let read the Holy Bible, Hildegarde; thee has no inward light."

"But I love to read it." She was on her knees turning the roast about in the process of basting.

"I was not let read it when I was young—it was thought that only those who had the light should read it."

"Yes, it seems to do harm." She spoke thoughtfully. Old Isaac sat upright, agape.

"Because, Grandfather, thee worships it. The Bible isn't God—it is what the Jews thought about God. I don't think the same."

The old man relapsed, shaking his head, "Aye, but thee is queer."

The meat was growing succulent and brown, the gravy dripped into the pan beneath. Hildegarde continued: "There is that in me which sees and understands; it will not let me rest; it urges me to do, to make, to think. We must go away, Grandfather, into the world, and learn—learn everything. But we must wait for *him*, *he* already knows, *he* will help us. I will work hard—I have been working, but my brain is bound with heavy chains of ignorance, and this something in me wants to burst them and be free. I will play till people laugh or tremble, as they do at the tavern; I will draw splendidly, as they have never seen before; I will paint their steeple-houses as Leonardo did the convent at Milan. That is Leonardo's book there on the shelf—he....oh! a bird!" she ran to the door. Cleaving the air, swift, unfaltering, far into the sunlit space the sparrow-hawk flew; and with the ecstasy such marvellous passage always roused in her, Hildegarde watched until the tiny speck had faded in the distance.

"If I also could only rise and soar through that sky, or go straight up, up, up—"

She returned after awhile and examined the meat, bending her luminous

face serenely to the pots and pans. In Hildegarde could be no incongruity.

"Thee will have to wait a little longer yet for thy dinner, and—Ah! does that make thee feel so bad?" The old man was dozing, with the corners of his mouth drawn down. She sat upon the edge of his big chair, and putting her arms about his neck, swayed gently to and fro with him.

"It is that thee is wicked," he murmured drowsily.

"But I am good. I will sing thee a *chant*:"

Spirit that breathest above us,
Thou that not vainly dost love us,
Thou that art ceaselessly giving
Infinite impulse to living,
Oh, I beseech thee,
Thine own self teach me!

Spirit that breathest below us,
Thou that dost silently show us,
Ever thy lightening presence,
Never thine innermost essence,
Oh, I implore thee,
Linger before me!

Spirit that breathest around us,
Thou that infolding, dost bound us
But to a limit unmeasured,
But to a plenty untreasured,
Oh, I entreat thee,
Hear me and greet me!

She ceased her movement, he was asleep.

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IV.

To the husbandman each season brings an obligation, and time, if it pass imperceptible and noiseless, is just as rapid as to people metropolitan. Day followed day, month followed month, and Hildegarde went in and out, now tending Isaac, now labouring in the fields, now spending entire weeks in idleness. She seldom went to Matthew Hughes', and the assembly at the tavern was wholly disregarded; but old Isaac was not neglected, and as she fled the society of others, she clung the more to his. She would sit and talk to him for hours, regaling him with theories and ideas of her own which made him stupid with surprise. He could not understand her language, but neither this nor aught could daunt his fondness. Sometimes she would rouse herself to work, and then as suddenly grow listless. She wandered miles along the country roads, returning animated and excited from her solitary rambles. She did not fail in the performance of her heavy tasks, but worked mechanically, absorbed, unconscious of her actual existence. She lingered late at night. "My eagles will not carry me up any more," she told old Isaac, when he was ordering her to rest. "But thee has the wheat to cradle on the morrow," remonstrated the old man, and with a new and uncontrollable emotion, he added, "da-arling." Then she smiled, "and thee'll see how well I do it."

The summer passed and October drew nigh, and daily her energy grew less and her restlessness increased. She felt a necessity for action, she told the old man that she must accomplish something, for *he* would not fail to come again upon her birthday.

Before daylight on that morning, Isaac heard the whirring of the spinning-wheel, and the ceaseless footsteps back and forth. In his inattentive ears, as if from far away, the young voice rang. He wakened more and caught the air, and soon the words:

Herald of morning,
Soft-treading dawn,
All thine adorning
Silver and fawn,
Into the eyelids
Heavy with sleep,
Even as God bids
Tenderly creep!

Rouse up the flowers,
Passing o'er none,
Whisper of showers
Tinged with the sun!
Move o'er the meadlands,
Glide o'er the lake,
Brighten the dull sands
Where the waves break!

Waken the dear birds,
Clustered in trees,
Teach them the sweet words
Borne on the breeze!
Send them all winging
Upward like darts,
Fill with their singing
All human hearts!

He listened, uncomprehensive, then turned upon his side content. When he finally awoke, it was to find the spinning-wheel forlornly in the middle of the floor, the yarn in tangled masses, and Hildegarde gone.

He understood it, and spent the day quite cheerfully, knowing that she would return.

At sunset she appeared, bearing herself with that strained tranquillity which frequently foreruns an eager expectation.

"I see now, Grandfather. I have been wondering so long why I could not work. It is because *he* is to help me. I will be able then. I have been walking in the woods, and I seemed to see *him* move between the trees, I seemed to see *him* looking from the sky, I seemed to see *him* rising from the streams, and—it was strange. Grandfather, but don't thee fear that I will leave thee. Thee shall come too. We will never separate from thee."

They sat down together and ate their evening meal, talking incessantly. The old man was not observant, he saw nothing ominous in the distended iris, and the breathless lips before him.

"Good-night, good-night," he said, as she cleared away the supper, and afterwards he called from time to time, his voice half-smothered by the blanket: "Thee ought to go to bed now."

She moved about the room, putting one chair here, another there, heaping up the wood upon the hearth. The night was cold—colder than a year ago. It blustered a little, and stormed the open chimney. Great sparks flew up now and then as the logs cracked. She sat down beside them and clasped her knees. Her heart was throbbing, and her face was growing very pale.

The lake was rough, the waves combating on the shore, made themselves audible. The sky was filled with wind-clouds, and the moon looked almost shipwrecked. The darkness deepened with the minutes.

She waited, waited, waited—intense, alert.

She waited, waited—till she heard a step upon the path. The latch was lifted. Whence came this glory? Her eyes were almost blinded. *He* stepped inside, *he* took her outstretched hands within his own.

"Thee has come for me?"

"For you, dear love."

His steadfastness entered into her like peace.

"And can I be with thee who is so great?"

"We shall be one," he said.

There was no doubt, no diffidence, no chariness between them. In the unspeakable transport of absolute love, they met soul to soul, with rapturous faces—time, space, eternity—naught. Then bewildered, intoxicated, Hildegarde rushed to the little room. The moonbeams, glancing through the narrow window, touched the old man's head.

"Grandfather! Grandfather! He has come, he is here. Get up, get up!"

She shook him over and over again. The old man crouched speechless, startled beyond measure.

She helped him out, half carrying him with her.

"Grandfather, this is *he*."

Old Isaac stared, rubbed his cheeks, quavered: "Where?"

"Here, speak to him!" she urged.

"Where? where?" he shouted loudly now.

"Cannot thee see?"

"Child, there is nothing."

She drew back slowly, impotently.

"Aye, but thee is queer."

He grasped her by the shoulders and dragged her forward, he seized her hands and passed them through the empty air.

"Child, there is nothing here."

Into some abysmal darkness she was sinking.

"Don't thee, don't thee, Grandfather!" she implored him.

He still persisted. He waved her little hands about within the empty room.

"Nothing here—see!"

She ceased to struggle. Her arms fell forward. Her head drooped heavily down.

"Hildegarde, thee must— Help! Help!" he screamed.

"Hildegarde! Hildegarde!"

He tottered with her weight and staggered to the floor.

She lay above him, motionless.

"Help! help!" again came from the old man weakly, and then no more.

Towards midnight the wind grew very boisterous. It beat upon and blew apart the door, rudely trespassing the house. But the occupants were silent. Nothing hereafter could disturb these two.

KAID MACLEAN.

THE SCOTSMAN WHO IS AT THE HEAD OF THE MOROCCO ARMY AND WHO RECENTLY VISITED LONDON TO ASSIST IN CONVEYING TO KING EDWARD THE SULTAN'S CONGRATULATIONS ON HIS ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.

By James Edwards.

HARRY AUBREY DE VERE MACLEAN, C.M.G., the distinguished Scotsman who has played an important part in organizing the army of the Sultan of Morocco, is a picturesque personage.

For twenty-three years he has faithfully served his master, the Sultan, and his name throughout the whole of Morocco is regarded as synonymous with inflexible justice, tact and indomitable energy and pluck.

Of the details of his life it is extremely difficult to say much. During his many years of self-enforced exile but little has been seen of him in the land of his birth, and his recent visit to London is only the second time he has been home during the past eight years.

On the previous occasion he, on leaving the steamer at the docks, came up to London in native dress, and great was the excitement and curiosity among the passengers at Fenchurch-street station when a group of gorgeously apparelled passengers stepped from the train. These included Kaid Harry Maclean, his wife, some other members of his family—all attired in the magnificent robes of the Moor—and his English footman dressed as a native soldier.

Harry Maclean, who is fifty-one years of age, entered the British Army thirty years ago, and for seven years served Her Majesty in various parts of the world. He took part in the Red River expedition, and also did duty at Bermuda and Gibraltar. It was while he was at the last-named station that he came into touch with the country which was to be chiefly connected with his life's work.

In 1876, while on a visit to Tangier, he was asked by the then British Minister to Morocco if he would accept the post of instructor to the Moorish troops, the Sultan having asked the British Minister to find him an English officer for that purpose. Maclean accepted the offer, and is now one of the chiefs of an army stated to comprise between 15,000 and 20,000 men, one-half of whom are negroes, the Sultan's bodyguard and a force of militia of various arms.

In 1876 he resigned his commission in Her Majesty's service. The first work given to him by his new master was the ordering of a number of large guns, which are to-day on the fort at Tangier. So pleased was the Sultan with the way in which the young foreigner did the work entrusted to him that he took him permanently into the employ of the Moorish Government, and subsequently gave him the rank of Kaid.

Short of stature, and wearing a beard which had begun to turn grey, Maclean cuts a handsome figure in his native robes.

His place of residence is dependent upon the movements of the Moorish

Court, and this usually means that he spends about two years at each of the capitals.

One who knows him well tells the writer that the one great characteristic of the Kaid is the fact that he is never tired. It is no uncommon thing for him to be in the saddle nineteen hours out of the twenty-four.

His gray eyes are full of fire, and at a glance it is evident that he is very alert and quick. Many years ago he lost the sight of one eye as the result of ophthalmia contracted during one of the Sultan's expeditions, but this is in no way apparent, both of his visual organs having the appearance of normal health. In spite of the loss of his right eye he is a magnificent rifle shot; he always fires from the left shoulder.

His influence in the country is immense, and has been of great use in favourably impressing the Sultan with English ideas and diplomacy. He is the best interpreter in Morocco.

Kaid Maclean enjoys the unique distinction of having driven a hansom cab from the Moorish coast to the capital. It came about in this way. The Sultan, like many another half-civilized sovereign, must have everything up-to-date, and so while the Negus Menelik has his phonograph, the Ameer his sewing-machines, bicycles, and so forth, his Shereefian Majesty must have his latest vehicle straight from Long Acre.

The hansom duly reached the coast, but the next question was how should it get to Fez, and who would drive it?

The same man who had reorganized the army and had done so much to introduce civilization into the country, and who had carried despatches when others feared to do so, stepped into the breach, or, to be more exact, got upon the box, and with a flick of the whip started off for Fez.

The start was made from El Araish —a city on the Atlantic coast—the destination being 120 miles off, and that through a country without roads. Although there was no absolute danger, the difficulties of the journey can be easily imagined, at one time the track being such that the wheels had to be removed and the body of the cab carried over a pass slung between camels.

His wife is as popular as her husband. She has spent all her married life at the scene of the Kaid's labours, and has accompanied him on most of his expeditions, travelling in native costume, and, of course, veiled.

The Kaid has three daughters and one son living. Two of the former live with their parents in their Moorish palace. The daughters are said to be strikingly handsome. The Macleans are noted for the hospitality which they extend to the few Britishers who penetrate to their home.

For many years a younger sister of the Kaid resided with her brother, but five years ago, while riding into the camp, she was seized with an attack of cholera, to which she succumbed. During a period when this terrible disease was rampant in the Sultan's camp, the Kaid and his wife were untiring in their efforts to alleviate the sufferings and brighten the last hours of the cholera-stricken Moors.

For twenty-three years Kaid Maclean has accompanied the Sultan—from whom he is scarcely ever apart—on all his expeditions, and from this alone it can be gathered that he has seen an immense amount of fighting. Yet in spite of the fact that he has been under fire sometimes two or three times in the course of a year, he has never been hit.

He is very popular with the soldiers, who delight to speak of the brave deeds performed by their Coroni (the name by which he is known all over Morocco). His influence among the people and at Court has been immensely enhanced by the fact that he has never meddled in politics, but has always devoted himself to his own work. He has organized practically the whole of the Moorish army, and has armed the troops with European rifles. Owing to his exertions the soldiers receive their pay with comparative regularity, and he has used every effort to put a stop to the barbarities which are far too common in the country.

CANADIAN IMPERIALISM IN ENGLAND.

By Norman Patterson.

MR. SANFORD EVANS' book on the Canadian contingents has made the impression in England to which it was entitled. The journals of public opinion in London and other cities have considered it carefully, especially the chapters dealing with the present attitude of Canada toward Imperialism. These journals have taken Mr. Evans' opinion and placed it above the general statements so commonly made by politicians from this side. They have treated his calm and statesmanlike utterances and arguments with respectful analysis and a diligent hearing.

Some of these journals have discovered Mr. Evans to be an Imperialist. Perhaps he is in one sense. He is not, however, in the class with the members of the British Empire League. He is a young Canadian, and in no sense a Britisher beyond his admiration and respect for the Mother Country. The editor of the Liverpool *Post* comes nearest to a correct estimate of Mr. Evans and his work and the comment on the book is worth reading. He says :—

"The Canadian contingents, according to the Queen's Speech at the opening of the Canadian Parliament in February, 1900, were sent to South Africa 'as a practical evidence of the profound devotion and loyalty of the entire people of Canada to the Sovereign and institutions of the British Empire.' No one has sought to controvert this declaration, but the circumstances in which the contingents were sent have escaped the attention of the people of this country.

"There is a disposition, a very natural disposition, to regard the sending of colonial contingents as in itself a proof that the principle of Imperialism, as it is advocated by some statesmen in this country, is accepted in its entirety in the colonies. It is well to disabuse the people of this country of any such belief. It is erroneous, and can only do harm. Imperial federation is a scheme as yet unthought out, almost nebulous, and divides statesmen in this country into an indefinite number of sections. If it ever comes to be set forth in a systematic form, the lines of cleavage may become yet more obvious, and may possibly disappear. It is not the case that in the colonies the greatest advance has been made. The subject has been less talked about and opinion is even further from being ripe there than in this country.

"In this book on the Canadian contingents, Mr. W. Sanford Evans very wisely devotes much space to a consideration of the relations of the colony to the Mother Country in connection with Imperial defence, and the attitude of the people and statesmen of Canada to this question. The decision to send contingents was taken by the Government of Canada, not spontaneously, but in answer to the irresistible demand of the great majority of the Canadian people. The situation was somewhat different from what it was in the Australian colonies. In Australasia the Parliaments were in session when war broke out, and a constitutional means of action was at hand. In Canada Parliament was prorogued in August, 1899, and did not meet until February, 1900. It is true that as early as July, 1899, Queensland had made an offer of troops, and in that month Lieut.-Colonel Sam Hughes, in the Canadian Parliament, drew attention to the matter, and urged that action should be taken. Action was, however, then considered premature, and it was during the recess that the matter was taken up by the people of Canada, with so much zeal and enthu-

siasm that the Government were compelled to take action. It would be unfair to say that they would not have taken action without this expression of popular feeling, although undoubtedly the procedure would have been different and more strictly constitutional. It is not even said that they acted against their will or against their judgment of what was right, far less that they were weak in their loyalty. The interesting fact remains that the movement for sending contingents to South Africa originated among the people of Canada; to be more definite it originated among the Canadians of British race. The existence of two races in Canada complicated this question, and must complicate all questions of Imperialism in a way that is not met with in Australasia. The same difficulty will arise in South Africa, and no good can be done by shutting our eyes to the fact. It is not a question of loyalty to the British Crown; but, as Mr. Evans puts it, the French-Canadians lay stress first and most strongly on their loyalty to Canada. When the proposal to send contingents was first mooted, the Government had to consider the racial question, and their hesitation, it has been inferred, was due to the fear of arousing race antagonism. The French-Canadians were rather indifferent than hostile to the sending of a contingent. They had naturally not the same interest in it as their fellow-countrymen, and they were averse from the practice of taking part in all the wars in which Great Britain might be engaged. On the other hand, the decision to send troops was justified by Sir Wilfrid Laurier on the ground that had the Government not obeyed the voice of public opinion, 'a dangerous agitation would have arisen—an agitation which, according to all human probability, would have ended in a line of cleavage in this country upon racial lines.'

"One other point must be dwelt on in elucidating the attitude of Canadian statesmen towards Imperialism. It is in this country mainly that the duty of the colonies to assist in Imperial defence has been pointed out; it is not a task that has spontaneously occurred to colonial statesmen, although it has not been reluctantly taken up on the one side, nor overzealously urged on the other. In the case of the Canadian contingents, a certain amount of stimulus undoubtedly came from the Imperial Government. Mr. Chamberlain communicated to Lord Minto, the Governor-General, a memorandum from the War Office, in which it was said:—'From Canada no definite offer has, as yet, reached Lord Lansdowne, but he understands that 1,200 men are anxious to volunteer.' This memorandum was sent to the Canadian Ministers for their information, recording the fact that they had made no offer. Mr. Evans is careful to guard against the impression that the Imperial Government tried to force the hands of the Canadian Ministers, but he remarks that such a splendid opportunity for making a beginning of Imperial co-operation could not be neglected. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is more emphatic. 'No,' he said, in March, 1900, when explaining the despatch of the contingents, 'we were not forced by England or by Downing-street to do what we did. We acted in the full independence of our sovereign power. What we did we did of our own free will.' This will readily be admitted, and yet the sending of the contingents was not the deliberate act of the Government, unmoved by popular feeling at home and the delicately-applied influence of the Imperial Government. It is almost the first, and it is a most instructive, chapter in Imperial co-operation, and those who are interested in bringing the members of the Empire into closer relation cannot do better than study it as it is moderately and judiciously presented by Mr. Evans."



DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

THE SPECKLED BASS

THE BASS OF ONTARIO.

ILLUSTRATED FROM THE AUTHOR'S DRAWINGS.

By C. W. Nash.

WITH each returning spring, even to the very last, "the old spring fret comes o'er us," and we must go somewhere fishing. In the Province of Ontario the open season for Black Bass commences on the sixteenth day of June, which simply means that on that date the realization of the pleasures of fishing may be indulged in. But long before this the enthusiastic anglers have been revelling in the pleasures of anticipation. Rods and tackle have been overhauled many times. Where two or three are gathered together, great stories are told of what has been done in the past and what will be done in the coming season.

These conversations will probably be held in the centre of some smoky city with the noise and bustle of business all around, but while the talk lasts the men engaged in it are oblivious to business. Their minds are far away to where the waters of some northern lake gently ripple to the shore, and the breeze whispers in the branches of the hemlocks. They are back again beside some favourite pool, and can feel the tug that follows a successful cast, and realize in every detail all the vicissitudes of the fight that ensues, before a game three-pounder is brought to the landing net. These are ordinary men of business whose talk at other times is of bonds, stocks, commerce and all that goes to support the artificial method of life we call civilization, but the poetry of the lakes and the forest gets hold of them as it does at times of all men with well regulated minds. If it was our custom to speak in verse they would say as Kipling did :

"Do you know the blackened timber—do you know that racing stream,
With the raw right-angled log-jam at the end,
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going, with our rods, and reels and traces,
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know,
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go."

We all know just such places. They are to be found in all those parts of our Province that have not yet been destroyed by improvident and wasteful methods of clearing and in them the

Black Bass may be caught by those who know how.

"It is not all of fishing to catch fish," and the total amount of enjoyment derived from a day's fishing cannot be measured by the contents of the creel. Still when we do go a-fishing and meet with a blank day there is a feeling of disappointment that the beauties of nature and the most pleasant surroundings cannot quite remove. There are days when the fish refuse to be caught—days upon which the greatest skill and the finest tackle are of but little avail—the Bass are either gorged, or lazy, or the weather conditions are unpropitious. No one positively knows just what is the matter, but they will not feed. This usually happens on hot, bright days when there is little or no breeze. Quite frequently after a day of this kind, just about sunset and from then until dark luck will change and the fish bite ravenously, so that in an hour the fortune of the day will be redeemed, and the angler whose patience has enabled him to "stick it out," will be rewarded with a fair catch.

The Bass family is represented in Ontario by about nine species comprising the two Black Bass, White Bass, Speckled Bass, Rock Bass and about four Sunfish. Of these the one that stands highest in the estimation of anglers everywhere is the small-mouthed Black Bass commonly known as "the Black Bass." Its well-earned repute is due to its game fighting qualities when hooked, and in that respect it is without doubt, at equal weights, the superior of any fish that swims. A fish of two and a half or three pounds weight generally gives greater sport than a larger one, the big fish lacking the vim and dash which is so conspicuous a feature in those that have attained their perfect proportions without portliness. It inhabits principally rocky or gravelly streams and lakes and is more or less abundant in the waters of the Trent valley, the Georgian Bay district and throughout the North-westerly part of Ontario. Constant netting by poachers and a total want of any efficient method of protection by those whose duty it is to look



DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

LARGE-MOUTHED BLACK BASS

after the matter, will soon, however, have the effect of rendering these waters as barren of Black Bass as are the lakes and streams of the more densely populated part of the country.

When hungry no fish is more voracious than this. Nothing that has life in it and can be taken in its capacious jaws comes amiss to it. I have heard of some curious things having been found in the stomachs of Black Bass at times, amongst others a half grown Mink was found in one by a friend of mine a few years ago. Frogs, worms, insects, crawfish and small fish of any kind that are not spiny, constitute the food of the Bass family in general and any of them may be used as bait. I have a strong preference for bright shiners, small frogs and large grasshoppers, varying them as occasion may require. Sometimes when the fish are not really feeding they will take a frog or a grasshopper when they will refuse a shiner, and *vice versa*. In the northern waters dew-worms are a particularly good bait, but they must be taken up there, as none are to be obtained in the soil of that part of the country. Crawfish also are very killing as bait, but they are hard to keep on the hook and soon die. Dead and still baits are of no use for any of the Bass; there must be either life or motion to represent it, otherwise they will very rarely touch it.

Bass fishing commences on the sixteenth day of June, which is a little too early for most of the waters in the Province. This season I saw fish on their nests in Southern Ontario on the twenty-first of the month, and I have frequently seen numbers of them still guarding their eggs, almost up to the end of the month, on the spawning grounds of Lakes Ontario and Erie. These were, of course, large-mouthed Black Bass, or Yellow Bass, as they are generally called, but the spawning time of both species is the same, and is regulated by the temperature of the water. The nests, which are shallow depressions cleared out on some sandy or gravelly spot, are made in May. In these depressions the eggs are deposited, the female fish remaining over the nest, guarding it and keeping the eggs clean and free from sediment by the constant fanning motion of her fins and tail. The eggs are attached to



DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

SMALL-MOUTHED BLACK BASS

the pebbles of the nest by a glutinous substance, and are thus prevented from being washed away. When the fry are a few days old they scatter along the shores in shallow water, and hide amongst weeds in an instinctive effort to avoid their many enemies, amongst which the larger members of their own tribe are probably the most dangerous.

All fish vary very much in colouration and somewhat in form in different waters, and this peculiarity is very noticeable in all the Bass family, so much so that in most of our large lakes and rivers an experienced angler can tell what part of the water a fish came from by its appearance. Both the large and small mouthed Bass are sufficiently well known to need no detailed description, but as they are sometimes confused the one with the other, I may as well point out the marks of distinction between them. In the small-mouthed Bass the angle of the mouth does not extend beyond the eye, in the large-mouthed it does. The small-mouthed is marked by irregular blotches or bands extending from the back downwards over the sides; sometimes these are well marked, at others they are indistinct. The large-mouthed has a more or less distinct black band extending from the gills to the tail; in very large specimens this is sometimes lost, and in both species the markings are likely to disappear soon after the fish are caught if they are exposed to the sun and air.

The large-mouthed Black Bass is much more widely distributed than the small-mouth, and is blessed with a great variety of local names, amongst which Yellow Bass, Green Bass and Oswego Bass are the most common. It will live and thrive in marshy lakes, weedy ponds and slow, mud-bottomed rivers; for this reason it is a splendid variety with which to stock ponds. Like the small-mouth it is a very voracious fish, and must have a good supply of food to grow on, but if this is provided, and the water kept fairly pure, it is sure to succeed. It is not so game as the small-mouth, but grows to a larger size, and excels it on the table. Its favorite haunts are the holes about weed beds or under sunken logs, and it is very fond of lying under the floating leaves of water lilies; from these places it is sometimes difficult to extricate them when hooked. It takes the same bait as the small-mouth, and seems particularly partial to small frogs.

The best of all the Bass family as a table fish is, undoubtedly, the speckled Bass, sometimes called Grass or Silver Bass. It is only found in quiet, still waters, and is very abundant in some of the marshes and bays adjoining the waters of lakes Erie and Ontario. It is admirably adapted for pond culture, and deserves far more attention than it receives. Many of the waters now stocked with wretched Carp would maintain a good supply of these fish. It never attains a great size, the largest I ever caught not exceeding two pounds in weight, and it cannot be considered a game fighter. Yet if fished for with light tackle it affords fair sport. These fish are fond of congregating in shoals in shady places, under overhanging weeds, during the day time, where if you find one you are almost sure of others. The best bait for them is a bright lively minnow, but they will also take worms or grasshoppers, and in the evening, after they have left their shaded retreats and are roaming about near the surface, they will readily rise to a light-coloured fly. All the Bass may at times be taken with a fly, but my experience with this method of fishing for them has not been satisfactory. At times they will rise to almost any combination of tinsel and feathers that may be offered to them, but whole seasons will sometimes pass in which they will not even look at either the most gaudy or the plainest lure you can make up to attract them, so that for some years I have confined myself to the more plebian, but decidedly more successful, method of fishing with line bait.

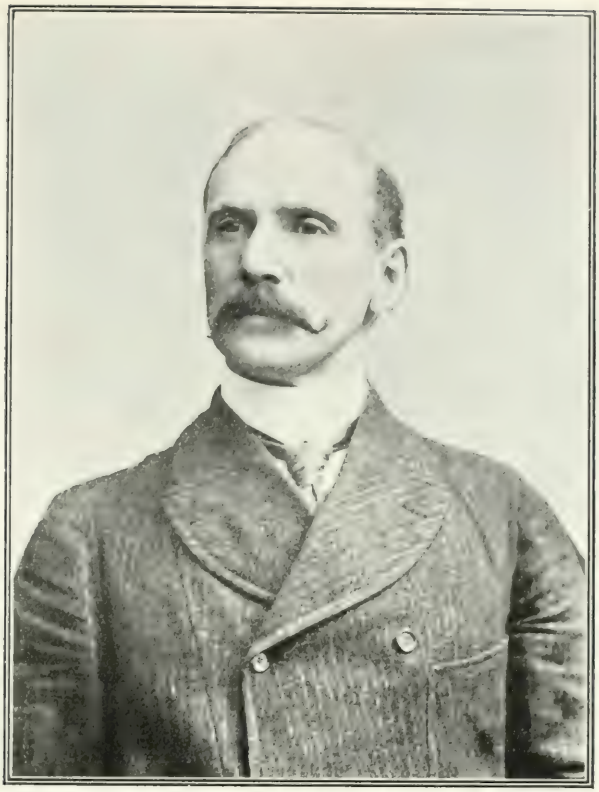


PHOTO BY LANCEFIELD, OTTAWA

COMMISSIONER PERRY, N.W.M.P.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

XXVI.—THE COMMISSIONER OF THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE.

AYLESWORTH BOWEN PERRY was appointed Commissioner of the North-West Mounted Police in 1900. The selection of such a man for such an office is in accordance with the fitness of things. The new commissioner, by experience, ability and natural gifts is pre-eminently the right man in the right place. There has been less political influence or interference in advancing Major Perry than is usual on such occasion. He was chosen an officer of the N.W.M.P. by the late Sir John A. Macdonald, and his successive promotions have been effected whatever political party has been in power.

The new commissioner is a son of Mr. Hawley Perry, of Co. Lennox, Ont., and was born on the 21st August, 1860. He was educated at the High School, Napanee, where he showed marked abilities. On leaving school young Perry entered the Royal Military College at Kingston, at the opening of that institution on the 1st June, 1876. He was then one of the first batch of pupils, now known all over the Dominion as "The Old Eighteen." Col., afterwards General, Hewett was then the Commandant. At Kingston, Perry had a very successful, indeed, a distinguished career, and was the winner of the gold and silver medals presented by the Governor-General, now the Marquis of Dufferin. Young Perry was the first graduate at Kingston, and is thus the senior graduate. Many of the companions of his college days have attained distinction. One

of his fellow-students was Duncan McPherson, an old Napanee High School chum, who is now high in the engineering staff of the C.P.R. Another companion at Kingston was Capt. Huntley B. Mackay, D.S.O., who became Administrator of Uganda, and died in South Africa. Others were the well-known Captain Stairs and Captain Robinson, who also met their deaths in South Africa. Still another of the Kingston graduates that went to South Africa was Major Lang, C.M.G., of the Royal Engineers, who was British Commissioner for the delimitation of boundaries on the East Coast of that continent. Major Denison, of Toronto, now aide-de-camp to Lord Roberts, is a name that must also be added to the list.

On leaving the Royal Military College, Mr. Perry was gazetted to the Royal Engineers (26th July, 1880). While in England, however, he found himself suffering from the results of an accident that had occurred shortly after his graduation, by which he broke his leg. While with his regiment in the Old Country he sustained a further injury to the same limb, and on the advice of Sir Wm. Paget, the eminent physician, Mr. Perry withdrew from the Imperial army and returned to Canada.

He very soon, however, became again active, and in 1881 he is found on a geological survey, and on the 22nd Jan. in the following year Sir John A. Macdonald appointed him inspector in the North-West Mounted Police. After this nothing of note occurred to interfere with the diligence with which routine and administrative work was achieved by the young officer, until 1885, when the North-West Rebellion came along. He then served with the Alberta field force under Major General Strange, and had command of a column from Calgary, north to Edmonton. By a forced march he succeeded in connecting General Strange with General Middleton. He served with distinction throughout the campaign, and was mentioned in General Strange's despatches. Sir John A. Macdonald rewarded Perry with promotion to the rank of Superintendent, and he was also accorded the temporary rank of Major.

Major Perry was then but twenty-five years old, and at the end of the rebellion he was appointed to the command of the Prince Albert district. As this was the seat and centre of disaffection, it required for the position an officer of tact, skill and ability, and young as he was Major Perry was believed to possess those qualities. A noteworthy feature in this officer is that whether the work in hand be military, engineering, organizing or administrating, he has always shewn himself equally successful.

In 1890 Major Perry was transferred to Regina, where both he and Mrs. Perry (a lady from Lachute, Que., whom he had married in June, 1883) became very popular. In 1897 he was transferred to Calgary, and the same year was selected to command the contingent of the N.W.M.P. at the Diamond Jubilee, and was specially selected for royal favour, being presented with an autophotograph by the Queen, in addition to being a recipient of the Jubilee medal.

Whilst in England on this auspicious occasion, Perry, having been gazetted as Major, was attached to the Scots Greys, on Salisbury Plain, where there was a brigade of cavalry in training. He also proceeded to Ireland and was initiated by Sir Andrew Reid, Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary, into the details of the organization of that splendid mounted body, both at Belfast and Dublin. Major Perry returned to his duties at Calgary, having served, in the course of his career, at every post but one of the police in the North-West.

In December, 1897, he was ordered on special duty to Victoria, where for several months he acted as a connecting link between the force in the North-West and that in the Yukon. His work was in part that of an Agent-General for the Yukon force, and his duties took him several times to Skaguay and Bennett. One mission en-



AS R.M.C. CADET AGE 17



CADET FULL DRESS AGE 21

trusted to Supt. Perry in the winter of 1898, was to take formal possession in Her Majesty's name of the Summit on the Skaguay-Bennett trail. It was a case in which possession was likely to count for nine points of law. The manner of Major Perry's outwitting the American authorities at Skaguay, and the nature of the feelings of the latter when they found the British flag floating at the Summit and British redcoats ready to guard it with their lives, will some day make an interesting chapter in Canadian history. Suffice it now to say that it is fully believed that the success of Major Perry's mission on that occasion saved endless negotiations and difficulties for the Canadian authorities. Early in 1899 Supt. Perry was appointed to the command of the Force in the Yukon, and member of the Yukon Council as successor to Col. Steele. He remained in the Yukon upwards of a year, and was notably successful in his administration.

At the outbreak of war in South Africa, Major Perry offered his sword and services, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier declared in Parliament that the gallant Major was an officer who could not be spared. Shortly afterwards he was ordered to report himself in the North-West Territories again, for duty, and was made Commissioner, which, by Act of Parliament, gives him the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Commissioner Perry is never idle, and amid his duties as an officer of the N.W.M.P. he found time to study law, to pass the necessary examinations to enable him to become a barrister, and he is now on the roll. On both paternal and maternal sides this talented officer has the distinction of being an U. E. Loyalist, his mother being one of the Frasers of the great Frasers. It remains to add that Major Perry is a man of many and varied abilities and accomplishments. An able administrator is wanted to restore the N.W.M.P. to the efficient state that characterized it before the development of the Yukon and the South African war drained the force of its best material. Such an officer is Perry, and high encomiums have been passed upon him in Parliament by both Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It is not every man who thus commands respect on all hands, and if Commissioner Perry is to be congratulated on his well-merited promotion, the country is equally to be congratulated at having a man who on all occasions has proved himself so worthy and excellent an officer.



COMMITTEE OF HALIFAX GOLF CLUB—OCTOBER, 1900

GOLF IN CANADA.

W. A. R. Kerr.

GOLF is somewhat of a fad at present; that is to say, it is being played by people who have in turn tried their hands at every passing game that has been born and died within the last twenty-five years. This does not mean that golf will languish when its present pretended admirers jilt it and shift their affection to the next fashionable favourite. When the popular wave leaves it, golf will not be stranded, it will still float on the steady-going current which has brought it down through half-a-dozen centuries. Scotsmen have been teeing and lofting and putting as long as they have been drinking whiskey, eating porridge, and skirling the bagpipes; and as they are as likely to cease doing the first three as the latter, there is a fair prospect of golf living on in peace for a few more hundred years.

The age of golf is unknown; it is wrapped in the mists of antiquity—and a Scotch mist at that. So popular had it become towards the close of the middle ages that in the fifteenth century archery was beginning to fall into disrepute. This meant national danger and perhaps disaster, for to bungle with the bow and arrow would insure certain defeat the next time the Scots went to war with their English neighbours. The result was that in 1457 the Scottish Parliament "decreted and ordained that wapinshawingis be halden be the lordis and baronis, spirituale and temporale, four times in the zier; and that fute-ball and golf be utterly cryit down and nocht usit; and that the bowe-markis be maid at ilk paroche kirk a pair of buttis, and that schuttin be usit ilk Sunday."

The proclamation was apparently not sufficient, and more decrees condemning golf were passed fourteen years later. That this legislation did not put a stop either to the objectionable practice is evident from an outright banning and prohibition of the game which was proclaimed by James IV in





A GROUP OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC LADY GOLFERS AT DIXIE, QUEBEC, IN 1899

1491:—"Fute-ball and golf forbidden: Item, it is statut and ordainit that in na place of the realme there be usit fute-ball, golf, or other sic unprofitable sportis, but that for the commen gude of the realme, and in defence there of, that bowis and schuttin be hanted and bowis-markis maid therefor, ordainit in ilka parochin under the pain of fourtie shillings," etc.

It may be gathered how great a grip the fever had on the body-politic, when we turn up the royal treasurer's books and find entries recording expenditures having to do with golf. King and clodhopper must alike have been wielding the club.

It would be out of place here to follow the history of the game in Scotland. It is, however, interesting to recall the fact that the lady-golfer can lay claim to a fair antiquity! Mary Queen of Scots was rebuked for spending her time on golf instead of attending to affairs of state. In 1592 the Edinburgh town council prohibited the play of golf on Sunday. Even this mild legislation was diluted next year by simply forbidding the game during "sermon-time."

The Stuart kings took golf with them to England. Charles I was an enthusiastic golfer, and his son James II quite a crack. The mention of the latter brings us within measurable distance of the founding of the first and still the greatest golf club in the world: the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews.

Just as the Scots took their game with them to England, so they brought it to this continent. Our American cousins are generally ahead of us in taking hold of anything new, no matter in what field it appears. Possibly before they could be induced to play golf, and so come under its spell, they heard of its age, grew prejudiced, and decided that anything older than the Boston Tea Party, or the Declaration of Independence would be out of date and place in the go-ahead Western world. To a young republic what game could be more distasteful than one that was both Ancient and Royal. Its antiquity probably made them laugh still more at the point that strikes anyone who sees it for the first time: the puerility of it all; the idea of grown men poking round with wee sticks and getting excited over a bit of a rubber ball, and the ceaseless talk about stimies and bunkers and hazards. Whatever the reason, the Americans seem to have left golf severely alone, and for fifty years the history of golf in America might as well be the history of golf in Canada, or if you like to narrow it still further down, the history of golf in Montreal.

The first trace of Canadian golf which we find is contained in the following extract, which is taken from a Montreal newspaper bearing the date of December, 1824:—"To Scotsmen —A few of the true sons of Scotia, eager to perpetuate the remembrance of her customs, have fixed upon Dec. 25th and Jan. 1st for going to the Priests' Farm, to play golf. Such of their countrymen as choose to join them will meet them before ten o'clock a.m., at D. McArthur's Inn, Hay Market. Steps have been taken to have clubs provided." Though aside a little from the text it is worth noting the time of year to which this clipping refers. It is Christmas and New Year's Day. It is commonly heard that even the Canadian winter is not what it used to be in the good old days of our grandfathers, but I imagine that the cold and snow of to-day would be enough to induce the most fiery of Scottish golfers to perpetuate the remembrance of his country's customs in some other way than playing golf on Christmas.

The game was probably indulged in spasmodically by a few Montreal devotees, till some thirty or forty years ago when it first really appears in the light of day. Amongst the earliest players were Messrs. Wm. Ramsay and R. R. Grindlay. At last, in 1873, the few worshippers of the Royal and Ancient game decided to band themselves together, and on Dec. 4th of that year the Montreal Golf Club was founded. There were eight gentlemen present at the meeting. Alexander

Dennistoun, Esq., who is recognized as the father of golf in Canada, and who died not long ago in Edinburgh, was chosen President. He it was who presented the Scratch Medal, the most coveted trophy in the possession of the club. W. M. Ramsay, Esq., was elected Vice-President; D. D. Sidey, Esq., was the first Treasurer, and J. Collins, Esq., the Secretary of the infant organization.

At first grounds were secured close to the city, but these were soon vacated and links were laid out in Fletcher's Field, a tract of land in Mount Royal Park. Here a comfortable and somewhat picturesque club-house was built, and everything went well. The membership in the beginning was limited to twenty-five, and the fees were fixed at a modest five dollars a year. In 1876 the Marquis of Dufferin, at that time Governor-General, became patron. In 1884 the club was allowed to prefix the title "Royal" to its name.

For the next twelve years there is little but prosperity to record. Montreal, however, was growing rapidly, and the links at Fletcher's Field were being greatly crowded by outsiders and passers-by, which gave rise to grave risk of serious accidents from flying balls. Finally, in 1896, it was resolved to seek a new home, where there would be more elbow-room, and where as much ground could be got as was needed in order to have a first-rate course. After looking over the neighbourhood, the committee decided on a piece of property consisting of one hundred and twenty acres, situated at Dixie, nine miles from the city on the Grand Trunk, and close to Lake St. Louis. There were at first only nine holes laid out; these grew to twelve last May, and this spring sees the Royal Montreal Golf Club in possession of a full eighteen-hole course. The links are looked upon by many visitors as being the best in Canada today. A fine large club-house was erected, which gives excellent accommodation to the two hundred and fifty members.

In 1892 a ladies' branch was established, with Mrs. G. A. Drummond as President, and Mrs. H. V. Meredith as Secretary. This department has now some hundred and fifty members, and was in such a flourishing condition in 1897 that the members built themselves a club-house adjoining that of their husbands and brothers at Dixie.

In the year 1876 the first inter-club golf match in America was played off. The contestants were Montreal and the newly-born Quebec Golf Club. The latter were successful, winning by twelve holes. The year following the position was reversed, and the Montrealers were a round dozen up. The organization of the Quebec Club was due to a Scotsman, a Mr. Hunter, of Glasgow, who was visiting the city. He began to play and spread the fever to some other gentlemen, among them Mr. W. A Griffith, and the late Mr. C. Farquharson Smith. The Quebec Golf Links are well worthy of remark, as they have a reputation far more than local. The course, which is made up of fifteen holes, the first three of which are played twice, is decidedly difficult, and the very nicest and surest play is demanded. The hazards are ravines, moats, bogs, and the broken trenches and earthworks of the old dismantled French fortifications. The turf under foot is first rate. The links, situated west of the citadel on the high bluffs overlooking the St. Lawrence, extend over the Plains of Abraham, the scene of the great struggle between Montcalm and Wolfe. The air and the view can scarcely be matched in the world. The most of the members have but little need of the club-house, as the cosy quarters of the Garrison Club are immediately adjacent to the links.

The Quebec Ladies' Club was formed in 1893 as a branch of the men's, and has been very successful. The principal fixture is the yearly match with the ladies of Montreal. Matches have also been played with Ottawa, and the Quebeckers have no reason to be ashamed of the result.

It is now time to speak of what is probably the most enthusiastic club in the Dominion. Golf has been played



CLUB HOUSE
OF TORONTO
GOLF CLUB



ROSEDALE
GOLF CLUB
HOUSE



HAMILTON
GOLF CLUB
HOUSE



VERE BROWN,
CANADIAN
CHAMPION, 1899

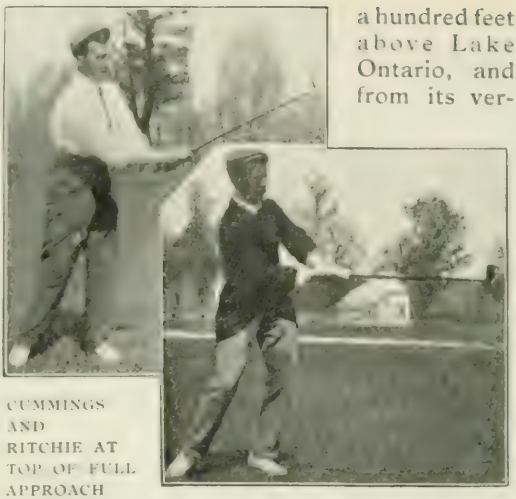


W. A. H. KERR,
CANADIAN
CHAMPION, 1897



GEORGE S. LYON,
CANADIAN CHAMPION,
1898 AND 1900

in Toronto for a quarter of a century. As early as 1870, Messrs. Lamond Smith, R. H. and George Bethune, and the two Messrs. Scott were enjoying the old Scottish game on the slopes of Norway Heights. The records of the club begin with the year 1882. At the same time the old links were abandoned for more convenient ones, and a new course was laid out at Fernhill. It need not be imagined because the links were moved that that is to be taken as a sign of abounding prosperity. As a matter of fact, for another eleven years the club barely managed to exist. At last, in 1893, when the first puffs of the great boom of the following year were just beginning to be felt, under the management of Mr. Walter G. P. Cassels, the Fernhill property was acquired. The erection of a substantial and comfortable club house was proceeded with, which, beside affording first-rate facilities for the men, also provided excellent accommodation for ladies.



CUMMINGS AND RITCHIE AT TOP OF FULL APPROACH

PROFESSIONALS AND THEIR STROKES

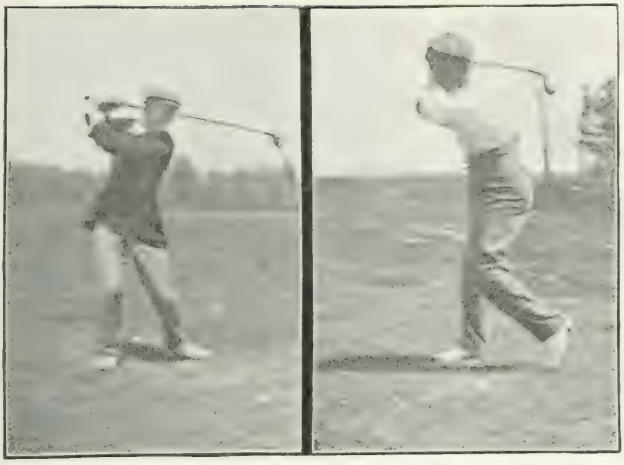
The structure stands on rising ground a hundred feet above Lake Ontario, and from its verandahs a magnificent view can be had. By 1894 the membership had risen to the limit, one hundred and sixty.

The enthusiasm of the Toronto ladies about golf may be guessed when it is known that there is a huge waiting list. Progress up this is painfully slow owing to the fact that a golfer having once driven off never stops till death forces her to hole out, and that only occurs at a fabulous age, as the game itself is an elixir of life. Some Toronto mothers, the owners of little daughters, whom they wish one day to play golf, are said to have added their children's names to the waiting list, so that ten years from now they may stand some chance of being members.



RITCHIE AND CUMMINGS AT FINISH OF SHORT APPROACH

The great trophy of the club is the gift of Mr. E. B. Osler, who donated it when he was captain in 1892. It is solid silver, almost two feet high, and is competed for annually. The gold medal presented by Mr. Charles Hunter is



RITCHIE AND CUMMINGS AT TOP OF DRIVE

another much-coveted prize. The links are a full eighteen holes. The hazards are mostly sand bunkers and ravines. The course is long and well varied.

Besides the Toronto, the Queen City boasts of other golf organizations. The pretty northern suburb of Rosedale has a club bearing its name. The "Rosedale" was founded in 1893 and is in a very flourishing condition. It has a fine brick club-house, and, like the Toronto, employs a Scotch professional. Like the latter, too, it has a long waiting list. Amongst the other clubs in Toronto are the High Park, Spadina and University, all of them thriving and enthusiastic.

Just on the opposite shore of Lake Ontario, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, there is a flourishing club. As it was formed as far back as 1882, it will not be so long till it has attained its majority. Mr. Charles Hunter, whose name is known by all followers of the game, has long been actively and prominently associated with its history. The links, bordering on the Niagara river, have been the scene of many an exciting battle,

and present a hard course, broken, sandy and sporting

It is not surprising to discover golf perfectly at home in Ottawa. The royal game naturally finds the seat of vice-royalty a congenial soil. Messrs. Renwick and J. L. Pierce organized the club in 1891. Play was begun over a course not far from the city, but this did not turn out satisfactorily, and in the spring of 1896 new links were laid out near Hull. Like all the leading clubs Ottawa has a ladies' branch, and many of the best known figures in the society of the Dominion capital are indefatigable golfers.

October of 1894, the year that saw golf spring forward into popular favour, was the month in which the Hamilton club was christened. The Hon. D. MacInnes and A. G. Ramsay, Esq., were the sponsors of the baby. The members commenced at first to play in a field adjoining the Jockey Club, the use of which was generously granted free of charge by Mr. William Hendrie. In 1895 the present nine-hole course



RITCHIE AND CUMMINGS AT FINISH OF DRIVE



ROYAL MONTREAL GOLF CLUB HOUSE—VARDON PLAYING FROM FIRST TEE—PHOTO TAKEN IN 1900

on the line of the Hamilton and Dundas railway was mapped out. The club-house is only some ten or fifteen minutes from the city, and the street cars also take one within a few minutes' walk of the grounds. The charm of the Hamilton girl has always been recognized, but there is a reason for it—she plays golf. The total membership of the club is about a hundred and eighty-seven ; the ladies number ninety-seven, the men ninety. In 1899 Mr. A. G. Ramsay presented a cup to be competed for annually, and, following so good an example, Mr. W. D. Long last year donated a cup for the ladies.

The year 1895 saw clubs founded at places as widely sundered as St. Andrews, N.B., Cobourg, Murray Bay, Kincardine, and Victoria, B.C. Of these the first three are popular watering places, and golf has naturally been introduced. Cobourg has a very large American population during the summer months, and the old Scottish game is followed with all the eagerness and enthusiasm that characterize our cousins from beyond the border.

Many well-known members of the clubs of western cities spend their holidays at Murray Bay, on the Lower St. Lawrence. This throws together crack players from Ontario and Quebec, and the result has been the establishment of the Murray Bay Club. The links are three miles long and the rugged, barren country affords difficult hazards in the shape of gullies, ditches, sharp hills, roads and watercourses.

Victoria, B.C., has a very fine eighteen-hole course. It is situated at Oak Bay, distant some three miles from the city. The grounds are reached by the electric railway, which runs to a point within a quarter of a mile of the links. Mount Baker Hotel, only five minutes' walk away, can accommodate one hundred and fifty people. The club, whose history can be traced back to 1894, has upwards of a hundred members, nearly equally divided between the two sexes.

It is a far cry from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from Victoria to Halifax, but there are many points of resemblance ; both are very "old country" in their traditions and atmosphere—social as well as climatic. It is not to be wondered at that a game with such a past to it as golf has, should thrive in the two cities. The Halifax club was founded in 1896 by the Rev. Dyson Hague, Rev. Thos. Fowler, Lieut. C. E. Smith, the present courteous secretary, and five others. The membership rose quickly to fifty-two ; it now stands at a hundred and fifteen. For the first three years the links were at Studley, but in 1899 the course was moved to "Collins Fields," a situation which was found to be much more desirable. There are altogether nine holes, varying in length from one hundred to three hundred and fifty yards. Up till 1898 only four ladies played, but since then their attitude has altered, and there are now some sixty-three. An interesting feature with regard to golf in Halifax is the matches played between the local members and the officers of the men-of-war.

Besides the clubs mentioned, whose history it has been only possible to sketch in the barest outline, there are clubs at all the main centres of population : at London, Brockville, Sherbrooke, Kingston, Winnipeg, St. John, Fredericton, and numerous other places. The most of them have an active ladies' department in connection.

As so many clubs were springing into existence, it was soon apparent that if the sport was to be kept pure and in good repute it was essential that some central organization be formed for the government of the game. The honour of proposing this forward step belongs to the Ottawa club, whose energetic secretary, Mr. A. Simpson, was one of the first to move in the matter. In 1895 the Canadian Golf Association was launched, and in the following year the use of the title Royal was permitted. Under the regulations an annual competition is held to decide the amateur championship of the Dominion.

A Maid of Many Moods



By Virna Sheard

CHAPTER VI.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—The story opens at the One Tree Inn, halfway between Stratford and Shottery. Master Thornbury has two children, Debora and Darby. Darby is a play-actor in London and, with his father and his sister, is a friend of William Shakespeare. Darby is expected home for Christmas. He arrives, and for some days there is much festivity and much talk of London and its ways. Judith Shakespeare is present at some of these gatherings and chats. Debora wants to go to London, but Darby and her father think it no place for young maids. She has her way, however, and is lodged with her brother at the house of Dame Blossom in Bankside, on the south side of the Thames. She pleads to be taken to the theatre, but it is neither the fashion for women to act nor to attend. Darby, however, promises to take her secretly to a rehearsal. There she is accidentally discovered by Don Sherwood, who is playing the part of Romeo, Darby being the Juliet. Sherwood escorts her home and secures permission to call again. Meanwhile, Darby comes home intoxicated and disfigured.

WHEN Debora awoke the sunlight was flooding the chilly room, and on the frosty air sounded a chiming of church bells. A confusion of thoughts stormed her mind as she sprang up and found herself dressed and by the window. Her eyes ached as eyes will that have wept overnight, and her heart was heavy. Still it was not her way to think long; so she bathed in fair water till her face got back its shell-pink tints. She put on the white taffeta kirtle and farthingale that was always kept for Sunday, and fastened a fluted ruff about her throat. When all was finished, her hair coiled freshly and puffed at the sides as Darby would have it dressed to follow the new fashion; when her shoes, with their great silver buckles and red heels, were laced and tied, and when the frills at her wrist were settled, she looked in the mirror and felt better. It was not possible to view such a vision, knowing that it was *one's self*, without taking comfort.

"Things be past their worst surely," she said. "An' I have no heart in me this morning to give Darby a harsh word. Marry! men take not kindly to upbraiding, and hate a shrew at best o' times. So will I talk to him in sweeter fashion, but in a tone that will be harder to endure than any scolding."

She went down the hall and stopped at her brother's door. No faintest sound came from the room, so she entered and looked about. On the huge four-post bed, from which the funereal-looking curtains were drawn back, lay Darby, in a slumber deep and unrefreshing. Now and again a heavy sigh broke from his lips. His bright locks were tossed and ruffled about his face, and that was dead white, save for the violet rings beneath the eyes and the unabated swelling on his forehead.

"He is a doleful sight," said Debora, gazing down at him, her spirits sinking, "a woful, doleful sight! Ods pitikins! 'tis worse than I thought. What a pass 't has come to that this should be Darby Thornbury. Heart o' me!" a flickering sarcastic little smile going over her face, "Heart o' me, but here be a pretty Juliet!" Then she grew grave.

"Juliet!" verily it would not be possible! That part was out of the question for Darby, at least on the morrow. The bruise on his brow settled it, for the eye beneath was fairly closed.

Alack! alack! she thought, however would things fall out at Blackfriars? What of the new play that had already been put off some months and had cost the Company heavily in new dresses, new scenery, even new actors? Oh! was ever such a coil? 'Twould be the lad's undoing upon the London stage. No Master-player would e'er trust him with part or place again.

Debora stood by the bed foot, still and sad, a thousand wild thoughts and questions tangling themselves in her brain. Should she away to Master Shakespeare, who had but just returned to London for the opening day? He was at the Mermaid Inn, and peradventure 'twas best to tell him all. She grew faint at the thought. Had not Judith told her what a very fever of unrest possessed her father before one of these new plays was shown! Debora fancied she could see his sensitive face, with the eyes so wise and kindly, change and grow cold and forbidding as the tale was unfolded.

"Then what is left to do?" she said, desperately. "What is left to do? The play must be saved, Darby must be saved, his reputation, his standing among the players cannot be lost thus." Oh! for some one to turn to—to advise. Oh! for Nick Berwick and his fair cool judgment. Should she report at the theatre that her brother was ill? No, for he had been seen with a merry party drinking at the Castle Tavern on Saturday. If this outbreak could be tided over 'twould be his last, she thought, passionately, her woman's faith coming to the rescue. Some way she must find to save him.

Slowly an idea took possession of the girl and it faded the colour from her cheeks, and set a light in her deep eyes.

"Debora Thornbury! Ay! there was one could play the part of Juliet." The very life seemed to go out of her at the thought, and she slipped down to the floor and buried her face in the coverlet. Slowly the cold room, the great four-poster, the uneasy sleeper all faded away, and she was alone upon a high balcony in the stillness of a moonlit garden. The tree tops were silver-frosted by the light, and the night was sweet with a perfume from the roses below. She was not Debora Thornbury, but Juliet, the little daughter of the Capulets. The name of her lover was on her lips and a strange happiness filled her soul.

Suddenly rising she went to a heavy press that stood against the wall, swung back the door, and sought out a suit of her brother's. It was of Kendal green cloth, faced about the doublet with tan-coloured leather. The long, soft boots were of the same, and the wide-brimmed hat bore a cluster of white plumes and a buckle of brilliants. Opening the door beneath the press the girl selected cuffs and collar wrought in pointed lace.

"In very truth," she said, with a little bitter smile, "Darby Thornbury hath a pretty taste, an' must have coined many rose-nobles in London—or won them. He hath certainly spent them, for never saw I such store of finery. I' faith he is a very dandy!" Gathering the clothes together she went again to the bed and looked down, her eyes growing tender. "I fear me 'tis an unmaidenly thing to even dream o' doing, but if 'tis done, 'tis done for thee, dear heart, albeit without thy consent or Dad's. There will be scant risk o' discovery—we be too much alike. People have wearied us both prating of the likeness. Now

'twill serve; just two or three nights' masquerade for me an' thou wilt be thyself again." Stooping, she kissed the bruised face and went away.

In her own room Debora made quick work of changing her dress. It was an awkward business, for the doublet and green tabard seemed fairly possessed to go contrariwise; the hose were unmanageable, and the cordovan long boots needed stuffing at the toes. Here and there upon the suit was broidered the Lord Chamberlain's coat of arms in gold thread, and when all was finished Deb looked at herself and felt she was a gorgeous and satisfying sight. "Marry! but men be fond o' fine feathers," she thought, studying her reflection.

Then, letting down the coils of auburn hair, she drew the glittering strands through her fingers. "I would it might just be tucked up—it pleasures one little to cut it off. Beshrew me! If I so resemble Darby with such a cloud o' hair about me, what will I be like when 'tis trimmed to match his?" Taking the shears she deliberately severed it to the very length of her brother's. The lovelocks curled around her oval face in the self-same charming way.

"My heart! 'tis all most vastly becoming," she exclaimed, fastening the pointed collar. "I liked thee as a girl, Deb, but I love thee, nay, I dote on thee as a lad! Now must I stride an' speak in mannish fashion ('tis well there go'th a long cloak with the suit, for on that I rely to hearten my courage); also I bethink me 'twould be wise to use some strong flavoursome words to garnish my plain speech. By Saint George! now, or Gad Zooks! Heart's mercy! stay'th the hat so? or so? Alack! my courage seem'th to ooze from my boot-heels. Steady, true heart, steady! Nay then, I cannot do it. I will not do it—it look'th a very horror to me. Oh! my poor, pretty hair; my poor, pretty hair!"

On a sudden the girl was down on the floor, and the long locks were caught together and passionately held against her lips. But it was only for a moment. When the storm was over she rose and dashed the mist of it from her eyes.

"What must be, must be! I cannot think on any other plan. I would there were an understudy, but there be none. So must I take the part for Darby—and for Master William Shakespeare."

Saying thus, Debora went below to the room where the table was laid for breakfast, walking along the hall with a firm step, for her mind was made up and she was never one to do things by halves.

Taking her brother's place she knocked briskly on the little gong and waited. Master Blossom started to answer the summons in a slow-footed, ponderous way peculiar to him, yawning audibly at intervals upon the way.

The Sabbath morn was one whereon good folk should sleep long, and not look to be waited on early, according to him. Dame Blossom herself was but just astir, and lodgers were at best but an inconsiderate lot. Cogitating thus he entered the room, then stood stockstill as though petrified, his light blue eyes vacant with astonishment.

The dainty figure at the table swinging one arm idly over its chair back made no sign, unless the impatient tapping of a fashionable boot-toe upon the sanded floor might be taken for one.

"Ods fish!" exclaimed Blossom, moving heavily a few steps nearer. "I' fecks! but thee art a very dai-asy, young Master! Dost mind how 'A put 'e to bed? Thou'st pulled tha' self together marvellous, all things considered!

"Marry, where be tha' black eye? t'were swolled big as a ribstone pippin!"

"Beefsteak," answered Deb, laconically. "Beefsteak, my lively Blossom. Tie a piece on tight next time thou hast an eye like mine—an' see what thou shalt see."

"But where gottest thou the beefsteak?"

"Egad! where does any one get it? Don't stand there chattering like a

magpie, but bring me my breakfast. This head I have doth not feel like the head o' Darby Thornbury. 'Tis nigh to breaking. Fetch me my breakfast and give over staring at a man. See'st aught odd enough about me to make thee go daft?"

"I' fecks! 'tis the first time 'A ever heard thee call so loud for breakfast after such a bout as thine o' yestere'en! I wonder thou hast stomach for 't. Howbeit, 'tis thine own affair."

The girl bit her lip. "Nay," she said with cool accent, "I may have small appetite for it—but, as thou say'st, 'tis mine own affair."

"Thou need'st good advice more than breakfast, young Maister," said Blossom, solemnly. "Thy sister was in a way, 'A tell thee. Thou art becoming a roisterer, a drinker, an' a gambler. Ay! such a devel-may-care gambler, an' thou had'st a beard an' no money thou would'st stake that o'er the dice. Being these things, an' a player o' plays, marry! 'A see no fair end ahead o' thee."

"Oh! get thee away an' send thy good wife—thou dost make my nerves spin with thy prating. Get thee away," said Deb, petulantly.

"Zounds! but thou art full like thyself in speech. Too much wine i' thy stomach one day makes a monstrous uncivil tongue i' thy head next."

"Nay then! I ask thy pardon, Blossom," cried the girl, laughing, and holding out a crown piece she had discovered in a pocket of the doublet, "thou art a friend I have no will to offend. Now send thy good Dame."

Shortly Mistress Blossom came bustling in, rosy in the face from bending over an open fire. She carried high in one hand a platter from which drifted a savory smell, and a steaming flagon was in the other. Setting these down she smoothed her voluminous skirt and stood waiting, an expression of severe displeasure hardening her face.

"Shut the door, I pray thee," Deb said, shortly; "moreover, see it be latched."

The woman did so without speaking.

"Now look at me well. Come"—smiling—"did'st ever see me more like myself?"

"Nay," replied the Dame, after a slow scrutiny of the charming figure. "In looks thou art well enow. An' thy manners matched, 'twere cause for rejoicing. Thou wer't a disgrace yestere'en to thy sister, ay! an' to the hamlet o' Shottery that saw thee raised."

"Make a finish, good Dame," answered Deb, mockingly; "say a disgrace to myself an' the company o' players I have the honour of belonging to."

"Hoity-toity! Play actors!" quoth the other. "Little care I for what disgrace thou be'st to them! But what o' thy broken head, lad? Hath it sore pained thee? Why, my faith, the swelling be quite gone!"

The girl gave way to a short peal of laughter.

"Marry! I laugh," she said, struggling for composure, "yet feel little like it. Look well again, Mistress Blossom. Look well. Surely there be small triumph in befooling thee, for thou art too easy hoodwinked withal. Gaze steady now. Dost still say 'tis Darby Thornbury?"

The woman stared while her complexion went from peony red to pale pink. "Thou giv'st me a turn, an' I be like to swoon," she gasped. "What prank has't afoot, lad?"

"Thou wilt go a bit farther before thou dost faint. Hark then, an' prythee hold by the table an' thou turn'st giddy. Now doth it come. See then, this handsome, well-favoured youth thou art breakfasting," rising and making a pretty bow, "is—is none other than *Deb Thornbury!*"

"Ods pitikins!" cried the woman.

"Sit down," answered Deb, growing sober. "I would talk with thee, for I need thy goodwill and, peradventure, thy help. Things with my brother are in a very coil. He will not be able to take his part i' the new play on the morrow. His face is too sorely marred. Beshrew me, he looks not one half as much like himself as I look

like him. Now there be no understudy i' the cast for the character Darby hath taken—further, 'tis an important one. To have him away would mean confusion and trouble to Blackfriars and I gainsay nothing rejoicing to the Admiral's Company and Lord Pembroke's men. 'Tis not to be contemplated. By the Saints! I would not have trouble come to Master Will Shakespeare through my brother, no, not for the crown jewels! Dost follow me?"

"Nay, that I do not nor what thou'rt coming at," was the dazed response.

Debora shrugged her shoulders. "I hoped 't would have dawned on thee. Why, 'tis just this, I will play the part myself."

"Thou?" cried Dame Blossom, agape. "Thou, Mistress Debora?"

"Yes! yes! Nay, ply me not with questions. My mind is set. There be not one in London who will discover me, an' thou dost not break faith, or let thy good man scent aught on the wind. But I wanted to tell thee, dear Mistress Blossom, and have thy good word. Pray thee say I am not doing wrong, or making any error. I' faith! I have been so bewildered."

"I will not say thou art i' the right, for I know not. Has't asked Master Darby's consent?"

The girl turned impatiently. "Heart o' me! but thou art able to provoke one. His consent!" with a short laugh. "Nay then—but I will show him his face i' the mirror, an' on sight of it he will leave things for me to settle."

"Ay!" she returned, blankly, "I warrant he will. But art not afeared o' the people? What if they should discover thou art a woman!"

"I'll say they are of quicker wit than one I could name," returned Debora. "As for the play—well, I know the play by heart. Now one thing more. I would have thee go with me to Blackfriars. The theatre opens at four o'clock. Say thou wilt bear me company dear, dear Mistress Blossom."

"Nay then, I will *not*. Ods fish! Thou hast gotten thyself in this an' thou can'st get out alone. I will keep a quiet tongue, but ask me to do naught beside."

"Well-a-day! 'Tis as I thought. Now I will go and dress in maidenly clothes. These fearsome things be not needed till the morrow."

CHAPTER VII.

By Monday noon Darby Thornbury was unable to lift his head from the pillow by reason of its aching. He remembered nothing about receiving the blow over his eye, and talked little. Dame Blossom and Debora tended him faithfully, keeping Master Blossom away from a true knowledge of affairs. Debora would have had a physician, but Darby would not listen to it.

"I will have no leeching, blood-letting nor evil-smelling draughts," he cried, irritably; "no poultices nor plasters neither! I have misery enough without adding to it, 'Egad!"

Being brought to this pass and having seen his face in the mirror, he bade Debora find the Master-player of the Company and make what excuse she could for him.

"I be a thrice-dyed fool, Deb," he said with a groan. "Work is over for me in London. I'll ship to the Indies, or America, an' make an ending." Then starting up—"Oh! Deb, could naught be done with me so that I could play this evening?"

"I know not, dear heart," she answered gently, "perchance thy looks might not count an' thou wer't able to act. Art better?"

"Nay, worse!" he said, falling back. "My head maddens me! An' not a word o' the lines sticks i' my memory." So he raved on, fiercely upbraiding himself and wearying Debora. After a time she slipped on her hooded cloak, bade him good-bye, and went out. Returning she told Darby that he could take courage, for a substitute had been found in his place.

"Ask no questions, dear heart. Nay—an' trouble no more, but rest. Thou wilt be on the boards by Wednesday."

"Dost think so, sweet?" he asked weakly. "An' will the mark be gone?"

"Why nearly," she answered, "an' if it still be a little blue, we will paint it. In any case thine eye will be open, which it is not now."

"Thou art a very angel, Deb, an' I am a brute. I know not where they got one to take my part—an' Marry! I seem not to care. Never will I drink aught but water. Nay, then, thou shalt not go. Stay by me till I sleep, for there be queer lights before my eyes an' I see thee through them. Thou art so beautiful, Deb, so beautiful."

She waited till he slept, sometimes smiling to herself in a wise way. What children men were when they were ill, she thought. Even Dad would not let her out of his sight when the rheumatism crippled him all last winter. Why, once Nick Berwick came in with a sprained wrist, and naught would be but Deb must bathe and bind it. Nick Berwick! he was so strong and tall and straight. A sigh broke over her lips as she rose and went away to her room

Half an hour later Debora came down the stairs dressed in the suit of Kendal green. Dame Blossom met her in the hallway.

"Dost keep to thy mad plan, Mistress Deb?"

"Truly," answered the girl. "See, I will be back by sundown. Have no fear for me, the tireing room hath a latch, an' none know me for myself. Keep thy counsel an' take care o' Darby."

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Blackfriars was filled that March afternoon. The narrow windows in the upper gallery had all been darkened, and the house was lit by a thousand lights that twinkled down on eager faces turned towards the stage. Even then at the edge of the rush-strewn boards was a line of stools, which had been taken at a rose-noble apiece by some score of young gallants.

Those who watched the passing of the Master's new romance remembered it while life was in them. Many told their children's children of the marvel of it in the years that followed.

"There was a maid i' the play that day," said a man, long after, "whom they told me was no maid but a lad. The name was written so on the great coloured bill i' the play-house entrance. 'Marry! an' he be not a maid,' said I, 'tis little matter.' He played the part o' Juliet, not as play-acting, but reality. After the curtain was rung down the people stole away in quiet, but their tongues loosened when they got beyond the theatre, for by night the lad was the talk o' London.

"So it went the next day, an' the next, I being there to see an' fair fascinated by it. Master Will Shakespeare was noticed i' the house the third evening for the first time, though peradventure he had been with the Company behind the scenes, or overhead in the musicians' balcony. Howbeit, when he *was* discovered there was such a thunder o' voices calling his name that the walls o' the play-house fairly rocked.

"So he came out before the great curtain and bowed in the courtly way he hath ever had. His dress was all of black, the doublet o' black satin shining with silver thread, an' the little cloak from his shoulders o' black velvet. He wore, moreover, a mighty ruff fastened with a great pearl which, I heard whispered, was one the Queen herself had sent him. Report doth say he wears black always, black or sober grays, in memory o' a little lad of his —who died. Well-a-day; I know not if 't be true, but I do know that as he stood there alone upon the stage a quiet fell over the theatre till one could hear one's own heart beat. He spoke with a voice not over-steady, yet far-reaching and sweet and clear, an', if my memory hath not played me false, 'twas this he said:—

"'Good citizens, you who are friendly to all true players of whatever Company they be, I give you thanks, and as a full heart hath ever few words,

perchance 'tis left me but to say again and again, I give you thanks. Yet to the gentlemen of my Lord Chamberlain's Company I owe much, for they have played so rarely well, the story hath indeed so gained at their hands, I have dared to hope it will live on.

"'Tis but a beautiful dream crystallized, but may it not peradventure be seen again by other people of other times, when we, the players of this little hour, have long grown weary and gone to rest; and when England is kindlier to her actors and reads better the lessons of the stage than now. When England—friends of mine—is older and wiser, for older and wiser she will surely grow, though no dearer—no dearer, God wots—than to-day.'"

"Ay!" said he who told of this, "In such manner—though perchance I have garbled some of the words—he spoke, Will Shakespeare, in the old theatre of Blackfriars, and for us who listened 'twas enough to see him and know he was of ourselves."

Behind the scenes there was much wonderment over the strangely clever acting of Darby Thornbury. Two players guessed the truth; another knew also. This was a man, one Nicholas Berwick.

He stood down by the leathern screenings of the entrance, and three afternoons he was there, his face white as the face of the dead, his eyes burning with an inward fire. He watched the stage with mask-like face, and his great form gave no way though the throng pressed and jostled him. Now and again it would be whispered that he was a little mad. If he heard he heeded nothing. To him it was as though the end of all things had been reached.

He saw Debora, only Debora. She was there for all those curious eyes to gaze upon, an' this in absolute defiance of every manner and custom of the times. Slowly it came to Berwick's mind, distraught and tortured, that she was playing in Darby's stead and with some good reason. "That matters not," he thought. "If it be discovered there will be no stilling o' wicked tongues, nor quieting o' Shottery gossip." As for himself, he had no doubt of her. She was his sovereign lady, who could do no wrong even masquerading thus. But a very terror for her possessed him. Seeming not to listen he yet heard what the people said in intervals of the play. They were quick to discover the genius of the young actor they called Thornbury, and commented freely upon his wonderful interpretation of lines; but well as he was known by sight not a word—a hint, nor an innuendo was spoken to throw a doubt on his identity. Debora's resemblance to him was too perfect, the flowing heavy garments too completely hid the girlish figure. Further, her accent was Darby's own, even the trick of gesture and smile were his, only the marvel of genius was in one and not in the other.

What the girl's reasons could be for such desperate violation of custom Berwick could not divine, yet while groping blindly for them, with stifled pain in his heart and wild longing to take her away from it all, he gave her his perfect good faith.

Just after sundown when the play was ended the man would watch the small side door the actors alone used. Well he knew the figure in the Kendal green suit. Debora must have changed her costume swiftly, for she was among the first to leave the theatre and twice escaped without being detained by any. On the third evening Berwick saw her followed by two actors.

"Well met, Thornbury!" they called. "Thou hast given us the slip often enough, and further, Master Shakespeare himself was looking for thee as we came out. Hold up, we be going by the ferry also and are bound to have thee for company. 'Fore Heaven, thou art a man o' parts!"

Debora halted, swinging half round towards them with a little laugh.

"Marry! hasten, then," she said. "I have an appointment. Your lines be lighter than mine, in good sooth, or your voices would need resting."

"Thou hast been a very wonder, Thornbury," cried the first. "Talk-

ing of voices, what syrup dost use, lad? Never heard I tones more smooth than thine. Thou an' Sherwood together! Egad! 'Twas most singular an' beautiful in effect. Thy modulation was perfect, no wretched cracking nor breaking i' the pathetic portions as we be trained to expect. My voice, now! it hath a fashion of splitting into a thousand fragments an' I try to bridle it."

"'Tis all i' the training," responded Debora, shortly.

"Beshrew me!" said the other; "if 'tis not pity to turn thee back into these clothes, Thornbury. By Saint George! yes—thou dost make too fine a woman."

Berwick clinched his hands as he followed hard behind. The players decided to cross by London Bridge, as the ferries were over-crowded, and still the man kept his watch. Reaching Southwark the three separated, Debora going on alone. As she came towards Master Blossom's house a man passed Berwick, whom he knew at a glance to be the actor Sherwood. He was not one to be easily forgotten, and upon Nicholas Berwick's memory his handsome features were fixed indelibly; the remembrance of his voice was a torture. Fragments of the passionate, immortal lines, as this man had spoken them at Blackfriars, went through his mind endlessly.

Now Sherwood caught up to the boyish figure as it ran up the steps of the house.

Berwick waited in shadow near by, but they gave him no heed. He saw the girl turn with a smile that illumined her face. The actor lifted his hat and stood bareheaded looking upward. He spoke with eager intensity. Berwick caught the expression of his eyes, and in fancy heard the very words.

Debora shook her head in a wilful fashion of her own, but, bending down, held out her hand. Sherwood raised it to his lips—and—but the lonely watcher saw no more, for he turned away through the twilight.

"The play is ended for thee, Nick Berwick," he said, half aloud. "The play is ended; the curtain dropped. Nay—an' the lights be out." He paced towards the heart of the great city, and in the eastern sky that was of that rare colour that is neither blue nor green, but both blended, a golden star swung, while in the west a line of rose touched the gray above. A benediction seemed to have fallen over the world at the end of the turbulent day. But to Nicholas Berwick there was peace neither in the heavens nor the earth.

To be Continued.

OLD QUEBEC.

THE flippant tongue that flouts thee, speaketh wrong,
Mediæval watcher of the distant main!
Where passed of old—imperturbable, strong—
Jacques Cartier, Levis, Frontenac, Champlain,
Thou sittest sole and silent, and thy past
Toucheth the present with benignant calm;
Nor thus ignoble is thy mission cast,
To soothe life's turmoil with unfailing balm!

For not the clanging mart with strident cries,
A higher destiny achieves than this—
To place upon the age's fever'd eyes,
The cloister'd hand of meditative bliss:
Ah! who would pray that progress e'er should wreck
The haunting charm and spell of old Quebec!

John Arbuthnot.



The Perils of the Red Box

By Headon Hill

PERIL IV.—THE LOST TREATY.

FROM Stamboul to Stockholm, from Moscow to Dublin, there was no city of Europe that I could not have found my way about blindfold, and for the matter of that gagged as well. But the great continent of the West had so far been a sealed book to me, when in a recent October I was taken out of the old mill-track and ordered to proceed to Washington, U.S.A.

The pelagic seal is not, I am informed, an intelligent or interesting question itself; yet as soon as it is withdrawn from its native element it attracts notice as a champion disseminator of discord. First, between the rival nations who make profit by its capture; secondly, between husbands and wives when the latter wish to acquire its costly skin. With the second-named cause of discord I, being a bachelor of firm convictions, had nothing to do; the object of my mission to America being the delivery of one of the treaties, which are made and broken at regular intervals, for delimiting the fisheries.

I was not aware that this particular treaty was of any special importance, nor was it so, I believe, from an international point of view. At any rate, no instructions to that effect were given to me. All that the Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office said, when handing me the document, was that he hoped I should have a good passage, as he should like to please his friend the American Ambassador. I ventured to ask in what way the speed of my journey would affect his Excellency.

"Well, we are not supposed to know anything of such matters officially," laughed my permanent chief, "but the Presidential Election will be on in the States a fortnight hence, and the Ambassador is very anxious that his party should get the credit of having put the treaty through—in time to make a battle-cry of it. Internal American politics are beyond my understanding, but his Excellency seems to attach a lot of importance to it, and as he is a good fellow I should be glad to oblige him."

This conversation took place on a Thursday, and as the next quick boat was the *St. Louis*, sailing from Southampton on the Saturday, it was not till two days later that I was on blue water. It was the height of the home-going season for touring Americans, and the big ship was crammed to the limits of her accommodation with returning families, the heads of which were eager to exercise the franchise. I am sufficiently cosmopolitan to be able to adapt myself to any society; but I must confess that before we had passed the Needles I found the everlasting babble of "Tammany," "straight tickets," "planks," and "platforms" very wearisome.

This being so, I felt it due to myself as an old soldier to try and steal a flank march on the fate which had thrown me among a shipload of bores. The best way to achieve that end would be to find, and consort for the voyage with, the exception, who must be somewhere on board, who wasn't a bore; but that was no easy task. The men seemed hopeless from the outset. I turned in disgust from the election-talk in the smoking-room and sought the saloon. There I found only a lot of dressy women wondering through their noses whether they were going to be sea-sick. In despair I strolled up to the spar-deck and lit a cigar. In the dullest of humours I took two turns up and down, and at the end of the second turn found what I hoped would prove to be the much-sought-for exception.

A girl had come up the ladder from the deck below, and stood looking pensively seaward. One little hand lightly clutched the rail, while the other held on to a neat sailor-hat that was in refreshing contrast to the startling millinery so prevalent on board. The girl seemed "good form," as distinct from the "stylishness" which I had remarked as the key-note of the American ladies, and she was also undeniably pretty. I argued from a certain suggestion of sadness in her attitude that she knew no one on the ship, and was possibly as bored as I was by the general company. I took another turn or two up and down the deck, and once or twice I caught her eyes straying my way. Trusting to the latitude in etiquette that is allowed on shipboard, I halted at the end of the third turn and made an introductory observation on the weather.

"I guess I don't speak to strangers when travelling," was the promptly-spoken reply, in which, however, I tried to persuade myself that I detected a half-regretful tone.

There was nothing for it but to raise my cap, mutter an apology, and continue my deck-tramping with as much unconcern as was consistent with politeness. A man of the world knows how to carry off these little rebuffs, and I flatter myself that I did not show that I was taken aback not only by her words but by their accent. I had formed the opinion that the girl was English, whereas her speech betrayed her as an American at once.

Presently other passengers began to come up on the spar-deck, but none of them paid any heed to the girl, or she to them, till an elderly man, clean shaven save for a grizzled-gray moustache, joined the procession of promenaders. He had walked the length of the deck twice, when I saw him start at the sight of the girlish figure at the railing, appear to hesitate, and then present himself with a profound bow. I wondered whether he, too, would receive his *congé*. But no, he was evidently not a stranger, for the girl smiled recognition, put out her hand, and chatted with him pleasantly for five minutes. After which he bowed again and resumed his promenade.

The manner of the meeting betokened casual acquaintance rather than close intimacy, and in no way shook my theory that the girl was travelling alone. There was, too, something of respectful homage in the man's behaviour—not the mountebank *punctilio* of the American society dude towards women, so much as the obsequiousness of inferior station.

In confirmation of this view I noticed that that night at dinner in the saloon they sat at different tables, and held no communication during the rest of the evening. Having nothing else to do, and meaning with my old-time persistency in these matters to break down the barrier which the girl had set up, if that were possible, I watched her in the saloon and in the music-room afterwards. She carried herself with perfect self-possession, and indeed with a certain pride, but she kept aloof and made no friends. The women began to eye her askance, doubtless because of her good looks.

The man who had spoken to her on deck also appeared to be a solitary traveller; for though he showed no disposition to a similar exclusiveness, and talked freely to all and sundry in the smoking-room, eventually sitting down to a game of poker, he was evidently not one of a party.

Before I went to my cabin for the night I discovered through my bedroom steward that the girl was Miss Cordelia K. Lafflin, of Chicago, and that the gentleman of the grizzled moustache was Mr. Wm. R. Dobson, of no registered address.

The next morning was delightfully fine, and after breakfast most of the passengers came on deck. Mr. Dobson put in an appearance quite early, but I saw nothing of Miss Lafflin till nearly lunch-time. Again I chanced to witness the meeting of the pair, which on this occasion also was confined to bows and smiles and the exchange of a few words in passing. The girl's attractions grew on me apace; the trim

figure, the brilliantly clear complexion and expressive eyes, which, despite the rebuff of the previous day, rested on me sometimes, as I thought, not unkindly. During the afternoon I hovered about the snug corner where she had placed her steamer-chair, in the hopes of the olive-branch being held out, but all to no purpose. Her behaviour was simply tantalizing One moment I would intercept a glance of half invitation, accompanied by the trace of a saucy smile, and the next, on my showing signs of advance, the fine eyes would turn gravely seaward or drop to the convenient novel.

"Confound the little prude!" I muttered to myself at length, as I retreated in despair. We should get on like a house on fire if she would only let me talk to her. I can see she wants to, but is tied up by this absurd fad about an introduction. I would give a good deal for a mutual acquaintance to do the needful."

It was a novel experience for Joe Melgund to be cold-shouldered by a chit of a Yankee girl scarcely out of her teens, and in disgust I sought the first-class bar for the consolation of a mint julep. I chose an American drink partly out of sentimental compliment to my unyielding charmer, partly because I wanted to see what the thing was like. I was watching the bar-tender mix the ingredients by deftly slinging them from glass to glass, when I felt a slight touch on the shoulder, and a genial voice said—

"I am not mistaken, surely? It is Captain Melgund, the hero of Tel-el-Kebir?"

The accent on the ultimate syllable of the word "hero" gave away the speaker as an American; the use of the word—deserved though it may have been, and proof as I am against flattery—predisposed me in the speaker's favour. But in wheeling round I was not prepared to find in him the Mr. William R. Dobson, who enjoyed the privilege of unchecked conversation with Miss Cordelia K. Lafflin.

"Yes, I am Captain Melgund, and I fought in Egypt, but you have the advantage of me, sir," I said.

"Don't you recollect Bill Dobson, the 'special' of the *New York Tribune*?" returned my new friend, looking hurt. "I partook of the hospitality of your gallant corps the night before the battle, and my account of your exploit, of which I am proud to have been an eye-witness, was held to be the best cabled to our side of the herring-pond. You'll find they haven't forgotten it in America, sir. The man who saved the situation by taking the order to advance the guns across that bullet-swept zone is sure of honour under the star-spangled banner."

This was all very nice and proper, and his facts were all right; but for the life of me I could not remember having seen his face before the previous day. However, I remembered that several war-correspondents had been made free of our mess in the desert camp, and I could hardly be expected to recognize such gentry after the lapse of so many years. I readily took his word for his identity, the more readily, perhaps, as I had a use for him. The bar-tender got an order for another julep; and Mr. William R. Dobson was soon laying down his views—most of them fairly correct—on the merits of Wolseley as a leader of men.

He seemed to take it for granted that I was at my old trade still, and in rather striking contrast to the inborn curiosity of his fellow-countrymen, abstained from asking what took me to America. On his own affairs he expatiated freely, informing me that he had been in Europe in order to procure particulars of the forthcoming Paris Exhibition for his journal, but that he expected shortly to be ordered to Cuba to resume his occupation as a war-correspondent. He proved an interesting companion, full of anecdotes which lost nothing by the unintentional humour of his style and his pronounced nasal twang. I was too diplomatic to broach the subject of Miss Lafflin thus early, but we arranged to sit together thenceforward in the saloon, and I found that night in the smoking-room that he must have been blowing my trumpet pretty effectually.

To a man of my retiring modesty it was positively embarrassing to be first stared at and then lionised as "the hero of Tel-el-Kebir." I had to fight that infernal battle over again, with particular emphasis on my own share in it, a score of times before I went to bed.

Next morning I took care to stick to Mr. Dobson after breakfast, and though he expressed the opinion that we should be more comfortable on the main-deck, I insisted on mounting to the breezier heights of the spar-deck, whither I had already seen Miss Lafflin ascend. Even then he seemed destined to obstruct my innocent design, for he struck into the wrong side of the deck, and it was some time before I contrived to steer our promenade past the sheltered corner where I knew that that charming girl was established.

As soon as Mr. Dobson saw the pretty figure in the deck-chair, the routine which I had twice previously observed was repeated. He abruptly broke off the conversation, detached his arm from mine, and approached Miss Lafflin with a deferential bow. Left standing within easy earshot I could not help hearing the few words that passed, and they were certainly harmless enough. Mr. Dobson trusted that Miss Lafflin was enjoying the voyage, and was there anything he could do for her. Miss Lafflin was deeply obliged to Mr. Dobson. She was enjoying the voyage immensely, and there was nothing he could do for her. Mr. Dobson "opined" that it was a lovely day, and Miss Lafflin "reckoned" that it was just too sweet for anything. Whereupon Mr. Dobson resumed my arm and plunged headlong into our interrupted conversation.

"Quite so," I said at his first pause. "What a handsome girl that is you spoke to."

We had reached the after extremity of the spar-deck—well away from the nook behind the funnel—Mr. Dobson turned and faced me with a blend of astonishment and protest on his elderly face.

"Her in the chair?" he exclaimed in an awe-struck whisper. "She ain't a girl, ain't Miss Cordelia. She is a young lady, sir, of one of the highest, toniest families in Chicago—daughter of Senator Lafflin, millionaire ten times told, and boss stock-holder in the enlightened journal that owns yours truly as one of its leading lights."

Stifling my amusement I hastened to apologize for alluding so lightly to the offspring of so great a man. "Is it not somewhat strange that Miss Lafflin should be travelling alone and unprotected?" I ventured to add.

"She hasn't been alone in Europe," Mr. Dobson explained. She has been visiting the Vanderhofs—fine old knickerbocker family—in Paris. And as to this same mail-boat, why she don't need no protection, I reckon, beyond what she can supply for herself. I should smile to see the man that would dare to take liberties with Miss Cordelia K."

I assented readily, and while disclaiming any but the most courteous intentions, cited my own experience in attempting to open up a conversation with her. Mr. Dobson listened gravely, as though wondering at my temerity in inviting such a rebuff.

"That was like her," he said with conscious pride. "She's got the genuine high-toned Europe style. You might as well walk up to Queen Victoria and try to start a chat without an introduction as to Senator Lafflin's heiress."

"But the introduction would make all the difference—she would be all sweetness and light?" I hinted slyly.

But Mr. Dobson caught on none too quickly. "I see what you mean," he said, glancing nervously at the sheltered nook and hesitating. "Yes, by thunder! I can do for a celebrity like Captain Melgund of Tel-el-Kebir what I wouldn't dare for an ordinary man," he added, as if bracing himself. "Come right along with me and I will make you known to her."

Five minutes later I was sitting at Miss Lafflin's side, while she listened with wide-open and sympathetic eyes to the account of the battle, which

Dobson first adroitly drew from me and then usefully corroborated. I marvelled at the magic spell wrought on the girl by the ceremony of introduction. She unbent at once and entirely, so far that before that first sitting came to an end she rallied me on the snub that she had administered.

For the remainder of the voyage I had reason to congratulate myself a dozen times a day on Mr. William R. Dobson's recognition of me. By his opportune intervention I secured just what I had wanted—a pretty and amusing companion to relieve the dull monotony of the twenty-power Yankee bores who thronged the ship. I cannot say that I fell in love with Miss Cordelia, but I made some love of the platonic sort, and I could not fail to be touched by her openly expressed admiration for my military exploits in Egypt. Dobson earned my frequent gratitude by adding fuel to the fire of her admiration in the shape of fresh details, not all of them strictly authentic; though when he contrived to do it, and where, I could not imagine, seeing that Miss Lafflin and I were mostly together, and he always abstained from intruding on us.

It was not to be expected that a woman would emulate Mr. Dobson's lack of curiosity as to the cause of my trip to the States. On the second day of our acquaintance she put the question to me point-blank—

"I guess you're going as military *attaché* to the British Embassy? That will be real nice. My poppa is a senator, you know, and we put in a lot of time at Washington."

I was obliged to dispel the illusion with the information that I was a Queen's Messenger, and that my stay in Washington would be over as soon as I had delivered my despatches.

Her pretty face fell at this, though it occurred to me afterwards that she did not seem particularly surprised. On the contrary, she proceeded to catechize me with the most charming innocence. Were the despatches important? What were they about? Did the Queen write them herself? Wasn't it a great responsibility to have charge of State documents? To the first two questions I gave vaguely noncommittal replies; the last I answered with the bare truth that so long as I was on the ship I didn't worry about the responsibility, as my despatch-box was locked up in the strong-room.

After this there was no more talk of my mission, and Cordelia sensibly remarked that as we should have to separate so soon we had better make the best of our time. Taking her meaning to be that I should infuse a little more warmth into our flirtation, I acted up to the spirit of injunction so vigorously as to call forth a mild rebuke from Mr. William R. Dobson.

"Miss Cordelia is getting too fond of you, captain," he remarked gravely one night in the smoking-room. "I wasn't aware you were such a one to carry on or I should have thought twice before I made you known."

"Make your mind easy," I replied curtly, for I brook no interference in such matters. "Miss Lafflin is quite able to take care of herself, as you were the first to tell me. We are only enjoying an innocent ship-board acquaintance."

Nevertheless I could not disguise from myself that Mr. Dobson's fears were not unfounded. The lightsome gaiety which the fair Cordelia had shown during the first day or two gave place to sentimental silences. I failed to draw her out as at the beginning of our friendship, and she took to heaving sighs. To a confirmed bachelor of my stamp these sighs held out the danger-flag, and on the whole I thought it was just as well when the captain announced at breakfast on the sixth day that we should reach dock early in the afternoon.

After we took up the pilot off Sandy Hook Cordelia disappeared to her state-room to pack-up, and I was left to admire the New Jersey shore and the green hills of Long Island alone. But as we were steaming through the Narrows Dobson came and leant over the rails alongside me. We should have have to part at the docks, he said,

but in the meanwhile could he give me any advice as to my route to Washington, or my selection of a hotel if I meant to make any stay in New York? I had already decided to take a night's rest before going through to my destination, so that I gladly availed myself of his recommendation. The Brevoort House was, it seemed, the hotel which Mr. Dobson considered most suited to my needs—quiet and very select, and not exorbitant.

I thanked him, expressing my intention of patronizing the hostelry he had named, and moved away; for I was on the look-out for a chance to say good-bye to Miss Lafflin without bystanders. The opportunity did not come till the steamer was being warped into her berth in the East River, when I spied my fair fellow-passenger coming along the dock towards me; and then it transpired that this was not to be the final good-bye after all.

"I have had a note from my poppa—by the pilot, you know," she began. "He is too busy to meet me, but I am to go to him at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he has taken rooms. He says I am to ask any one who has been good to me on the voyage to dine with us there to-night. *You* will come, won't you? I had to ask Mr. Dobson because—because of his connection with poppa's paper, you know, but I shall be real put out if you can't come."

A good dinner, at the expense of a millionaire and in the company of a pretty girl who allowed her eyes to do the best part of the inviting, seemed as good a way of killing time in a strange city as any other, and I accepted without demur. It would give me great pleasure, I assured her, to make Senator Lafflin's acquaintance, and still more to postpone the necessity for bidding her farewell. She put no restraint on her obviously genuine delight at my acceptance, and I was beginning to improve the occasion, when the purser tapped me on the shoulder.

"We are about to open the strong-room," he said. "If you wish to come with me I will give you your despatch-box."

With an *au revoir* to Cordelia I turned to accompany him, but I had not taken two steps before a restraining hand was laid upon me. Mr. Dobson had come up behind.

"I could not help overhearing," he said. "If you have valuables of any kind with you, you would do well to repeat your wise precaution at the hotel. New York is not the most immaculate city in creation, but there is a serviceable strong-room at the Brevoort. Glad we are to meet to-night."

Thanking him for the hint, which was not really necessary, as I should not have gone out to dinner without depositing the red box in a place of safety, I went below with the purser. The process of disinterring the box from its fellow packages took some time, and then there were formalities in the way of signatures and receipts to be gone through. When I was at length free to go I found that the passengers were leaving the ship, and that as Cornelia and Dobson were nowhere to be seen, they had probably been among the first to depart. Had we not been going to meet later I might have thought this odd; as it was, there was really no reason why they should have waited for me.

Having cleared my baggage I drove straight to the Brevoort House, where, while registering my name, I acted on Dobson's suggestion and requested the clerk to put the red box in the strong room of the hotel. That it was in the every-day routine of his business to take charge of valuables was made evident by the promptness with which he slapped a book of counterfoils on to the desk-flap and made out a receipt.

"There you are, captain," he said. "Take care of that check. It represents the box."

At eight o'clock I presented myself at the bureau of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and on enquiring for Senator Lafflin, was handed over to a hall-boy, who bade me follow him to the first floor. Ascending the stairs I was over-

taken by my fellow-guest, Mr. William R. Dobson, who, saying that he knew the senator's private sitting-room, relieved the boy of his task. Chatting on trifles we were traversing the corridor towards a door at the end when a gentleman who was passing started, looked hard at Dobson, and came to a halt.

"Why, senator!" he exclaimed, "I didn't know you without your side-whiskers and beard. So you are back from your Europe trip?"

Dobson stared blankly at the speaker, and then said curtly, "No wonder you didn't know me, sir. I don't happen to be the man you mistake me for." And leaving our intercepter murmuring apologies, he took me by the arm and resumed the broken thread of conversation without reference to the incident.

We found Miss Cordelia waiting to receive us in a cosy room, where covers had been laid for four people. It was evident by the heightened colour with which she made straight for me, that I was to be the guest of the evening. She hardly noticed Dobson.

"I am real sorry," she said, as she put her hand in mine. "Poppa is detained on business, but he has telegraphed from Wall Street that we are not to wait. He will be here before you leave."

As she spoke she rang the bell, and we were soon seated at as nicely an ordered dinner as it has been my lot to partake of. In fact, so choice were the dishes, so exquisite the wines, that I found myself wondering whether Senator Lafflin had arranged the *menu*, or whether it was the ordinary *table d'hôte* programme of the hotel. In this connection it occurred to me to ask whether she had yet seen her father, for it seemed unlikely that he would have ordered such a princely repast on the off-chance of his general invitation being accepted. To my surprise the question seemed to cause our hostess some embarrassment.

"Yes—that is not exactly, you know. I have been in communication with him—by telephone," she stammered, with what struck me as an appealing glance at Dobson. If it was such he took no notice of it, and Miss Cordelia quickly recovered her equanimity. For the rest of the meal she was all smiles and gaiety, and full of assurances that her father would join us after dinner.

So he did with a vengeance, though not in the way I had been led to expect. As soon as the waiter had left us alone with the coffee and liqueurs, Mr. William R. Dobson, who had been very quiet, pushed his chair back and astonished me with the remark—

"You're in for a good thing, captain, to-night, if you're a man who knows when he is well off."

Resenting the sudden familiarity of his tone I answered coldly, "I really do not understand."

"I'm here to make you understand," he said, with unimpaired good-humour. And then he fairly took my breath away by nodding to Cordelia, who immediately got up and left the room, as though by preconcerted arrangement.

"She'll be better in her bedroom while we talk, but first let me introduce myself as Senator Lafflin, at your service," proceeded my companion. "The fact is, captain, we've been taking you in in a friendly way. We booked by the same boat on purpose to get to know you, and if possible grab your despatch-box during the voyage. I got posted up in your military career by a newspaper man in London on my way home from Paris, where I had gone to fetch my daughter from the convent in which she's been educating this three year. But you were too clever for us, and by storing the box in the strong-room never gave away a chance."

"I wonder you've got the impudence to tell me this," I said, for want of anything better to say, as he paused and winked at me.

"You'll get over wondering when you know me better," he went on. "You see, it's like this. I had found out that you were a bit of a ladies' man, and my girl entered into the spirit of the thing with a light heart. Unfortu-

nately, captain, you carry too many guns for her, and unless you come to terms, she'll leave off with no heart at all. Fact, I assure you. She's lost it to you, sir."

"Very flattering, I am sure," was all I could summon up of feeble sarcasm. My ready wit seemed to have deserted me at the boldness of his confession.

"It's all that," replied the senator cheerfully. "I'm glad you see it in that light, because it makes my proposal come easier. Now, I'm well aware you had no notion of marrying the girl. One with the dollars she'll have might have looked for a marquis at least. But I'm a keen politician, and I'll sink private ambition for the public good. If you'll contrive to lose or keep back that blamed Pelagic Sealing Treaty till after the Presidential Election next week—well, you can have Cordy and a million dollars to seal the bargain."

The fellow had risen from the table, and was pacing the room, blinking at me in his excitement. Though his words begged the question of my willingness to marry his daughter if he granted consent, I could see that he was not really so certain of me, and awaited my reply with anxiety. This amused me, and by taking the edge off my resentment probably saved him from a broken head. The only matter that concerned me just then was how to get away from him with dignity, and the instinct of the old soldier in me prompted the adoption of the blunt and brutal method.

"You wouldn't understand the scruples of a man of honour if I talked to you for an hour," I said, rising and taking my hat and overcoat. "I wish you good-night."

With which I walked out of the room, leaving the unscrupulous scoundrel transfixed, as I imagined, with the righteous indignation which I threw into my parting glance. But turning to close the door behind me I saw that which irritated me more even than the designs which he had just confessed. Mr. Senator Lafflin was rubbing his hands together softly, and smiling to himself as though our interview had borne the most satisfactory results.

Checking the impulse to return and chastise him, I made my way out of the building, and as the night was fine I decided to calm my ruffled temper by strolling back leisurely to my own hotel. That last glimpse of Lafflin's face had increased my wrath by inspiring the idea that his confession and proposal were a practical joke, and that he had invited me to dine with the deliberate intention of insulting me. To a man of my hot blood this was simply exasperating, and it is small wonder that I walked on heedless of my immediate surroundings. At least that must be my only excuse for what happened in a quiet section of street within a hundred yards of the Brevoort. A cab, which had been "crawling" close to the curb behind me, was suddenly whipped up and then stopped dead. I had a confused notion of several men leaping out and hurling themselves on me; a drugged cloth was pressed to my face and the rest was blank.

When I came to I found myself propped in the corner seat of a bench that flanked one side of a low-ceiled room reeking with vile spirits and tobacco. The swing-door opening to the street, the sawdusted floor, and the counter with its array of black bottles and common glass, all told me that I was in a drinking-shop of the lowest kind; but as to how I got there my muddled brain gave no answer. A dark-browed, villainous-looking man was behind the counter watching me, but I appeared to be the only "customer."

"What place is this? How did I get here?" I asked.

"This is Owney Gallagher's saloon on Bowery, and I'm Owney Gallagher," replied the man. "You came in a carriage with three pals, but you was that full they had to carry you into the house. Guess you'd been a bit of a round before you reached my place."

"Where are the others?" I inquired eagerly, for I was beginning to

recollect the outrage to which I had been subjected.

"Got tired of waiting and hooked it," said Mr. Gallagher. "You see, you were that screwed they thought you'd spoil their evening, so they asked me to let you stop there. I'm glad you've pulled round, for I want to close. It's blamed late."

The allusion to the time suggested my watch, and the quick thought that I might have been robbed. My watch was all right, pointing to half-past one; so was my roll of American paper-money, but a hasty examination of the contents of my pocket-book showed what was the matter. The receipt for the red box, which was practically an order for delivery to bearer, was missing.

"Who were the men who came with me?" I asked angrily. My scrutiny of the pocket-book would have given a clue to the question.

"Don't know them from Adam," replied the proprietor curtly. "Here, Bill! Come and put out the gas."

While I was debating, horror-struck, whether or no to make a fuss about my loss, a man in a bar-tender's apron emerged, yawning, from an inner room, and, casually glancing at me, began to turn out the gas-jets. His face seemed vaguely familiar, but where, if ever, I had seen him I could not remember; and for the moment I was confronted with a graver problem than fixing the personality of a Bowery bar-tender. Perceiving that I was to get no help from the saloon-keeper, I muttered an ungracious good-night, and went out of the den into the nearly deserted street.

It was some time before I found a cab, but by two o'clock I was at the Brevoort House—only to find as I had expected that a gentleman had presented the receipt for my despatch-box two hours before, and having obtained delivery had gone away with the box. The sleepy clerk, in ill-humour at having been called to attend to me, was chary of information, but I thought that I recognized Lafflin in his description of the thief. Without wasting words on him I went back to my cab, and told him to take me with all speed to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. There also consternation awaited me. The night-clerk informed me that Senator and Miss Lafflin had gone away at midnight with their baggage, having received news which had caused them to alter their plans. The clerk knew nothing of their destination. It was the first time they had used the hotel. All he could tell was that the carriage in which they drove away looked like a private one.

I recognized that I was in a tight place, and that my billet as a Queen's Messenger was at that moment not worth two pence halfpenny. I had been in difficulties with the red box before, but this was the first time I had ever been separated from it, and I knew very well, with a lady in the case and all, that no allowance would be made for my losing it. Yet Jos Melgund knows not the meaning of the word despair, and I bade the cabman drive me to the Central Police office.

The captain on duty listened to my story courteously enough, though as a New York policeman his sympathies were clearly with the perpetrators of what he probably regarded as a clever stroke of "politics." I recounted how Lafflin had assumed a false name and personality so as to hoodwink me with the introduction to his daughter; how he had recommended me to a hotel in order to ensure, by my not staying in the same house, that lonely walk after dinner in the event of my refusing his proposal; and how I had been drugged and conveyed to Gallagher's saloon to slowly recover while he possessed himself of the box.

When I finished the officer opened a reference-book, and ran his eye down a couple of pages.

"I thought so," he said. "United States senators don't carry on like that. William R. Dobson wasn't the only duffer name the gentleman assumed. There's nary a senator called Lafflin in the list."

"But he was registered at his hotel as Senator Lafflin," I gasped.

"That would come easy," smiled the police captain. "You say the clerk told you he had never used the house before."

"But I heard a man in the corridor address him as 'Senator,'" I persisted.

"Part of the plan; probably the man was a confederate," said the unsympathetic officer. "Well, sir; we'll do the best we can for you. I'll send a detective round to Fifth Avenue, and another to your own hotel. It would be mere waste of time to send a man to Gallagher's saloon, for Owney is as close as wax, and if he knows anything, which isn't probable, he wouldn't blab. The chances are you were robbed of the receipt in the carriage, and were only taken to Gallagher's because it is a long way off, and is the sort of place where they ain't particular about the condition of their customers. It's a wonder some of Owney's boys didn't seize the opportunity to do a bit on their own account, and relieve you of your watch and money."

Not much comforted by the interview, I thanked the officer and retired, wondering as I crossed the hall of the bureau what my next step was to be. Debating whether it was not my duty to cable to the Foreign Office the bare facts of my loss, I was passing down the steps of the street, when a man, who had been standing at the foot, drew himself up and gave me a smartly-executed British military salute. It was the bar-tender from Gallagher's.

"Beg pardon, sir, thought I should find you here, sir. More than my life was worth to speak to you in the saloon," he said, walking by my side. "You've forgot me, I see, sir," he added reproachfully.

"I remember your face, but I can't put a name to it," I said.

"Jem Spalding, sir, is the name, and I guess I've changed in ten years. Was in your troop in the old Sixteenth, sir. You was always good to me, sir, and I've come to do you a turn—if you'll take your Bible you won't split. Bar-tending in the Bowery ain't much of a game, but a man must live."

Of course I remembered Jem Spalding—the smartest trooper that ever came up for his pay. A bit of a "scallywag" off duty, but a good soldier on parade and when the guns began to shoot. I said as much, and I saw by the light of a street-lamp that that the poor fellow's eyes glistened.

"Then listen to me, sir," he replied. "I don't tumble to why you want to know, or what the racket is, but I can put you on to the boss of the blokes that brought you to Gallagher's. Gallagher is a bit of a politician, and the big pots at the game use him sometimes. The chap you're looking for—the one who planted you in the saloon, and it was all fixed up beforehand—was Senator Chapman, of Kentucky. But he's got a house in this city, and if you want him, I expect you'll find him at 64 West Twenty-third Street."

Bidding Spalding call on me at the Brevoort in the morning, I hurried back to the Police-office, and, armed with my information, imperssed the unwilling captain with a proper sense of his duty. If I recovered my despatch-box I would hush the matter up—if not the British Lion would roar to some purpose.

Half-an-hour later the man whom I had successively known as William R. Dobson and Senator Lafflin was called out of his bed to receive a posse of constables and myself in his hurriedly-lit library. There was no need to discuss with him the whereabouts of the red box, because it was standing conspicuously on a side table. We had entered so hurriedly on the door being opened that he had no time to remove it, and one glance showed that it had not been tampered with. When he came into the room I already had it under my arm.

"Well, senator, in your expressive language I've come out on top after all," I said; "you are a beard and whiskers to the bad, and thanks to Miss Chapman's charming society I am a very pleasant voyage to the good."

To do the fellow justice he took his defeat well. He looked a little crestfallen at first, but when he found that no official notice was to be taken of his attempt he broke into a hearty laugh.

"What riles me is that, instead of having a good time on the ship electioneering as Senator Chapman, I was advertising you as a little tin hero, captain, in the disguise of a war-correspondent. If I'd only known how things were to pan out, you wouldn't have had so many chances to gas about that battle," he said.

He positively seemed to think that I had enjoyed talking about the Egyptian campaign! It wasn't worth arguing with a beaten man, and I allowed the delusion to remain.

PERIL V. WILL APPEAR IN SEPTEMBER.

ALIAS "JACKSON."

By C. Langton Clarke.

WHEN Lawrence Underwood's eccentric uncle died, leaving him an income of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, on the condition that he married within a year of the testator's death, the young man was at first inclined to let matters take their course. He determined that under no circumstances would he sacrifice his freedom without the compensating advantages of mutual love.

"I can find plenty of girls to marry me," he said to Mr. Meredith, the family lawyer, a man to whom sentiment of any kind was abhorrent; "but you see we should both of us be in love with the money, not with each other, and what would married life be without love?"

The lawyer was obliged to turn away his face to conceal an expression of disgust at such unutterable folly.

"Can't you find some girl who will take a fancy to you for yourself, and then work up a little affection on your own account?" he asked.

"But how could I be sure of her?" argued Lawrence. "Girls are too apt to be dazzled with the prospect of having plenty of money to spend, and where should I be when I discovered that it was my fortune she had married, and not me?"

"You would be in the enjoyment of a very comfortable income at any rate," replied the lawyer; "but if you are so fearful of consequences, why not make a trial of the Lord Burleigh method of courtship? Change your name; go where no one knows anything about you or your money; pretend that you have only a modest competence, be a pauper if you like, and find a good wife for yourself."

Lawrence sprang up and shook the lawyer warmly by the hand. "Thanks—a thousand thanks," he cried. "It is a splendid idea. I will win a wife on my own merits or not at all."

"Go in and win," said the lawyer, touched by the young man's enthusiasm, and a little surprised at his own fertility of resource. "Win your wife and your fortune, and I shall be the first to congratulate you."

It was in consequence of this conversation that Lawrence Underwood found himself, on a pleasant summer afternoon, being driven along a country road bound for a small inland summer boarding house, which had been recommended to him as possessing the merit of cheapness, and as being the annual resort of several pretty and wellbred girls, whose means would not permit of their seeking their summer relaxation in places of more fashionable tone. Constant to the spirit of his quest, Lawrence had selected the name of "William Jackson," as having no meretricious glamour about it, and his single trunk was adorned with his new initials in staring white letters. He was dressed in clothes of a plain pattern and provincial cut, and he flattered himself that in every respect he looked the part he had set himself to play, that of a young gentleman of small means and simple tastes, enjoying a summer vacation. He felt somewhat

diffident about his ability to answer promptly at all times to his assumed name, but had schooled himself by the use of a phonograph, which called "Mr. Jackson," in as many keys and pitches as his own voice could compass.

"Are there many ladies staying at your place?" he enquired of the rustic driver; "young ladies I mean."

"On'y two on 'em just now," was the reply. "There's more on 'em comin' in a couple o' weeks."

The answer was disappointing to Lawrence, who was anxious to find his fate at once, and had been indulging in agreeable visions of a bevy of pretty and intelligent girls, from among whom he would be able to make a selection. Two was certainly a small number to choose from, and the chances were strongly against either of them proving suitable.

"One on 'em," continued the driver, "one on 'em ain't so desprit young, neither; kinder thinks she is though," he chuckled hoarsely.

"That reduces the number to one," thought Lawrence. "However, there are more coming soon, and it will not do to be in too great a hurry."

It was at this moment, while he was indulging in these comforting reflections, that a very disagreeable incident occurred. The branches of a row of small cedars at the side of the road were suddenly parted, and a young lady, dressed in white, sprang into the little sidepath. Lawrence had barely time to note a figure of exceptional grace, before the horse, startled at the unexpected apparition, had swerved violently, and upset the entire contents of the conveyance into the ditch.

When Lawrence, startled and shaken, managed to crawl out from the damp depths into which he had been precipitated, he found that the young lady was holding the horse's head, and, by way of diverting blame from herself, was administering a sound rating to the driver.

"I never saw such a careless man as you are, John," she was saying. "What a fright you gave me! I thought you would both be killed. You're not fit to be trusted with a little donkey-cart, to say nothing of this steady old fellow here."

John grinned sheepishly. "He ain't used to seein' pretty gurls come bouncin' out o' the fences," he said.

Whether it was that the rustic compliment had a soothing effect, or that the young lady was satisfied with the way in which she had put herself in the right, her wrath quickly evaporated, and she turned to Lawrence with a look of concern in a very beautiful pair of blue eyes.

"I hope you haven't hurt yourself," she said, "or I suppose I should say I hope you are not hurt, because of course *you* were not responsible for that stupid accident."

Lawrence hastened to assure her that he was uninjured, a little damp, perhaps, but that was not of any consequence, and by way of proving that he was sound in wind and limb, dragged his new trunk from the bottom of the ditch, and threw it into the waggon.

"I think," said the young lady, meditatively, as they were preparing to renew their journey, "I think that I may as well ride up to the house with you. I am rather tired, and that accident has upset my nerves a little." She took Lawrence's outstretched hand, and, with an airy grace which enchanted the young man, mounted into the waggon, and took her seat beside him.

"You see," she said, "we are likely to have a good deal of each other's society for some days, and so I may as well introduce myself. My name is Eleanor Ellesmere, and I am staying at Hunt's place, where you are going now, with my aunt. Of course I know your name; you are the Mr. Jackson they are expecting. Auntie and I have been speculating a good deal as to what you would be like."

Lawrence experienced a thrill of pleasure, which was speedily dispelled when she added, "You can't think what trifling things people occupy themselves with in a slow place like this."

"I may as well admit," she continued, "that we are not at all well off. If we were I suppose we should go to some

fashionable hotel and have a good time generally. It is horribly dull when you are the only young person in a place. Now that you are here, you must help me to enjoy myself. There are some slimy little fish to be caught—you may put the worms on for me if you like, I hate them—and then there are one or two places where the scenery is rather pretty, I will show them to you. And really I think that is all, except loafing in the orchard, and playing tennis in a very indifferent court. You will have to be very agreeable to make up for the deficiencies of this place."

The girl rattled away in such a delightful spirit of *camaraderie*, and was so evidently free from all idea of coquetry, that Lawrence was fascinated. Her personal appearance was a very satisfying one, deep-blue eyes, fair feathery hair, a roseleaf complexion, and a figure compounded of perfect curves. "Surely," he thought, "never was any girl sent into the world more fitted to disturb the peace of mind of a susceptible bachelor."

To Lawrence the week which followed his arrival at Hunt's boarding-house was the most delightful he had ever experienced. From early morning till late at night he was Eleanor's constant companion. There was but little variety of amusement; nevertheless, the two young people managed to get a prodigious amount of pleasure out of existence. They fished, they walked, they loafed, and they played tennis, and whatever they did Lawrence was convinced that no one had ever done them so charmingly as Eleanor Ellesmere. Miss Katherine Willesden, Eleanor's aunt, a mature spinster who dressed like a girl of twenty, and spent the day in a verandah chair reading novels, shewed very little interest in the doings of the young couple. Once only was she roused to a mild sense of curiosity about her niece's new companion.

"I don't believe his name is Jackson at all," she said one day when Eleanor happened to mention him.

"Aunt Kate!" cried the girl indignantly. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," was the placid reply. "I think he is going under an alias."

"What nonsense," said Eleanor.

"All right," replied Aunt Kate, "have it your own way. All I know is that he blotted a letter he was writing in the parlour, and I noticed the signature when I used the blotting-pad just after him. I don't know what name he signed, because I couldn't make it out even when I held the pad in front of the mirror, but I'm quite sure it wasn't Jackson. It had too many letters in it, and began with something that looked like a 'U.'"

"What stuff!" said Eleanor again, but, all the same, she examined the blotting-pad for herself. Unfortunately all trace of the signature had been obliterated by subsequent letters, and Eleanor, without corroborative evidence, steadily refused to credit her aunt's suspicions.

"What is your profession?" she asked the young man one day as they sat together in the old apple orchard, with a cabbage leaf of strawberries between them.

"I studied law once," replied Lawrence, "but I can hardly claim to be a lawyer. I am afraid I must admit that I have no profession."

"But you ought to have one," said the girl severely. "You are a poor man, are you not?"

Lawrence blushed. "I have enough to live upon," he replied.

"I suppose you mean that I am a very impertinent girl to ask you?" said Eleanor, without, however, evincing any signs of contrition. "But, really, I think that, unless he has heaps of money to look after, a man ought to do something. It is a great thing to be a power in the world. I should like to think," she added earnestly, "that some day you would be a great lawyer or a judge, or ——"

"Please don't say a member of Parliament," interrupted Lawrence.

She laughed lightly. "I was going to say a great leader of men."

"For the money there is in it?" he asked.

"For that as well as other reasons, I suppose. Money can do a great deal of good as well as a great deal of harm."

"There is plenty of money going about," said Lawrence, thinking of his own great fortune; "perhaps I may be able to put my hands into some of it before long."

"Honestly, of course?" asked the girl, laughing.

"Honestly, certainly, if possible!" replied the young man banteringly. "If not, I suppose that I must try some other way. Honesty is a very inconvenient virtue sometimes."

Eleanor looked at him as he leaned back against the trunk of an old apple tree; she met his eyes, and the frankness of his look, and the general tone of wholesomeness, which sat so well upon him, gave her a sudden thrill.

"Of all men," she said softly, "I think that you would be the last to do anything that was mean or dishonest."

A shadow, slight enough, but perceptible to the keen eyes of the girl, darkened the young man's face. Was this alias of his strictly honest? With the best intentions he was undoubtedly deceiving this woman whom he loved.

"You look troubled," Eleanor said.

"I am wondering," he replied, "whether it is possible to be perfectly honest." There was a long silence. "You cannot think," said Lawrence gently, "what it means to me to hear you express an interest in my welfare."

Their hands were close together and his fingers closed upon those of the girl. For several moments she allowed them to remain. Her face was turned away, but the lover could see the roseleaf tint deepening. Then she withdrew her hand and rose.

"It is getting late," she said, "we had better go in now." She looked at him very kindly, and they went up to the house together without a word.

In his own room Lawrence gave himself up to alternate transports of delight and despair. "She is beginning to love me," his heart cried exultingly; "I shall win her yet." "Steady!" cried his brain. "What a fool you are, to take a few kind words, and a soft look, for love such as she has to give." But heart triumphed eventually. "To-morrow," he said as he climbed into bed, "to-morrow I will run up to Montreal, and buy the handsomest diamond ring that I can get. How surprised she will be when I shew it to her! The finest diamonds in the world are not good enough for her." Then he fairly bounced in bed with the delight of a new idea. The Underwood diamonds—those family heirlooms—his now—which lay in the strong room of his banker. To-morrow he would bring them out of their dark hiding-place, and they should shine on Eleanor's neck and in her fair hair. He remembered seeing them, when he was quite a little boy, glittering on the person of his aunt, a stout, sour-faced woman. Young as he then was, and unprepossessing as was the background on which they had been displayed, their magnificence had impressed him mightily. He fell asleep to dream of Eleanor and the Underwood diamonds.

II.

"Where is Mr. Jackson?" Eleanor enquired of her aunt the next morning, as she noticed that his chair at the breakfast table was vacant.

"I'm sure I don't know, my dear," was the response, "and really I don't take enough interest in Mr. Jackson to care. I think him an uninteresting and rather commonplace young man."

Eleanor shot a withering glance at the older woman, and was about to make a scornful reply, when the servant broke in—

"He've took a journey to Montreal, Miss. He said, as there was something as he had to do important, an' we was to tell you as he wouldn't likely be back afore to-morrow mornin'."

"Oh, really? Thanks," the girl replied carelessly. At the same time she was conscious of a distinct sense of personal loss, and almost of affront. Why had he not told her that he was going? "Of course I have no earthly right to feel annoyed," she assured

herself, "but still"—and she went out and wandered about, and thought of her missing companion, until she grew so unutterably lonely that she finally went into the house and indulged in a brief, but lively skirmish with her aunt in order to rouse herself.

"I wonder," she asked herself, as the day dragged itself wearily into night, "whether I am really and truly in love with that man. Any baby could tell that he perfectly adores me. He will ask me to marry him. Do I care for him enough to do that? 'No, no,' at times, and then again, 'Yes, yes, a thousand times yes.'" When at last she fell asleep the question was still unanswered.

Next morning, after breakfast, during the course of which she again experienced a feeling of irritation at the sight of Lawrence's empty chair, Eleanor betook herself to the parlour, and, morning paper in hand, ensconced herself comfortably in a deep corner, half hidden by a gaudy home-made screen. As she crossed the room her eye fell on the blotting pad, and the ridiculous suspicions of her aunt over the undecipherable signature, came back to her with unpleasant force. Was it possible that any mystery was connected with that young man in whom she was beginning to take so strong an interest? "When he asks me to marry him," she said with a little sigh, "I suppose it will be time enough to worry myself about it." Then she curled herself up in a big easy chair and began to read the paper.

She scanned two departmental store advertisements with close attention, skipped lightly through the society news, and was listlessly turning the pages to find something else worthy of occupying her attention, when her eye was caught by a paragraph. It was headed

"GENTLEMAN JACKSON" AGAIN.

and was as follows:

Montreal police circles are stirred up over a particularly audacious burglary, committed last night. The jewelry store of Mather Bros., St. Catherine Street, was broken into and jewelry to the amount of several thousand dollars, which was kept in a small safe, was taken. Among the loot was a number of valuable diamond ornaments. The larger safe was attempted, but the burglars failed to make an entry. From certain indications the police are convinced that it is the work of William Uldensorpe, alias "Chicago Bill" alias "Gentleman Jackson," who was released from Sing Sing three months ago, after serving a three year term for burglary. The police regard him as one of the most dangerous of the criminals now at large. He is a man of singular refinement, a remarkably clever impostor, and usually does his work unassisted, making his quarters at some distance, and coming to the city only when there is a "job" to be done. Several detectives are busy on the case.

Eleanor read the paragraph twice, and the paper fell from her hand. She was conscious only of a sense of utter desolation. Before her rose a vision of Lawrence's bright, eager face, with the look in his eyes that she had grown to know so well. Was it possible that this man who adored her, this refined gentleman, was a common burglar, a midnight thief? Alas! the evidence was too damning. Why was he passing under an assumed name? Why had he spent the previous night in the city? Why had he looked so perturbed, almost guilty, when she had praised his honesty? "Gentleman Jackson"—how she would loathe that word in future. And yet—there must be some mistake. It seemed ridiculous to connect her bright-eyed, handsome lover with anything mean or criminal. She almost laughed as she thought of it.

There was a quick step outside, the door was opened, and Lawrence himself came hurriedly into the room.

Breathless, she watched him as he stood for a moment in a listening attitude, and then seating himself at a table, drew a package from his pocket and tearing off the wrapping paper, placed it in front of him.

It was a large oblong box of dark morocco leather.

When Eleanor saw that box all the hope with which she had buoyed herself up vanished, and with pale face and straining eyes she leaned forward and waited for the climax. It soon came. With fingers trembling with eagerness, Lawrence unclasped the fastening and

raised the lid. The sun was shining brightly through a deep French window, sanctifying his fair head with a halo, and as the lid went back it seemed as though the interior of the box burst into a thousand points of coloured fire. Tenderly Lawrence took out the contents one by one, and laid them on the table. Diamonds fit for a princess. Tiara, necklace, and sunbursts, bracelets and rings, they seemed to fill the whole room with their radiance.

The jewels lay in a little pile, and Lawrence, his head resting between his hands, was gazing fondly at them, when he felt a light touch on his shoulder, and glancing up, saw Eleanor standing beside him with a look on her face that chilled his blood.

"Good God, Eleanor!" he cried, "what is the matter."

"Why have you brought them here?" asked the girl hoarsely, pointing to the twinkling heap.

For a moment Lawrence was taken aback, and then, springing up, and catching up the jewels in both hands, he held them out to her.

"I have brought them for you," he cried. "Oh Eleanor, my darling, do you not understand?"

"I understand only too well," she answered, "Oh why—why—have you done this thing?"

"Will you not take them?" he asked imploringly.

"Put them back on the table," she said. "Yes, I will take them, but not from your hands."

Petrified with amazement, Lawrence obeyed, and watched the girl as she replaced the ornaments one by one in the box. She handled them with evident repulsion, and closed the lid upon their brilliance as quickly as possible. Then she picked up the box, and without a word or look, began to move towards the door.

"Great heavens! Eleanor," he cried, placing himself in her path, "what does this mean?" He was beside himself with astonishment and anger at the manner in which his gift had been received.

"Have you not insulted me enough, Mr. Jackson? I must call you by that name for I do not know your real one," Eleanor replied. "No, stand aside, do not dare to touch me. You need not be afraid, no one shall know from me. I will see that they are safely returned."

"Are you mad?" he cried, and would have laid a detaining hand upon her arm, but she gave him such a look that he fell back and allowed her to pass.

"Is she mad or am I?" cried the unfortunate young man. "Am I dreaming or is this a lunatic asylum?" He pressed his hands to his temples and gazed wildly about him. He was almost inclined to laugh at the absurdity of the whole thing, but the sharp stab of disappointed love dominated all other sensations, and with a feeling as if the world were toppling about his ears he rushed upstairs to his room.

When Eleanor reached her room, the first thing she did was to open her modest trunk and bury the box of diamonds among her dresses. Then she went to the window, and leaning her forehead against the cool pane looked hopelessly out into the sunshine. How she hated that man! And yet how nearly she had come to loving him! How lovable he was! So charming, so unselfish, so perfect a gentleman! No wonder that they called him "Gentleman Jackson!" What an escape she had had! How glad she ought to be that she hated him now so much!

As she continued to gaze vacantly out of the window, she suddenly became aware of the figure of a man coming up the driveway. He was small and nattily dressed, and walked slowly and with an air of military precision, stopping occasionally to look about him.

"Several detectives are busy on the case.

The concluding words of that damning paragraph flashed across her.

"He is coming here," she cried wildly. "He is coming here! Oh, they will take him!" and without a

moment's pause for thought she rushed violently down the passage and beat violently on the panels of Lawrence's door.

"Mr. Jackson," she cried, "Mr. Jackson—quick—let me in."

"Miss Ellesmere!" said Lawrence in astonishment, as the trembling girl caught him by the arms. "What on earth is the matter?"

"Fly," she gasped—"Fly. There is still time. He is coming to take you away to prison, and I cannot bear it."

"Who is coming? I do not understand, dearest." He spoke soothingly as to a frightened child, and put his arm about the girl's waist. Her face was against his shoulder and she was sobbing bitterly.

"They shall never find the diamonds," she cried. "They are hidden in my trunk, and they will never look for them there. Go!—go, before that dreadful man comes."

"Let us have a look at this dreadful man," said Lawrence, drawing the girl to the window. A smile broke out on his face; some ten yards from the front door the supposed detective was standing scrutinizing the house.

"Is that the man?" he asked.

The girl looked out. "Oh wont you go while there is time?" she pleaded. "In another minute it will be too late."

Lawrence put his hand under the girl's chin, and bent her head back until her eyes, swimming in tears, were looking straight into his.

"Eleanor," he said, "You think that I have stolen those diamonds?"

Her lips moved inarticulately, but he saw that she assented.

"And you care enough for me to come here, thinking me a thief, and warn me to escape?"

"What does it matter what you are," cried the girl with a sudden burst of passion. "Thief or honest man, I love you, God help me, as you love me. I shall never see you again, but I love you! I love you!"

On Lawrence's face came a look of exquisite happiness. "You are labouring under some extraordinary delusion," he said; "but believe me, on my word of honour, that I am innocent of any wrongdoing. Whatever I may be I am not a thief. And now will you get those diamonds?"

With a long look into her lover's frank eyes, the girl went away, obedient but mystified, and in a few moments returned with the morocco box.

"Quick," cried Lawrence, catching it from her as the door-bell rang violently, and opening the fastenings with hasty fingers.

"What are you going to do?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"I will shew you," replied Lawrence. He dragged out one piece of jewellery after another; clasped the necklace about her neck; set the tiara on her feathery crown of hair, and slipped the bracelets on her arms. "Put on the others as we go down," he said thrusting them upon her.

"Mr. Jackson," cried a voice from below, "There's a gentleman waiting to see you in the parlour."

"Coming, coming," cried Lawrence gaily.

"What does it mean?" asked Eleanor, bewildered.

"It means," cried Lawrence, "that I have won you with my own bow and spear. It means that I have crowned you my queen. Now, downstairs together, dearest, and hand in hand."

In the parlour the small dapper man was standing before the fireplace, and his impassive face lit up a little, as he noted the beauty and grace of the diamond-bedecked girl whom Lawrence led in.

"I have come, Mr.—Mr. Jackson," he was beginning, when Lawrence broke in:

"'Jackson' no more, Mr. Meredith. 'Lawrence Underwood,' now," he said. "Do you remember saying that you would be the first to congratulate me? You have come just in time. Let me introduce my future wife. The quest is ended. I have found one woman who loves me for myself."

NAKETAH.

By *Sparham Sheldrake.*

HANGING on the wall of the entrance hall of a certain fine old English mansion, amid trophies of the chase and ancient armour was, and perhaps still is, a buckskin hunting shirt. Those who care to read the following story, will learn how it came to be there :—

In a small, but well-constructed log cabin which stood snugly sheltered in one of the deepest recesses of the Rocky Mountains, a young man sat smoking a briar-wood pipe of the bull-dog pattern, and cleaning an Express rifle. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance except, perhaps, great physical strength, and a somewhat rugged face, upon which three manly virtues, courage, honesty and determination were very plainly stamped. At that period of his life, the Hon. Arthur Debenhurst was a mighty hunter and little else.

Following his every movement with eyes that had in them the devotion and adoration which may be seen in those of a Scotch collie dog when gazing at a beloved master, sat a young Indian girl of about sixteen years of age. But no dog, and very few human beings, possessed such eyes as Naketah's. "Fawn's eyes humanized," Debenhurst carelessly called them ; and the description is good enough to pass. The third occupant of the cabin was the girl's father, Waubasook, the best hunter, trapper and guide in the district.

He and Debenhurst had been closely drawn together by the keen love of sport which was common to both. The Indian had frankly invited the white man to share his cabin during the fall hunting season, and the invitation had been as frankly accepted. The host was no loser by this arrangement, for Debenhurst's unerring bullets brought in their fair share of flesh and furs ; and the latter, with the exception of a few choice skins, were unreservedly handed over to Waubasook to add to the store with which he would trade at the close of the season. The three oddly assorted companions got on very well together. Debenhurst, who had hunted the world over, wherever wild game was to be found, regaled the eager ears of the Indian with such tales of adventure by flood and field in search of big game, lions, elephants and tigers, as to make the red man hope that when he reached the happy hunting ground of his people he would find such noble quarry there ; grizzly bear being the largest specimen of the fur-bearing, carnivorous animal he had ever seen.

Naketah listened, but understood little, and said nothing. She was content to watch, furtively, the young man's face. And, moreover, her nimble fingers were busily engaged on *the* great work of her life. A true labour of love it was, and one into which she threw all the energy and skill she possessed.

Debenhurst had expressed a careless wish to own an Indian hunting shirt ; and she was making one for him. Yet so indifferent was he, that he never even noticed what she was doing ; he never realized how carefully each design, in the ornamental portion of it, was planned and carried out ; or that the finely split, and dyed porcupine-quill work was intermingled with threads of hair from the head of the worker.

At last it was finished ; and a proud girl was Naketah when she saw her hero, her demi-god, arrayed in her handiwork.

At the close of the hunting season, Debenhurst returned to civilization; but before leaving his Indian friends, he presented each with a suitable gift.

To Waubasook he gave a spare shot gun he had with him, and to Naketah, his gold watch chain, which he had managed to fashion into a bracelet. Also to the girl he gave a ten-dollar Bank of

Montreal bill, explaining to her, with Waubasook's assistance as interpreter, that if she should at any time visit one of the cities of the white man, for hitherto Naketah had never been out of the mountains, she could exchange it for something she might desire.

Naketah made a neat case of softly tanned doeskin, placed the bill in it, and hung it about her neck for "good medicine," or what her more civilized sisters would call a charm.

On his way to England Debenhurst stayed for a few days with friends in Toronto; and while there he took Naketah's gift out of his portmanteau to shew to his hostess, who had expressed a wish to see this particular specimen of Indian work; but in the hurry of packing next day, he forgot to replace it.

The shirt was found by a dishonest servant, who sold it for a dollar to a dealer in Indian curiosities; and there, for the present, we will leave it while we return to its maker.

Poor little Naketah pined after her white friend. Her willowy form became more slender, but lost much of its springy alertness; her soft brown eyes acquired that look of patient, sad resignation which one so often sees in women of her race.

Waubasook noticed all this, and said nothing; but he determined that when he made his next trip to the trading post to dispose of his furs, he would take his daughter with him. And he did so.

While at the post Naketah was the guest of the missionary's wife, who took a great fancy to the sad-eyed girl. And it so turned out that when Waubasook left for his mountain home, Naketah, with his full approbation, remained behind with her new friends, to learn the ways of the white man and the church catechism at one and the same time. And so keen was her desire to become, if even in some respects, like the being she worshipped, that she made rapid progress in both.

About this time Mrs. Ross, the missionary's wife, received a pressing invitation from a certain society to visit Toronto and some other cities of Ontario, and it was represented to her that she could "further the cause" by bringing with her a presentable convert. "It looks well on the platform, and always draws," her correspondent wrote.

So she decided to take Naketah, and the girl's delight knew no bounds. *He* had gone to meet the rising sun, and she was going to follow on his trail. Every step would bring her nearer to the one being on earth whom she adored. Her eyes began to recover their lustre, and her willowy form rounded out into more graceful proportions.

The wonder and whirl of train and steamboat passed, and Toronto was reached at last. Naketah, in due course, appeared on the platform at a missionary meeting, and "drew the house" as she shyly recited one of the church hymns in the language of her tribe.

Little by little, as she grew accustomed to the bustle and traffic of the city, she ventured on short trips about the streets by herself.

During one of these timidly undertaken excursions she paused in front of a shop window wherein Indian curiosities were displayed, and, among these, to her utter amazement, *she saw the hunting shirt she had made for Debenhurst.*

At first she could scarcely believe her eyes; but a more careful scrutiny removed all doubts. She could not be mistaken in her own handiwork. But how came it there? Surely some misfortune must have befallen the owner, or he would not have parted with her humble gift.

Hitherto she had never entered a shop when alone, nor voluntarily addressed a stranger, for her command of the English language was still very imperfect. But on this occasion she cast off her timidity and went boldly in. Pointing to the shirt, she said in her low, sweet voice, "How you get?"

The man took down the "article," looked at a small tag attached to the collar, and replied shortly, "Six-fifty."

Naketah did not understand, and she shook her head.

"Too much, eh?" said the man; "well, I can't let it go for less," and he was about to replace the shirt in the

window, when she stopped him with an eager gesture.

She remembered what Debenhurst had told her when he gave her the ten-dollar bill, that *if she should see anything in one of the cities of the white man she would like to have, she could exchange the money for it.*

So far the bill in its leathern receptacle had never left her neck, but now with a quick eager motion of her slender brown hands, she disengaged it, and taking the money from the case as reverently as a good Catholic might handle a holy relic, she held it out.

"You give, me give," she said.

The man took the bill and examined it, then finding that it was a good one, he with well simulated reluctance made the shirt into a parcel and handed it to her. And she, never dreaming of demanding change, of which, indeed, she knew nothing, sped away home with her precious burden.

The dealer in Indian curios chuckled. He had made a clear nine dollars by his bargain, by taking advantage first of the dishonesty of the servant, and next of the ignorance of the poor Indian girl. But, being a "good Christian man," on the following Sabbath he dropped a quarter of a dollar in the plate, in aid of mission work among our Indians.

During her stay in Toronto and in other cities which were visited, Naketah was exhibited on platforms much as if she had been a tame bear. No wonder, then, that she grew heartily tired and homesick. Also she worried a good deal over the probable fate of Debenhurst, for she felt sure that some evil had befallen him. She did not even know his name, and if she had known it she was far too shy and reticent to mention her trouble to her only white friend, Mrs. Ross.

In due course of time she found herself, to her great delight, back again in her mountain home; and with her she had the shirt that had given her so much pleasure to make, and the finding of which had caused her so much pain and anxiety.

To her father she related the incident, but he could offer no other explanation of the mystery than that which had occurred to herself, namely, that some misfortune had happened to Debenhurst.

Two years passed, and Naketah drooped and wilted like a faded flower. But the hunting season came, and with it, to the intense surprise of both father and daughter, Debenhurst.

The old Indian welcomed him, figuratively, with open arms; Naketah shyly.

He was alive and safe then, after all. And the bitter thought came to the girl that he had cast aside her gift when he reached the haunts of white men, and had no further use for it. She determined, however, to say nothing about it; torture at the stake should not make her divulge the fact that she had found and preserved it so carefully. Also she begged her father not to mention it. Debenhurst, for his part, never alluded to it, and so between them arose a barrier.

Now it chanced one day that Naketah, who had been climbing in search of a certain herb she wanted, slipped and fell a distance of about thirty feet, alighting on the dry bed of a stream. Here Debenhurst found her insensible, and carried her home. For days she was delirious, and raved of the shirt and of things she would have rather bitten out her tongue than revealed. When consciousness was restored and she seemed on the fair road to recovery, Debenhurst, who had listened to her raving, gently alluded to the loss of the shirt, telling her that it had been stolen from him, and that he wanted her to make him another in its place, of which he promised he would take better care. The knowledge that he had not then, after all, despised her gift seemed to infuse new life into the girl, but alas, for a time only. She had sustained serious internal injuries from which she never recovered. With her last breath she told Debenhurst, in her pretty broken English, the story of the finding of the shirt, and with her last feeble strength she drew it from its hiding place beneath her head, and placed it in his hands. Then she fell back on her couch of furs and expired.

A PAIR OF LUNATICS.

By Claude Bryan.

IN Quebec everyone spends the summer evening on Dufferin Terrace, where the view is one of the finest in the world. Three hundred feet below the promenade the majestic St. Lawrence sweeps out through the narrows —*quebecosis*. In the near east is the beautiful Isle of Orleans, and thirty leagues beyond, Cap Tourmente stands out against the evening sky. The intervening distance is marked by the twinkling lights of the Côte de Beaupré, a graceful upland hemmed in by the Laurentides. The *toute ensemble* is magnificent by day, but indescribably beautiful at night.

I was a stranger in Quebec, having just arrived the day before by the steamer from England. After dinner I strolled out upon the terrace to finish my cigar. Some three hundred paces brought me to the south end, where the stairway runs up the glacis to the King's Bastion. Here I paused to contemplate the panorama that spread out beneath me. At the base of Cape Diamond, in middle stream, were moored *H.M.S. Crescent* and four consorts. A sailors' chorus blew up on the breeze. A mile away, across the river, the lights of Levis twinkled joyously, and on the surrounding hills the convent lamps, in their sable background, made huge pyrotechnics. A moment later the regimental band in the terrace pavilion struck up an inspiring march. A sentimental flood swept over me, and my spirit wandered in a northern Eden.

Almost comatose with pleasure I stood thus silently for several minutes. Then, a rasping rasping broke my spell.

"Say, wouldn't this jar you! To hear an eighteenth-century band tooting 'Rule Britannia.' I'll bet a cent they haven't even heard of rag-time up here in Quebec; and we've had it in Brooklyn for dear knows how long."

I smiled, though the face, the voice, the whine, the everything, annoyed me.

"You see," continued the *cadavre*, bearing hard upon his nasal notes, "I got a little holiday from business the other day, and I thought I'd take a jaunt up here to Quebec. But, s' help me, if it aint the slowest place I've ever been in. Why, there aint a blessed thing going on. And I don't care an awful lot for climbing up break-neck stairs, and tearing up hill and down hill in an old-fashioned *calèche* that threatens to go to pieces every minute. Why on earth don't they pull down these bally old gates and run trolley cars? Look a' here, if we just had Sous-le-Cap street in Manhattan, why we'd blast the rock away and turn it into a boulevard, or at least have a roof-garden at the top of the cliff. It's all rot, absolute rot, this talk about its being picturesque and all that; what use, for instance, is that old citadel up there? Why don't they knock it down and build an observatory, or a bicycle track, or something?"

The unromantic nature of this stranger worried me; yet he failed to notice my taciturnity, and proceeded in a high key.

"Yes, partner, this is a slower town than Portland, Maine. Why there aint even a music hall running in the summer time; and if you want a drink on Sunday you have to buy it Saturday night. Have a smoke?"

I declined with what friendliness I could simulate.

"And they tell me," he continued, "that there aint even a butcher-shop in town; and that the ladies have to go to market and buy their meat and vegetables off the waggons of the *habitants*. Fancy, having to go to market with a basket on your arm, and having to know French. I call that a dago

language, and, you bet, I'll never learn it."

I knew he wouldn't, but kept myself from saying so. Just here I thought I saw him wonder if I were dumb. Still for all that he scarcely faltered. Here was a worse bore than buttonholed Horace at the corner of the Julian Basilica! I shuffled, and sighed even from the diaphragm. Then, like a flash, a strange method of revenge suggested itself to me. Up to now, my voice had hardly once been heard. With that preface, to feign insanity was easy.

I leaned across and looked at him with the whites of my eyes. "Yours is a sad, sad story," I whispered, dramatically. "Do you mean to tell me that you are really George Washington, and that they wont even rent you a room in the White House?"

"Who said anything about the White House, you Daffy," he exclaimed; but I observed that his bravado hardly concealed the tremor in his voice.

"Daffy," I whispered hoarsely, and with growing vehemence, "I never let anyone call *me* Daffy. Once a boy at school called me Daffy, and I cut him up so badly that they clipped my wings and put a chain around my neck."

The fellow started; for while I had the brawn of a Guardsman, Sweet Caporal had taken a cubit from his stature.

"But some way, I sort of like you." (Here I took a savage grip upon his arm.) "What do you say to a stroll down to the Cul-de-sac?"

No answer. But I felt him shake all over at the prospect of a lonely walk with a crazy man. We shuffled along the Terrace, I well-nigh supporting his nerveless body.

When we had reached the Chateau end of the Terrace, I felt him trying to slip my grasp. I purposely relaxed it. A moment later a policeman hove in sight, and wrenching himself free, my companion bolted. I backed up against the railing and watched them; but to conceal amusement required my best effort.

Then I saw the officer coming towards me gingerly, and my late companion skulking in his rear. But I was not yet willing to end the farce.

"See here," I said, quietly, when the policeman had reached me, "You have just been talking to a lunatic. The poor fellow fancies everyone is crazy and seeking to kill him. I am his guardian, and he has been giving me a good deal of trouble this evening. He is of a good New York family, and his physician sent him to Quebec for a change of air. I am now trying to get him quietly into his room at the Chateau; and to save a scene I have given him the liberty he seems to have."

The policeman gave me his most knowing wink, and looked sadly across at my demented companion, whose discretion had kept him just beyond our voices. Then heaving a sigh of officious sympathy the officer continued his beat.

I quickly lost myself in the crowd, and soon sought my room.

Next morning I heard that a young man on the promenade had been rather roughly handled, and was now locked safely in No. 61, awaiting an examination as to the condition of his mind. The keen-eyed policeman had come once more upon my victim, and, supposing that he had evaded his chaperon, had taken him in charge.

I myself left Quebec by the next train—the mental examination still pending; and although I never heard more of my effusive friend, I fancy he had some difficulty in establishing his sanity.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited by
Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

THE annual exodus has taken place, and crowded steamers and railway trains have carried thousands of people from the hot Canadian cities in search of recreation, change and enjoyment. The summer holidays have become universal in Canada, and for this we should be thankful, from a patriotic as well as an individual standpoint. The old adage still holds good, that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Unfortunately, however, there are many men and women whose limited means prevent a trip to the sea or to the various rural retreats along our lakes and rivers. Yet these persons need the tonic of rest and change of scene even more than their more fortunate sisters and brothers.

SUMMER DAYS.

One summer, now some years ago, there were several friends living in a small Canadian town who, for different reasons, found it difficult to leave home for any lengthened holiday. Yet they desired a change from the usual routine. The matter was discussed one evening at the house of the Bank Manager, when some one suggested a camping party on a large scale. After such objections as "hard work," "discomfort," and the like had been overcome by the enthusiasts, and after several meetings had been held to talk the matter over, the following plan was agreed upon: The camp was to be held in a beautiful place some twenty miles distant by rail, so that the men of the party might go to business by the morning train and return to camp in the evening in time for dinner. A capable man cook was to be engaged, and a cooking stove and a number of tents were to be rented, including a large dining-room tent with a long table that would seat the whole party. All the supplies were to be ordered and sent out daily from the town, and at the conclusion of the camp all expenses were to be divided per capita. The married ladies were to take day about as housekeeper, and each one was to be assisted by some of the young ladies. The Bank Manager, the Lawyer and the Accountant were appointed a finance committee, and certain definite rules were drawn up as to the hours for meals and the like. The camp lasted several weeks, and proved to be a delightful success in every way. Each married couple had a tent of their own, and while some favoured camp beds, those who had camped before much preferred a bed made of springy fragrant hemlock boughs properly laid. Much ingenuity was shown in the fitting up of toilet tables and wardrobes, and the art of being thoroughly comfortable under canvas was completely mastered. The bachelors had a big tent to themselves, while another large tent was the home of the young ladies of the party. A good-natured rivalry existed among the housekeepers and their assistants as to who should give the best dinners and have the prettiest table decorations. The results attained were surprising, for ferns, fungi, wild vines, coloured lights and wild flowers afforded endless variety. As it had been decided from the first that there was to be no stint, the menu included poultry and the new vegetables and fruits as they came in season. The man-cook did all the ordinary work, but many dainty puddings and other dishes were made by the ladies themselves on their "days," such small occupations being quite enjoyable. The party never numbered less than sixteen, and sometimes included double that number.

The surroundings were very beauti-

ful, large forest trees affording plenty of shade, while good fishing and bathing were to be had in the river near by. Lovely walks were found in various directions, and from "point look-out," a wide expanse of distant hills and the valleys between, afforded the artists in the party plenty of scope for pencil and brush. In the evenings after dinner, which was at half-past six o'clock, the campers followed their own inclinations, but all met again at nine o'clock for an hour of songs and story-telling round the camp-fire before the bugle sounded "Lights out."

A happier or more healthful holiday could not have been enjoyed, and as the men spent their fortnight's vacation in camp, they had at least a short experience of the pleasant, restful days there which the ladies so much appreciated. Towards the end of the time a dim fear of the possible cost of it all began to gather in the minds of some of those with limited incomes, a fear that proved, however, to be quite without foundation, for when the camp broke up, and the finance committee had paid all the bills, it was found that the share of each individual was exactly $3.25 a week! A better illustration of the possibilities of co-operative housekeeping could hardly be found.

Many interesting details concerning the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to our sister Commonwealth over the seas are coming to us now through the Australian newspapers. The illustrations in these papers show that the scheme of decoration both in Sydney and in Melbourne was extremely elaborate and beautiful, and there was evidently not a little rivalry between the two cities as to which should do best. The school children's fête in Melbourne must have been particularly attractive, and was much appreciated by the Royal guests. For this fête 5,000 children selected from 57 Metropolitan State Schools sang. And there were exhibitions of physical drill with arms, "free exercises", a striking Union Jack display in costumes representing the four nationalities of the United Kingdom and Ireland, dances, wand drill by girls, bayonet exercises by 200 cadets, and a combined recitation of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" with drum and bugle accompaniment by these same cadets. The cutlass drill of these little bluejackets appeared to interest the Royal visitors, and when the boys swung off to the song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," both the Duke and Duchess joined heartily in the applause. The Maypole dance was described as a dream of beauty, "in which the children were dressed as gipsies, Red Riding Hoods, elves, and other quaint and interesting beings of the fairy world, the dancers fairly revelling in their sport. With a continual flow of inspiriting music from massed military bands, and the bright sunlight overhead, a more delightful scene could scarcely have been imagined. The flower song and dance was another item of rustic charm and simplicity. Thousands of children bearing nosegays, joined in the chant, and while they chanted in swelling chorus sixty girls in dainty green robes, with garlands of flowers circled over their heads, skipped and danced to the graceful measures with an abandon that did one good to see."

TO AUSTRALIA.

By arrangement, the Union Jack was hoisted on each of the 7,000 State Schools in the Federation at the same minute, the signal being given by the Duchess with a golden electric key at this public school gathering in Melbourne. As the flags were hoisted in every school outside Melbourne the children sang "God Save the King" and cheered for the flag.

Under the title "How to Keep Cool," Miss Anna Barrows, the literary editor of that interesting and useful magazine, *The American Kitchen*, writes: "Two subjects there are about which the ordinary human being considers himself or herself fully intelligent: these are food and

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

clothing. Yet few persons use discretion in adapting their food to the weather, however it may be about clothing.

"Who has a right to expect to be comfortable on a hot day if the food consumed has sufficient heat-giving capacity for zero weather? There are many households where the same routine of steaks and chops and roasts are carried to the table in July as in January.

"The first way, then, to lighten the burden of the housekeeper and increase the comfort of the individual members of the family is by a change of diet. For the time being, become at least a half-way vegetarian, and use few meats, but an abundance of fruits and vegetables."

The annual executive meeting of the National Council of Women of the United States will be held in Buffalo in September.

WOMEN WORKERS.

The convention of the Order of the King's Sons and Daughters which was held in St. John, N.B., lately, passed off most successfully. Very sincere regret was felt by all the delegates at the continued illness of Mrs. Tilley, of London, the Dominion Secretary, which not only prevented her attendance but which also made her resignation of the Dominion Secretaryship necessary. Miss Annie Brown, of Toronto, was elected Secretary and Mrs. Austin, of Toronto, was made Treasurer. The increase of the annual membership fee from 20c. to 25c. was decided upon after some discussion. The presence of Mrs. Isabella Charles Davis, of New York, was much enjoyed, and as usual her addresses and suggestions were most helpful.

The National Household Economic Association of the United States, which held its last annual meeting in Toronto in October, 1900, will meet this year in Buffalo, October 16th to 18th. It is probable that many Canadians also will attend these meetings, which were very much enjoyed by all who were present in Toronto.

E. C.

LOVE'S LESSON.

DEEM not my every action as my aim :
Actions most oft belie the actor's heart.
Heed not the words which daily trials proclaim ;
Too oft the erring tongue forsakes its part.
Look in my eyes : dost thou not there behold
More deep-set truth and courage than of yore?
Look in my mind : and dost not there unfold
A stronger purpose o'er the heights to soar?
Thou knowest well to read my heart ; then see
How honour, faith and love have won control.
My spirit strives to make these plain to thee,
But slow the body to obey the soul,
And I but weak, who fain would stronger be
To fully show what I have learned of thee.

Louise Campbell Glasgow.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD
by John A. Ewan

TO the general eye the relations between Great Britain and France seem more satisfactory just now than they have been for a long time. If we cast our minds back to the moment when the news reached London and Paris that Marchand was at Fashoda, we will realize that compared with that time present relations are positively dove-like. Some observers declare that this appearance of urbanity is all on the surface. Exasperation against England still rankles in the French mind, and the dangers which such a feeling threatens are by no means past.

While this may be true it is quite apparent that in order to wake it into dangerous activity something must happen, and it is an assuring circumstance that there is nothing in sight which promises to supply this excitant. It must in all honesty be said that there is not the least likelihood that the waters will be disturbed by any one on the British side, and if trouble did not come until it was stirred up in that quarter there would be many years of peace. With the exception of Newfoundland, there is not one serious open question between the two countries. The differences between them with regard to their respective positions in Africa are to a large extent closed. They may not be closed to the entire satisfaction of both sides, but the chief disputes are virtually as definitely settled as the ownership of the Channel Isles, of Algeria or Tunis. Were France to dispute the position of England in Egypt, she might just as safely dispute her position in Jersey or Guernsey. The meaning in either case would be the same. It would be interpreted as a war-like note and a notification that the French were not disposed to cultivate good relations with their English neighbours. Questioning the rights of France in Tunis or Algeria would rightly and naturally arouse resentment in France. Can Frenchmen be astonished if a similar feeling were aroused in Great Britain by a corresponding questioning of British rights in Egypt or the Soudan?

The popular irritation in France against the British people, if it exists, is not founded on anything very definite, but really has its source in a



RECIPROCITY—AS IT IS PRACTISED

—*The Minneapolis Journal*



JOHN BULL. "Hold tight, Wilfrid, there might be a kidnapper around here."

—*The St. Louis Republic*

species of petulance which is a familiar defect in human nature. It was perceived in France that the best guarantee that Britain will continue to be one of the great Powers was furnished by the extent of her colonies and their growth in wealth, influence and population. France, as we in Canada know, was an early colonizer, but the present colonizing impetus is of comparatively modern origin. Some years ago Frenchmen said, let us have colonies, too, and they proceeded to realize their aspirations. It must be said they have done very well in the matter of acquiring territory. Algiers, Tunis, French China or Siam and Madagascar make a most imposing showing as the fruits of this movement.

There is a fly in the ointment, however. Colonies are for nations with an irrepressible tendency to increase and swarm. The British Isles had to have an overflow territory or become so congested as to imperil civilization. Germany is in the same position; but for lack of suitable territories of her own all that she has succeeded in doing is to contribute to America one of its best elements. No wonder that she looks with longing eyes on South America, where many of her sons are now making themselves homes, and chafes at the assumptions of the Monroe doctrine.

France is not face to face with this overflow problem at all. Her population is almost stationary and her rich soil and diversified manufactures furnish a livelihood for all. She has really provided herself with something that she does not need, with the result that her colonies are not growing outposts of Frenchmen, but bureaus where the affairs of native populations are administered. It is doubtful if any of them are self-sustaining, but, at all events, a portentous item in the annual budget is the cost of colonial administrations.

France is therefore in the position of the man who receives advice from a superior person who is distasteful to him, knows that it is good advice, and yet doggedly determines to disregard it. There is possibly the constant feeling that after all the expenditures that have been borne in carrying out the colonial programme, the first incidents in a war with this powerful naval neighbour would be the capture one after another of the chief seats of colonial trade and power. The remarkable thing is that, while in the tensest phase of this pursuit of colonies, Egypt should have been allowed to slip through French fingers. The inner history of that episode has not yet been written. That it has an inner history we may be sure, for there are features of it that are not explained by what is seen on the surface.

France was the dominant European interest at Cairo. A Frenchman by building the Suez canal had created modern Egypt. Frenchmen had loaned the Egyptians large sums of money. French papers were published in Alexandria. Then it was discovered that Egypt was so grossly misgoverned that she was bankrupt and unless strong measures were taken she would become a defaulter. Then was France's opportunity, but her heart failed her and Britain accepted the chance or the responsibility which her neighbour declined. By this moment of indecision France lost the dominion of the Nile valley and has since observed with undisguised chagrin the success of British administration and the gradual restoration of Egyptian authority and order over the whole vast region almost to the sources of the great river and proceeding on to the fertile lands of the Bahr-el-Ghazal.

It is only now that we are fully learning how near France's last despairing clutch at this territory came to plunging the two countries into war. In conversation with a friend the other day ex-President Faure relates that in the midst of the excitement consequent upon Marchand's arrival at Fashoda, France set herself seriously to get ready for war. It was recognized that she was not prepared, and the Government without the shadow of a sanction from the Chambers spent some $18,000,000 in improving the defences of Bizerta and in other measures of a like nature. The moderation of the authorities on both sides of the Channel, together with M. Marchand's withdrawal from Fashoda, averted the catastrophe. The vapourings of journalists, the ex-President says, rendered the situation difficult, and the incident should serve to remind publicists that instead of adding fuel to the fierce blaze of public opinion, it is often the duty of the patriotic writer to endeavour to abate it. *Punch*, it will be remembered, at that time represented France as an organ-grinder, and Marchand, attired in the uniform of the French army, as a monkey. Such a cartoon was not calculated to allay ill-feeling.

Although baulked in Egypt, France has still her eye on Africa, and Morocco is particularly regarded as a desirable addition to the French possessions on the southern shores of the Mediterranean. Spain used to assume a sort of near-relation attitude towards Morocco, but her sister Powers seem to agree to treat her now as a wholly negligable quantity. The Moors, of course, object to absorption by anybody. Great Britain's attitude seems to be one of indifference. But Germany at once grows interested, and its press declares that such a proposition as the acquisition of Morocco by France is not to be thought of. Great Britain's assumed indifference is, it is to be feared, Machiavelian. Lord



PHILADELPHIA'S FRANCHISE HERCULES

FATHER PENN: "I can't see, my yellow friend, that I'm much better off than yourself!"



LONDON POLITICS

LIBERAL PARTY: "Oh, you boys, you boys! If you don't stop quarreling this minute I'll send for Lord Rosebery as sure as eggs are eggs!"

London Daily Express

Salisbury has always had great faith that the mutual jealousies of other nations may at times be trusted to keep things straight. He has not miscalculated this time, and the position that he establishes is that it is not the supercilious Englishman who stands between France and Morocco, but the old enemy who holds two fair provinces of France in subjection.

The troubles of the British Liberal party have been attracting a great deal of attention, and in some quarters the opinion is growing that the split is irremediable, and that such a thing as a thoroughly re-united Liberal party will never be seen again. The fact of the matter is, that there always has been and always will be sections in a Liberal party with more or less sharp lines of division. When there is one dominant question upon which all the sections are united, subordinate questions are easily kept in the background. When there is no dominant question and consequently no dominant personality, one clique or section with its little platform becomes as important as any other, and the merely titular leader carries but small weight of authority. When the electorate virtually elects a leader by accepting a great idea of which he is the leading advocate, the cliques in Parliament have to bow in submission or fight it out with those who send them there. There will always be parties so long as there are two kinds of men, one of whom is inclined to think that the world is about as good as it can be made, and another who has a tendency to try new methods.

The trouble with the Liberal party in England is that at the moment it has no real democratic leader. This is clearly seen in the wearied attempts that are being made to reorganize the army. What chiefly ails the army is clear enough, but an adequate remedy cannot be looked for from the present holders of power, and there seems nobody on the other side bold enough to break away from tradition and incur the odium of the class to which he belongs. There is no room here for a dissertation on what constitutes a soldier, but there can be no question that it is a profession in which decision, quickness of apprehension, practicalness, high adaptability and all the other qualities which the struggle of life develops are of the first value. The English meet these requirements in their officers by making soldiering the chosen calling of the class which by its training and environment is sure to have the least possible stock of that class of qualities. The dilettante young gentlemen who make it a merit to regard everything practical as a bore, single out this profession, in which inculcated quickness and sharp mother-wit count for so much, as the one which their self-confessed incapacity is calculated to adorn. Here is a field for a democratic reformer, but he did

not make his appearance in the recent discussions.

The Emperor Francis-Joseph has been visiting Bohemia, and was everywhere received with enthusiasm. The aged monarch seems the sole link between the antagonistic elements that make up his empire. A few hours before the Emperor's arrival in Prague a number of German students marched through the streets bearing the Prussian flag, a proceeding which was naturally strongly resented by the Czechs, and the disagreements of the two sections promised to spoil the Emperor's visit. Another incident worth recording is that the professors of the German University at Prague, having received invitations in the Czech language to some of the ceremonies incidental to the royal visit, returned them with the words written across them in German, "We do not understand this language." If they do not understand the language of the country in which their university is situated it argues but little on behalf of their scholarship.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

DURING the past two or three years the Provinces by the Atlantic have passed into a new stage of their existence. From 1870 to 1895 their progress was not rapid. Since 1895 there are signs of an industrial revival which is likely to produce great results during the next decade. The people are wakening from a period of rest; they are more ambitious, more anxious for industrial and commercial developments, more restless in their activities.

MARITIME PROVINCE CHARACTERISTICS.

This is especially true of Nova Scotia. Prince Edward Island is never likely to be the home of industries. It is essentially a large market-garden. New Brunswick is cursed with politics, and the efforts of rich and poor are too often devoted to securing a rake-off from Governmental and political expenditures. At one or two places, notably St. John, the people rise to greater mental heights and progress is quite evident. Nevertheless, New Brunswick should be born again. The people themselves say so, and no one can be found to contradict them.

The Maritime Provinces are much nearer Toronto and Montreal than they were some years ago. St. John is only 24 hours' distance from Montreal by the Intercolonial and still nearer by the Canadian Pacific Short Line, while Halifax is 27 hours away. A person may travel from Toronto to Halifax by Grand Trunk and Intercolonial in 37 hours, and to St. John in three hours less. Sydney, the new city of the Province, is only 33½ hours from Montreal, and 43½ from Toronto.

DISTANCES.

The great improvement in the Intercolonial Railway has helped to bind the Maritime Provinces closer to Canada. This was the purpose of the road; this must ever be its purpose. Its trains now run as fast as any others in Canada. Its new locomotives are huge and powerful. Its sleeping and parlour cars are large, fresh and comfortable, though the discipline might be improved a few degrees. This might also be said of the dining-car service which is good, but no better than it should be.

Fewer people are travelling on passes

over the I.C.R. than during former years, but there are still too many of these privileges floating about. Every leading politician, whether lawyer or newspaper reporter, is said to have one of these handy pasteboards. Still there are only one-third of what there were a few years ago. Mr. Blair has had a heavy fight, but he has done much to remove the "pass" from among the influences which have tended to undermine the self-respect of the people by the sea. A Government railway is a danger if it is kept in politics.

NEWSPAPERS.

The people of the Provinces are not so slow as the fancy of some people has painted them. They are thoughtful and progressive, though not restless and aggressive. They have been badly led by their politicians and their newspapers, the latter being the toys of the former. The newspapers have two great faults. In the first place, they have placed their politics ahead of patriotism. They have filled and are filling their papers with United States despatches and political diatribes. The percentage of United States despatches in the Maritime Province papers is twice as great as in the Ontario papers. In fact, their news is mainly American. There is practically no news from Ontario and the North-West. This accounts for any lack of Canadian sentiment there may be down there, and also for the continued (for it still exists) emigration of the young men and the young women to the United States.

Newspapers are a great factor in a country's progress. The Maritime Province publishers should recognize this more. The people should recognize it more. The newspaper must be well edited, well supported and well housed. In the Maritime Provinces they are well but mistakenly edited, they are ill-supported, and, with the exception of Halifax and St. John, they are badly housed. The Moncton *Transcript* has a handsome office, as has the Sydney *Record*. The Charlottetown newspaper offices, for example, are easily the worst in Canada: there is nothing in the Ontario towns to equal them for lack of appearance, unhandiness and dinginess. A newspaper office is a pattern to the community, and it should be one of the beauty spots in a town or city. It is so in Halifax and St. John, as in Ontario cities, but it is not true of the great bulk of the newspaper offices of the Provinces by the sea.



TOURISTS.

The number of tourists yearly invading the Provinces along the Atlantic shows a steady increase. A few weeks ago, the writer went by rail from Moncton to Point Du Chene on a train which carried nearly two hundred people from Boston and other points west—all fleeing to Prince Edward Island to escape the heat which was terrifying the inhabitants of the larger American cities. The S.S. *Northumberland* that evening carried over 300 passengers from Point Du Chene to Summerside.

The trains on the Dominion Atlantic Railway from Yarmouth to Halifax, via the famous Annapolis Valley, are filled during July, August and September. This road is well equipped, and every day several passenger trains are run each way. The accommodation is good but taxed to its uttermost. In fact, the tourist traffic is so great that one could almost expect to hear of the management ordering fifty new first-class cars for this short and beautiful run.

In fact, the Maritime Provinces are overrun with tourists, from the Metapedia Valley to the Bras d'Or Lakes. Any sort of mind, diseased, worn-out or healthy, may find an ideal spot where sport, pleasure and leisure may be found in any desired quantity. This trade, however, is hampered for lack of good summer hotels and similar conveniences. And this is where the Maritime Province conservatism shows itself. There isn't a hotel in

Prince Edward Island that can accommodate a hundred people without getting dizzy. St. John is said to have the best hotel on the continent, but it is small and has been over-praised. Halifax has only two good hotels, and neither is especially attractive to tourists—neither being on the water-front. There are nice hostelries at Wolfville, Kentville, Annapolis and Digby, but these, except the latter, are inland towns. I think I am safe in stating that, except for one small hotel on the north shore of Prince Edward Island, there is not a tourist hotel on the salt-water shores of the Maritime Provinces.

Of course it is easy to criticize. Still that is no reason why any person should indulge it unnecessarily, or refrain entirely from it. Criticism should be helpful to all people, and the writer hopes that these feeble criticisms will be taken kindly, since they come from a well-wisher.

TOWNS AND CITIES.

This is an almost necessary preface to a description of the Maritime Province towns and cities. The first town one reaches is Moncton. It might be one of the most noted towns in America if it would shoot several of its citizens for the same reason as the British shot Admiral Byng. The Bore on the river at Moncton, to be seen twice a day, is one of the grandest sights in North America—a wall of water from three to eight feet high travelling up a river, and that river rising 30 to 40 feet in two hours. It is a marvellous scene and worth going many miles to see. Yet the people of Moncton have not erected an esplanade, terrace or wharf from which this great sight may be viewed.

Charlottetown, P.E.I., is known throughout the land as "sleepy hollow." It is the dingiest and most unprogressive city in the east. The Provincial buildings are a disgrace to an enlightened community, while the whole place seems to have given itself up in disgust. Nevertheless it contains white people with blue blood, people with education and culture and wealth, people who might be great if they would take the trouble. The Dominion Government should guarantee the bonds of a good summer hotel on Charlottetown's beautiful harbour, and put it in charge of the Superintendent of the P.E.I. railway. The rich citizens of Charlottetown have been waiting for years for the Plant S.S. Co. to do this.

Sydney is a new city with a spirit of enterprise which must be highly commended. It has morning and evening daily papers—and three years ago it had a couple of thousand inhabitants. It will be a beautiful place some day, creditable alike to itself and to Canada. During the next ten years its ratio of progress will probably be greater than that of any other city in Canada.

Halifax is an interesting city whose beauty is all on the outskirts. Internally it needs some pumice-stone and a coat of paint. The Imperial Government is doing its best for Halifax, and Halifax should spend part of the profits. The Nova Scotia Government might polish up its building a bit just to set the example. The liveliest thing in Halifax is the Tourist Association.

St. John is a splendid town. Approached from the Bay of Fundy at full tide, it looks like a pocket edition of Toronto or Montreal. Its streets are broad, its public squares generous and well-placed, while its buildings are modern and well-furnished. While not so wealthy as Halifax, it apparently has within it more of the elements which contribute to the growth of modern cities. With half a chance, St. John will be a great city, the commercial centre of the Provinces.

Just here it might be wise to suggest that the idea of one province instead of three is worth serious consideration. The idea has been mooted many times, and in the B.N.A. Act the Maritime Provinces are considered as a unit for some purposes. One province instead of three would mean one Cabinet dealing with larger questions

on broader lines. There would be one Provincial Legislature instead of three, with larger constituencies and fewer legislators. There would be a broader administration with less expense. There would be one large Province with a corresponding influence in Dominion affairs. Halifax should be the capital of this one Province, as it must ever remain the official city of that part of Canada. It is the oldest of the Maritime Province cities and is the official residence of the commander-in-chief of the British forces in Canada as well as headquarters for the British North Atlantic Squadron. It is, to a great extent also, the educational centre of the Provinces.

It would be difficult, perhaps, to get the people to vote in favour of union. The newspapers should give the matter the fullest and freest discussion, for, after all, the newspapers are the real discoverers and makers of public opinion. An educational campaign would bring out any real difficulties if there are such.

FIVE-BARRED GATE.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., writing in the London *Express*, complains that there is certain rusty machinery in the Imperial Parliament which is doing it no good. The five-barred gate of procedure which compels every money measure to be begun with a committee is a nuisance. The Chancellor commences his budget in the Committee of the Whole, each one of the resolutions raising money is discussed in committee, and every clause and every tax is debated. After this committee has passed upon everything the resolutions are embodied in a Bill, and the Bill has to go through all the stages and everything is debated again and again. Between the second and the third reading the Bill goes back into committee, and the same points are discussed as were brought up in the original committee. Mr. O'Connor claims that this is a relic of the days when the King wanted money and the Commons would not give it without a chance of discussing everything.

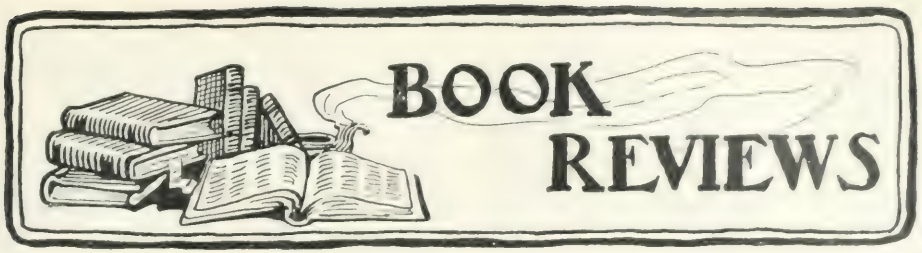
There is no doubt much to be said in favour of full and ample discussion of money votes, but there is also something to be said in favour of a more rational procedure. Here in Canada we feel the need for it—feel it so much that the sessional indemnity was increased this year, that being easier and more pleasing than a reform of procedure. This is a business age, and there is no reason why our parliamentary procedure should not be brought under the influence of modern methods. The discussion of the Manitoba Railway Bills last session showed that four or five obstinate men may delay the business of Parliament for many days and all to no purpose.



TWO WRITERS.

On January 14th, 1892, the Duke of Clarence and Cardinal Manning passed away and England was startled by the coincidence. On June 10th, 1901, Sir Walter Besant and Robert Buchanan passed away and this coincidence recalled the former. Besant and Buchanan were two of England's greatest novelists, but there the similarity ended. Besant was practical and successful, the founder of the Society of Authors, the friend of young writers and manager of the Palestine Exploration Fund. Buchanan quarrelled with everybody, including those who had at first befriended him. He quarrelled with his publisher and set up in business on his own account. He kept his life full of enemies. Yet when death claimed Besant at fifty-five and Buchanan at sixty, the world mourned them both. The world will always mourn men who have done "something."

John A. Cooper.



AS civilization advances monopolies become more and more real. In early days it was mainly artificial, the creation of a monarch or an overlord. The Hudson's Bay Co. monopoly was a monopoly of this character. Now we have postal services; copyrights and patents; municipal monopolies, as water-works, gas-works and street cars; the monopoly of railway service; and monopolies connected with the use of certain roads, bridges, ferries, canals and irrigation works. All these newer monopolies require special study and special treatment, and the world is not yet certain of the best method of dealing with them. Professor J. E. Le Rossignol, the distinguished Canadian who for several years has been Professor of Economics in the University of Denver, and who recently delivered a special course of lectures at McGill, has issued a volume dealing with this subject, and indicating in a general way the best method of dealing with each kind of monopoly. Prof. Le Rossignol is eminently candid and fair-minded in his analysis, and gives due weight to the value of encouraging capital and individual initiation, while maintaining an enlightened view of the rights of the public. His chapters dealing with the railroad problem are most valuable and worthy the serious study of those Canadians who will be responsible for Canada's future policy with regard to our great transportation lines.

One does not hear so much of the "Kailyard" school at present, probably because two of its prominent and shining lights, Mr. Barrie and Mr. Crockett, have betaken themselves to subjects less distinctively Scottish than Thrums and the Covenanters. Mr. Munro, however, continues to find satisfactory material in Highland life and character. His latest book* is in the plain-spoken and vigorous vein now characteristic of him. The time is just after the Forty-five. Doom Castle is an old stronghold in the Western Highlands. The old lord of this castle, his handsome daughter, and a French count who woos and wins her, are the favoured personages, while a host of lawless clansmen and caterans make life a perpetual danger. There is little or no romantic glamour about the Highlanders who figure in these pages. They would not do much to recreate the Jacobite legend. Mr. Munro's opinion of them does not differ greatly from Major Dalgetty's views of the Children of the Mist, whose chieftain was at least a picturesque ruffian, with a dog-like fidelity toward the man who rescued him from the dungeons of Inverary Castle. The desperate men who hovered about Doom Castle are brave but not picturesque. We recognize in them none of the qualities of the present-day MacTaggarts and MacFarlanes. But they provide a lively story of adventure which one lays down with a sigh of satisfaction at its realism and strength.

There is a freshness of scene and incident in "Like Another Helen"† which would alone account for its success. It is a terrible picture of the Cretan war, and the hideous reality of

Monopolies Past and Present, by Prof. J. E. LeRossignol. New York: Thomas Y. Crowele & Co.

*Doom Castle, by Neil Munro. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†Like Another Helen, by George Horton. Toronto: McLeod & Allen.

the massacre of Christians by Turkish soldiery would be intolerable if the narrative were not relieved by a vein of humour, and some interesting descriptions. The author was consul in Athens for several years, and acquired enough "local colour" for his story to preserve it from the charge of staginess, and enough also to raise the painful suspicion that he has not overdrawn the picture. With some delicacy of touch he describes the onslaughts of the Turks upon the Greek women, and in Panayota, the daughter of the village priest, paints a noble and charming maiden. The Yankee lad who figures in the story risks his life in her defence, but being a shoemaker and not a hero departs in the end for home without the modern Greek goddess. Why he leaves her it would be unfair to reveal, but her painful fate adds a tragedy all its own to a tale already striking enough in its intensity.

The word "up-to-date" has suffered from overwork since the exclusion of *fin de siècle*, but it has its uses. It exactly expresses the nature of Mr. Adams' "The Kidnapped Millionaires." * A more audacious or amusing romance full of satire of current extravagances the inventive wit of the novelist has not devised. Walter Hestor is a rich young New Yorker who dabbles in journalism from fancy and for the fun there is to be got out of it. He has a roving commission from the *New York Record*, a yellow journal with the modern journalistic craze for "doing things." With the idea of discussing a mooted newspaper trust he beguiles several of the most noted capitalists for a short trip down New York Bay on his luxuriously fitted ocean-going yacht. He heads out to sea and tells the astonished millionaires that they are kidnapped. He explains to an intimate friend, a barrister, whom he has also captured:

"These men on this yacht have managed to secure control of about everything in the country worth having. They run Wall Street, the banks, the trusts, the railroads, and dictate to the government. I want to find out what would happen if they should die simultaneously. Such a thing might happen, don't you know? An anarchist might blow all of them up at a directors' meeting. A cyclone might hit, or any old thing happen.... What would be the result? No one knows. I am going to find out."

Having allowed the distressed capitalists to send word to their families, Hestor whisks them off to a retreat in an unknown latitude. There he leaves them. The millionaires had a merry time. They cooked for themselves, shot game and fished. They talked of trusts and socialism. The conventional rules being suspended, they joked one another and laid in a store of health. How they escaped is related in a lively and captivating style. The real purpose of Hestor, in committing this astonishing outrage, is in the end laid bare. It clears up many things and shows that the author is too wise to tax the credulity of his readers too far. A more engaging tale for the warm weather is not procurable.

Naturally enough, the aspects of industrialism creep into modern fiction, and the fight of the shippers against railway rates is one of the real problems of the day. In "The Octopus" * we have this phase of economic disquietude worked out. In a certain district of California the landed proprietors decide to grow wheat on a large scale, but being at the mercy of one railway whose rates are so high as to preclude all profits to the growers they decide to fight the monopoly. The first engagement is political in character: they elect a state railway commission pledged to lower rates. To secure this commission bribery has been used against the wishes of the more prudent, who, however, finally succumb to the temptation. But, as is so often true, the end does not justify the means. The commission plays them false. Then the railway,

* The Kidnapped Millionaires. By Frederick U. Adams. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

* The Octopus. By Frank Nelson. Toronto: G. N. Morang & Co.

which owns large tracts of these growers' lands, exacts a price which ruins the nominal owners. When violence is resorted to the details of the bribery come out and public opinion turns against the harassed farmers. They lose their homes, their reputation and finally their lives in the contest against the giant power of a big corporation. It is a sad story of wrong met in a wrong way. It is well called an epic of the wheat, and one's sympathies go out to the minor victims, chiefly women, who fall in the general catastrophe. To relieve the gloom of the tragedy there are some bright pictures of Californian life and western humour. The author is at times rather discursive, but of his powers of description there is no doubt.

The more prosaic modern life becomes, the more the human mind, in search of diversion and distraction, reverts to the marvellous. To such a mood Mr. Marsh appeals in his absorbing tale* of an impossible Englishman who becomes an impossible Chinese god, and is the central figure in the doing of impossible things. But London is so big a mystery that many strange occurrences may happen there. The haunted barricaded house in a London slum, to which Mary Blythe, the shopgirl, becomes heiress, is as full of horrors as it is of black beetles and hungry rats. Only a strong-minded girl like Mary could have remained a day and a night in the house so as to fulfil the terms of the legacy, and the reader wishes her well out of it before she has been an hour in the place. Her experiences are gruesome. The rats are really more terrifying than the supposed god. Mary takes the correct view of the matter from the first, but does not impart her confidence to the reader. We wade knee-deep, as it were, in apparitions, ghostly voices—and rats—until the girl's obduracy in not going to a hotel for the night is annoying. But the mystery is explained in the last chapter, so that we find what appeared supernatural was only unusual, so unusual, however, as to induce the conviction that poverty is better than £500 a year when the conditions strain the nervous system past the point of endurance.

*The Joss: a Reversion. By Richard Marsh. London: Bell & Sons.

NOTES.

"Notes on the Mountain Sheep of North America, with a description of a New Species," is the title of a pamphlet published by the New York Zoological Society. The author is William T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Park. The new species of this hardy mountaineer was discovered through a skin and skull being sent down from Dawson city to Mr. John Fannin, curator of the Provincial Museum of British Columbia. Mr. Fannin showed the specimen to Mr. Hornaday, and the latter has named it "Ovis Fannini" in recognition of Mr. Fannin's work as a naturalist. The sheep is piebald or gray about the body, but white over the entire head, neck, breast, abdomen and inside of forelegs. It is said to be very plentiful in the mountains about Dawson. Most mountain sheep are pure white.

George Herbert Clarke, of Chicago, who has contributed verse to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, has issued a volume of poetry entitled "Wayfarings." It contains some three score of Mr. Clarke's pieces, most of which have appeared in the *Baptist Union*, of which paper the author is assistant editor. (Chicago: American Baptist Publication Society. Cloth $1.00).

The *Queen's Quarterly* for July contains some important articles: The German Reichstag, by W. Bennett Munro; Personal Reminiscences of Bishop Strachan, by Conway Cartwright; Socrates, by S. W. Dyde; Leslie Stephen's "The Utilitarians," by John Watson; Archibald Lampman, by John Marshall. The latter writer says: "What distinguishes poetry from verse-making is its consummate justness, its perfect balance, its unerr-

ing felicity and its sweet reasonable ness." He thinks Lampman's work is derivative, lacking in originality, narrow in range of thought and feeling, and begotten of reading rather than of observation or reflection. Apparently Mr. Marshall was not acquainted with Lampman, and is actuated with the common "professorial" contempt for Canadian litterateurs and literature.

The Empire Review (Macmillan, London, Vol. I., No. 6,) for July contains "Postal Cable Development," by Sir Sandford Fleming, and "Canadian Voyageurs," by Claude Bryan, as well as other excellent material. Mr. Bryan, who has contributed articles and stories to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, is now in London working with Mr. Gilbert Parker, M.P.

When Sir Oliver Mowat first issued his monograph, "The Evidences of Christianity," it was thought to be a campaign document issued by a politician. Since this gentleman has become Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario he has revised his monograph and reissued it. It cannot be a campaign document now, and it must be received as containing the beliefs of the author, and as being the evidence of his desire to impress upon the people to whom he was for so long a period a political leader, the fact that a man may be interested in both politics and religion. Sir Oliver is quite enthusiastic over the growth of religious denominations, and accepts statistical evidence as proofs of this growth. This perhaps is the weakness of his arguments.

In referring to *The Monthly Review* (London: John Murray; Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.) some time ago, it was pointed out that it was edited from the standpoint of "The Little Englander." The July issue (No. 10) gives further evidence of this. The choice of subjects is narrow, and the treatment of like kind. A gentleman by the name of Bowles writes of the ultimate paramountcy among the nations, and finds that "England" is supreme and always will be. He utterly ignores the colonies and "Greater Britain" in his sublime and theoretical discussion, and apparently believes that the little island has no competitor worth mentioning. Apparently he has not yet heard of Christopher Columbus and his discovery of a new world.

IDLE MOMENTS*

TREASURES.

WE besought the Chinee to lead a better life, and that he was not unmoved his troubled visage amply testified.

"Lay up treasures in heaven" urged we, "where moth and rust do not corrupt, or thieves break in and steal!"

"Or missionaries take for indemnity?" demanded the heathen eagerly.

We scarce knew what to say. For here was involved a theological nicety, touching which, if our memory served, there was no explicit revelation.—*Puck.*

NO TROUBLE.

"Yo' don't know of no coloured church needin' a preachah, do yo'?" asked a coloured brother of the Missouri Baptist evangelist. "I got no place to preach jus' now."

"Why, I always thought you were pastor of this church here," the evangelist replied.

"I was, but I's quit."

"Well, I hope you did not give them a lot of trouble, like their last pastor. He nearly ruined their church before they got rid of him."

"No, sah; didn't give 'em no trou-

*The contributions to this Department are original unless credited to some other journal.

ble—dar warn't no trouble erbout it. De deacons jus' got togedder an' handed in mah resugnation, an' I accepted it."—*Judge.*

IT MIXED HIM UP.

"As to the coming yacht race," said Mr. Sezzit to his wife, "I think it will be found that there is many a slip between the lip and the cupton."

"What?" enquired Mrs. Sezzit.

"I mean there will be many a slup between the lip and the slipton—there will be many a clip from the slip to the—confound it, I mean there will be many a lip between the cup and the slipton—no, that isn't right—there will be many a slap from the clip to the cupton—er—that is—there will be a captain from the slip—blame it, Maria, you always get me confused! What I want to say is that there will be many a slip from the lip to the scupton—what the dickens are you laughing at, anyhow! That's the way with a fool woman. Wonder to me any man of sense ever tries to talk to them."

"Why, my dear, what is wrong with you this evening?"

"There isn't anything wrong. I was going to say that there will be many a slip between the lup and —well, I hope we lose the race, anyway, just to teach you to respect your husband more when he tries to entertain you."—Baltimore *American.*

SOLDIER HUMOUR

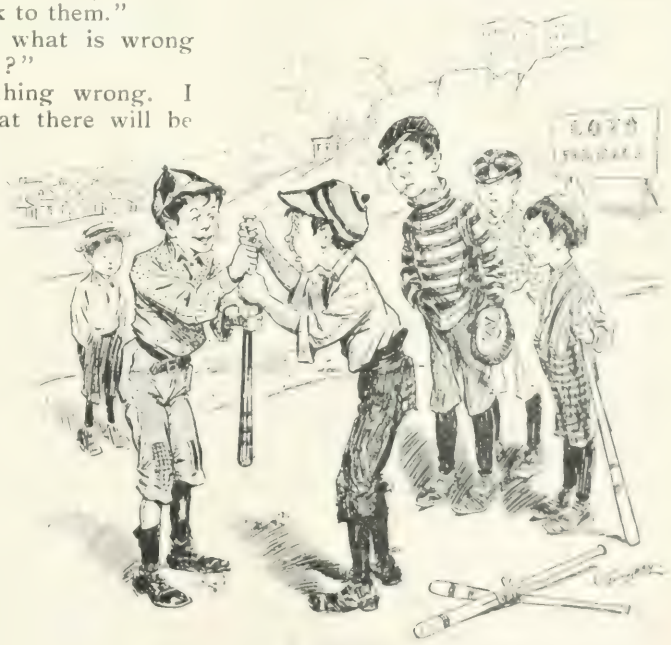
Humour in a private soldier is not an unknown quantity, as all men who know of army life will testify, but it leaked out unconsciously in the letter of a private received in Long Island city from the Philippines. This is what the soldier had to say:

"The islands are a bunch of trouble on the western horizon. They are bounded on the west by hoodooism and smuggling, on the north by rocks and destruction, on the east by typhoons and monsoons, and on the south by cannibalism and earthquakes.

"The climate is a combination of electric charges especially adapted to raising Cain. The soil is extraordinarily fertile in producing large crops of insurrection and trickery.

"The inhabitants are very industrious, the chief occupation being the making of bolos and knives and the unloading of Remington rifles and cartridges. Their amusements are cockfighting and monte, theft and cheating. Their diet consists of boiled rice, stewed rice, fried rice, and rice. The Philippine marriage service is very impressive, especially the clause wherein a wife can obtain the privilege of working as much as her husband desires.

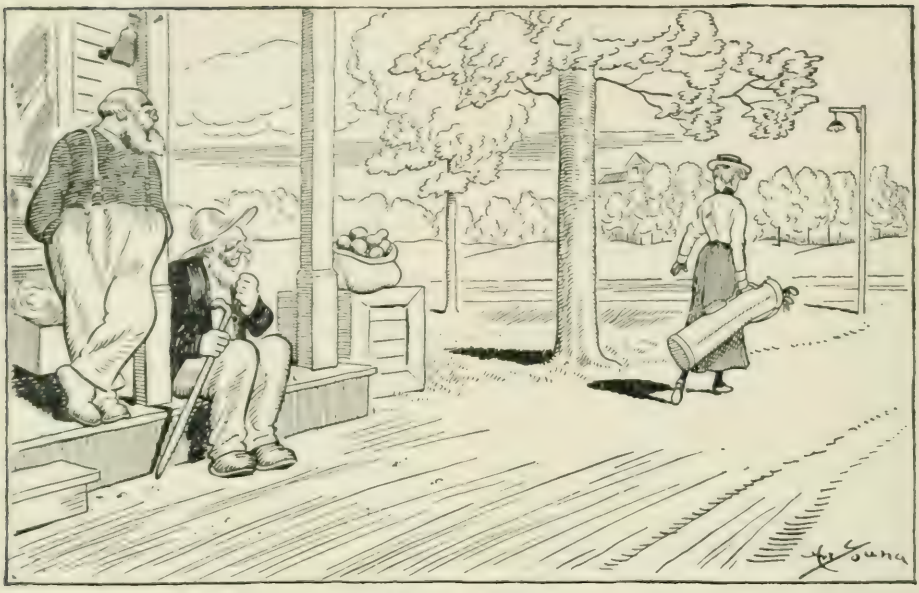
"Manila, the largest city, is situated



A CASUIST.

"All right: you win dis time. Best two out o' three."
"Best two out o' three. You did n't say nuffin 'bout dat at first."
"What yer kickin' about? You've got just as good a chance as me."

Puck.



JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

COUNTRY GROCER—"Oh, no; a girl can t carry home a pair o' shoe strings or a package o' tea—has to hev 'em delivered; but I notice she kin always manage to lug a bag o' them golf-sticks.

—*Judge.*

on beautiful Manila bay, a large land-locked body of water, full of disease, sharks, and submarine boats of Spanish make. The principal exports of the islands are rice, hemp, and sick soldiers. The most important imports are American soldiers, arms, ammunition, beer and tobacco.

"Malaria is so prevalent that on numerous occasions the islands have been taken with a chill. Communication has been established between the numerous islands by substituting mosquitoes for carrier pigeons, the mosquitoes being much larger and better able for the journey. The native costume consists of a flour sack tied around the waist, and anything under 12 years waits until next year for its clothing."
—New York *Press*.

WHAT SHE MEANT.

"What did you do at Sunday-school?" said mamma to little Bessie, who had attended for the first time.

"They asked questions out of the pussy-book," replied Bessie.

"The pussy-book?" asked mamma, vastly puzzled.

"I think she must mean the catechism," added Mabel, who was several years older.

TO A MONKEY.

(Professor Klaatsh, of Heidelberg, holds that the theory of the descent of man from an ape is no longer tenable, but that the ape is a degenerate form of man.)

Oh, monkey! saddened by the hymn
From yonder organ scrannel,
Dressed in your very short and sim-
Ple flannel,
It pained me when I gazed before
Upon your tail dependent
To think I possibly was your
Descendant.

But this no longer I bemoan;
Klaatsh says it is a fiction,
And proves, entirely to his own
Conviction,
That you are not the sire of men,
But rather to be rated
Their son, perhaps the least degen-
Erated.

Yet, monkey, after all, I fear
That Klaatsh's sage objection
Still leaves you as a very near
Connection.
It scarce improves the place of man—
In fact, I'd almost rather
Be called your son, oh, monkey! than
Your father.

—*Punch.*



PROCESSION OF THE HOLY CARPET

THIS ANNUAL SCENE IN CAIRO MARKS THE DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII SEPTEMBER, 1901 No. 5

CAIRO AND ITS PANORAMA.

WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

By M. H. Braid.

THERE is not another city in all the world where one could command just such a view as this from the citadel rock of Cairo! Here at our feet, spread out like a great relief map, lies the city domes and minarets, palaces and gardens, spacious avenues and narrow sunless streets, all mixed up in bewildering but not unpicturesque confusion. That terrace of the Lybian Hills which bounds our outlook on the west, has formed, we know, for some thirty miles of its length, the great necropolis of Memphis, and is still studded over with the greatest funeral monuments the world has ever seen. We count about a dozen of the pyramids from here, and can distinguish the outline of the familiar Sphinx. For some sixty centuries the gaze of her calm inscrutable features has been lifted afar over the desert, yet to this day no man has been able to read the riddle of her existence.

And of all the wonders of the city of Menes beyond, there is nothing now to be seen but the sacred lake, in a grove of stately palm-trees which are of yesterday by comparison, and the two fallen statues of the great Rameses, by the side of which a man looks the merest pigmy. Beyond the palm-forest lies the Apis Mausoleum, the great tomb in which the remains of the sacred bulls of Memphis were interred; above it stood the Serapenen or Temple, in which they were deified and worshipped while living.



CAIRO—PALM-GROVE ON THE SITE OF MEMPHIS

To the right we distinguish the Gizeh Museum, where are to be seen some of the oldest monuments in the world, notably, the statue of Kephren, the builder of the second pyramid. It is hewn out of the hardest diorite, is singularly spirited and life-like, and represents Egyptian art at its best period. To the same building have been brought recently the mummied remains of that Pharaoh who talked with Moses, and the fellahin whom we see tilling the land to-day with the same primitive implements as are pictured on the monuments might be Pharaoh's grandchildren, so closely do they resemble him in form and feature.

Here and there we get glimpses of the old River gleaming like a broad silver band fringed with palm-trees. And there lies the island of Roda, on which stands the old Nilometer which has done duty for so many ages in marking the rise of the "water sent from God from heaven." While Memphis was still in its glory a bridge of boats used to connect the island with the mainland where now we see that lumbering ferry-boat churning through the water with its freight of men and cattle.

Starting from the same point we trace the heavy stone arches of the aqueduct which was constructed four centuries ago to bring Nile's water up here to the citadel.

Not far from it we recognize the minaret of the Mosque of Amru, with its 230 columns, the oldest in Egypt, though but little of the original structure now remains. It stands on the spot where the foundations of Cairo were first laid by Amru, leader of the Khalif Omar's conquering army in the seventeenth year of the Hejira. Two and a half centuries later, 889 A.D., a newer Cairo was founded by Ibu Tulun on the spur of the Mokattem hills on which we stand; and in the course of time, as the city spread eastwards, the hill was strongly fortified

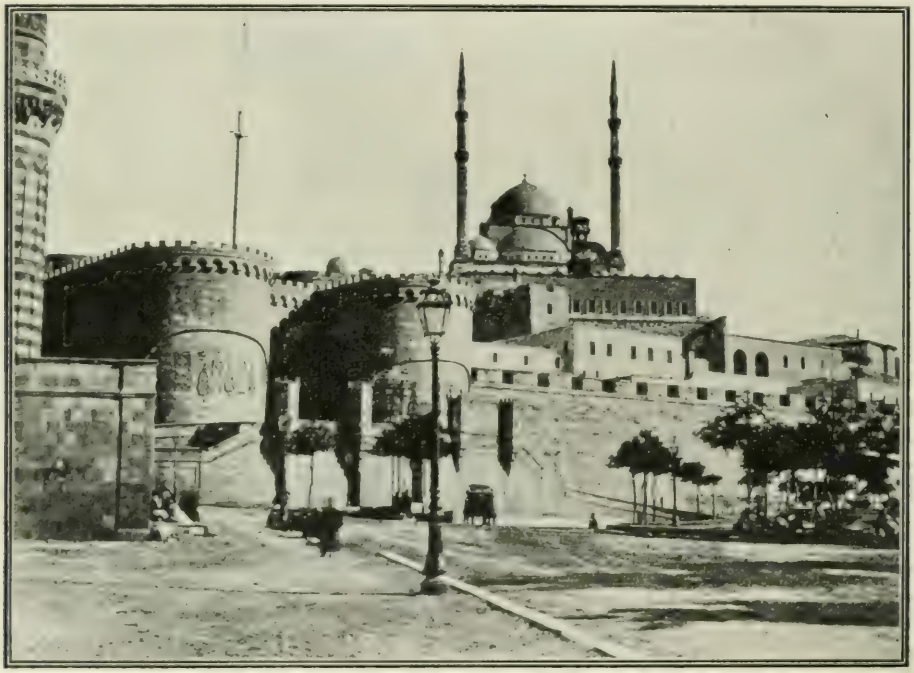


PHOTO BY LEKEJIAN, CAIRO

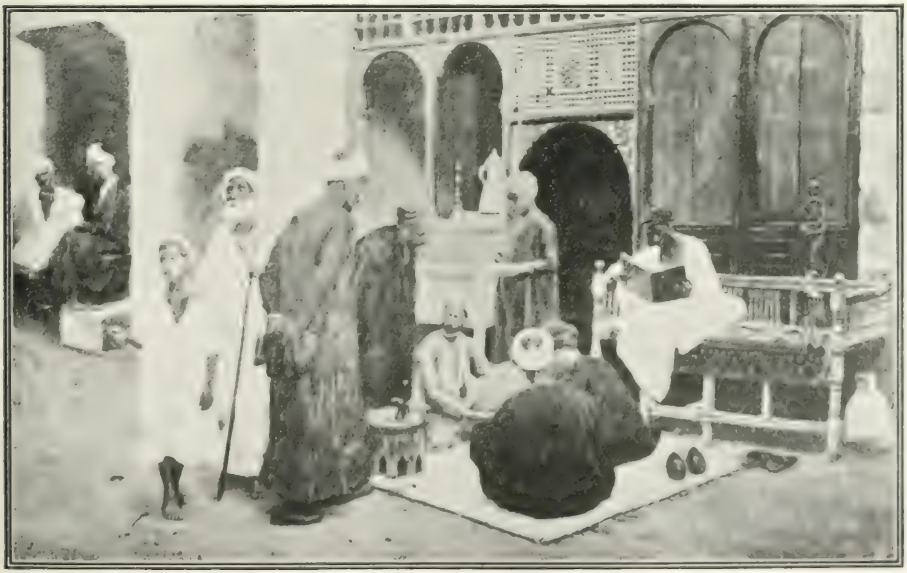
CAIRO—THE CITADEL WITH MOSQUE OF MEHEMET ALI AND EL AZHAR GATEWAY



CAIRO—EL AZHAR, THE GREAT SEAT OF MOSLEM LEARNING

and enclosed within massive walls, but the fortress itself was not built till four centuries later.

From the ramparts here we are looking down on the colonnades of the Mosque of Tulun, which formed the nucleus of the ancient city. It is more than ten centuries old, and yet enough remains of the original building, including its stair-surrounded minaret, to justify the description given by the Arab historian. He says:—"When the people beheld its marvellous beauty and splendour, they forthwith attribut-



CAIRO—CHARACTERISTIC STREET SCENE

ed to it a supernatural origin." Close beside the mosque rose that fair palace which Tulun built for his son, the magnificence of which surpassed even the splendours of Bagdad.

By moving to the right a little we see the lofty walls and six minarets of the Mosque El Azhar, which for more than nine centuries has been the great seat of learning of the Moslem world. Its vast court is surrounded with colonnades, supported by 380 columns. The living rooms of those students who come from all parts of the East to study here are situated above the cloisters, each different nationality having its own "riwak" or hall of residence (though few of the students actually live there now). For those students who may be unable to support themselves, certain endowments provide funds for supplying the necessaries of life, while tutorships and assistant professorships are attainable as in European universities. But what a different aspect when one enters this hall of ancient learning! This year there are upwards of twelve thousand students in attendance, and we see them seated in groups on the rush mattings which are spread on the pavement. Some are engaged in private study of the Koran, or its numerous treatises; others are lounging round, or eating their simple meal of bread and herbs; but by far the greater number are grouped around the professor Sheiks, in classes of from twenty to a hundred and fifty. Seated as all of them are on the ground, and as close to the teacher as possible, a large class occupies comparatively little space. Many are taking notes, some are hanging reverently on the lips of the speaker, and all seem in earnest. The numbers include several hundred boys receiving only elementary instruction.

There, right below where we stand, lies the wide square Er-Rumela, where is formed the procession of the Kiswah or Holy Carpet, that beautiful piece of art-needlework which is executed year after year at a cost of many thousand pounds, and sent with the pilgrims to Mecca to form the covering of the Kaaba. After it has done duty for a year some of the gold and silver used in embroidering it will be melted in the furnace and fashioned into rings and amulets and charms of various kinds, which are purchased by the faithful at Mecca.

This morning we have seen on this square the first of that vast band of religious devotees who are to make the long and tiresome journey to the shrine of their Prophet.

When the pilgrims have finally started from Abbasieh, a march of a few days will bring them to Suez; many will even go that distance by train, and at Suez boats are provided to take them to Djeddah, whence they pass by easy stages to Mecca.

The expenses of the pilgrimage costs the Government some £30,000, including the tribute money to be paid to the Sheiks of Arabia and Sherif of Mecca, to secure a safe passage for the pilgrims over their country.

By seven o'clock this morning the square was already crowded. A little later two native regiments of infantry took up a position on the confines of the square. Within the circle thus formed hundreds of Sheiks and Dervishes were waiting to form the procession, and crowds of spectators, native and foreign, had assembled to witness the departure. About eight o'clock the camels bearing the precious carpet, carefully packed and covered, marched forward. While they were still tramping solemnly round, a salvo of cannon was fired, announcing the arrival of the Khedive. Immediately afterwards His Highness performed the ceremony of starting the procession. It consisted in taking the reins of the leading camel, touching them with his lips, then handing them to the Emir of the pilgrimage commending him to guide and guard carefully the sacred charge committed to him, and in the name of Allah to go forward. The followers of the Prophet then gradually got themselves into the order of procession through the city, and two days later they will make the final start from Abbasieh beyond the city walls.

Dawson As It Is



By Henry J. Woodside

FROM a mosquito-haunted muskeg in 1896, the city of Dawson has sprung up like magic, and is now a place of probably seven thousand inhabitants. It has broad wooden sidewalks, well-graded streets, an excellent system of drains and ditches, electric lights, telephone system, telegraph service south and north, and many fine buildings, two of them solid brick, and a great number of warehouses.

Lieut. Schwatka, passing down the Yukon river in 1883, notes that there is a fine stretch of hay land at the mouth of the Troandike river (now Klondike), which would make a good grazing place for cattle if the mosquitoes would not eat them up. The cattle graze on the sidehills now, and there are not as many mosquitoes in Dawson in summer as there are in the city of Chicago. The drainage system and civilization were too much for the northern bloodsuckers.

The town-plot proper of Dawson was what is technically called a "nigger-head muskeg," that is a stretch of soft black muck strewn with little bristly round hillocks of turf, over which a man may walk at night as freely as a drunken man walks a tight rope. It was formerly sprinkled with bushes, and along the river front grew a fringe of spruce trees. The town plot is about ten feet above the level of the river at low water. It is about a mile long, by over a quarter of a mile in width. It is bounded on the north and east by steeply sloping mountain and hillsides, on the west by the Yukon river, and on the south by the Klondike river, which comes into the Yukon at right angles from the east, from the Rocky mountains over one hundred miles away. At the lower or nothern end of the city plot, a great landslide came down the mountain, and is said to have buried a small tribe of interesting aborigines. Over their reputed grave it piled up small loose rock and gravel in high mounds and terraces, and thus made an ideal plot for dry-cellared private residences, where the wives and families of Dawson citizens may look down on the Yukon river flowing from fifty to one hundred feet below their piazza.

In the rest of the city the foundations of buildings are laid in trenches six feet deep, chopped down into the eternally frozen black muck. Smaller dwellings have their foundations on the frozen soil, below the upper cov-



DAWSON—A GLIMPSE OF THE WATER-FRONT



DAWSON—THE NEW CITY OF THE YUKON

ering of moss. When this covering of moss is removed the sun in spring and summer thaws a considerable distance into the soil, and thus gardens are formed where wanted, although the flats of the river beds and the warm hillsides are the favourite places. The climate is so dry that gardens have to be watered or irrigated. This can be done artificially.

The Klondike river has two mouths, and between them a low island, where a large sawmill is operated. Here are several fine vegetable gardens which produce luxuriantly. Beyond or south of the branches of the Klondike river is a little town plot nestling against a high hill, called by some Klondike City, but by the pioneers here the sinister name of "Lousetown." A suspension foot bridge crosses each branch of the Klondike river near its mouth, and connects Dawson with Klondike City. The latter was ambitious to become the metropolis at one time, but there was not room enough in it for the necessary number of cabins.

A cabin is usually a small unpretentious loghouse, with enough yard in which to cut wood and throw slops; but at one time there was such an epidemic of cabin building that no ordinary townsite could accommodate the number built here. As I stumbled around the country on the Sabbath day, for a couple of summers past, and located fresh cabins in batches everywhere I went, it was my in-



DAWSON—A SAW-MILL ON THE ISLAND

tention to lump the probable number at ten thousand, more or less, but a more careful revision of statistics keeps the number down to about one-fourth of that figure. Fires have run over the hills, and have cleaned out groups of from ten to forty log cabins at a time, and although they stayed cleaned out, with their contents, yet the number did not seem to be much decreased. The log buildings of the business streets, between fires and discomfort, are making way for frame and iron structures, many of them with pretentious fronts and plate-glass windows. Some of these old three-story log buildings cost from $40,000 to $60,000 in 1897-98. They were chiefly saloons, gambling and dance houses, and their owners expected to recoup themselves within a year in the gold swim. The heart of the city was burnt over twice, in one spot thrice, and as often has the plot been rebuilt, each time better than before.

In the gold rush of 1898 Dawson became a canvas city, and the white tents gleamed all over the flats and up the hillside. In autumn everyone who could built a cabin. As it was impossible to obtain a satisfactory title to lots in much of the plot, and lots down on the flats were held at very high figures, the cabin builders had to take to the hillside, and over its top, and up the valley of the Klondike. Ornate, highly decorated cabins, plain, common-place cabins, and dilapidated, unsightly cabins or "shacks" fresco the whole upper landscape. They perch in all sorts of crannies and nooks, hanging by their eyebrows on the steep incline; they nestle at the foot of rocky cliffs, where masses of overhanging rock appear ready to wipe them out of existence; they sprinkle the narrow flats of the Klondike, and form an almost solid three-deep fringe along its banks for miles, wherever the banks permit of it.

These cabins cost high in work or in cash, for suitable logs were scarce and dear. But their era has passed. Many of them are being pulled down and sold for firewood. The new houses are of wood or galvanized iron. They look roomier, cleaner and lighter than the log cabin, with its chinked crevices, its mossed and earthed roof, a tremendous weight that frequently broke down with the steady strain. There was another order of buildings, unique in their beauty and grace. That was the scow cabin, built of two



DAWSON—A 24TH OF MAY CELEBRATION



DAWSON—A DOUBLE CABIN



DAWSON—A PIONEER HOTEL



DAWSON—THE MOST NORTHERLY NEWSPAPER OFFICE IN THE WORLD—BEYOND IS BRICK WAREHOUSE

sections of a scow cut across the centre. One section formed the floor and half of the walls, the other the roof and remaining half of the walls, with a little insertion in the middle to make the roof high enough for a man to walk erect under it. Then there was always, until recently, a fringe of floating palaces or cabins on scows adorning the upper water front. In springtime, after the ice had gone out, the wide bar opposite the police barracks, is covered with scows that have been built at the lower end of Lake La Berge, and have been the first to arrive with loads of fresh meat, vegetables, fruits and luxuries.

It is hard to satisfy some men, but if I had the laying out of Dawson town-plot and its environments, I would have raised the whole flat ten feet higher, removed the mountain to the southwest and placed it northwest, where it would not obscure the sun two hours before it sets, and removed a southern range of hills that prevent the sun from shining on the city for six weeks in December and January. With these trifling changes, Dawson's situation would be much improved. On the west side of the city the banks rise so steeply from the water that a cabin can hardly get foothold anywhere, until opposite the lower, or northern end of the city, where the western hill slopes gently down to a flat. On the slope, West Dawson, a suburb, has sprung up. It is reached by a small steam ferryboat in summer and by an ice trail in winter.

South Dawson is that portion of the city built on the Klondike banks, beginning where the river issues from the shadow of the cliffs, or golden gateway, and running west to where the Klondike joins the Yukon. It is about a quarter of a mile long and is separated from Dawson proper by the Government reserve. It is a rapidly growing district, and has quite a business of its own in all lines.

On the Government reserve is located the N.W.M.P. barracks, prison, police warehouses and drill square, and officers' and men's quarters. Around or near these are clustered the old court-house, the foundations for the new one, the residence of Government telegraph staff and architect, the Gold Commissioner's offices, the residence of Judge Craig, and police hospital. The Royal wood factory, or the "woodpile," in local parlance, is located back of the barracks, and here those who fall alive into the hands of the men of the yellow stripe, for various misdemeanours, do hard labour, sawing Government wood instead of breaking stone. That woodpile is a mighty influence for morality in Dawson, and is a greater restrainer than potassium bromide.

On the northern edge of the Government reserve is located the Good Samaritan Hospital, founded by Dr. Grant; the Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist churches, and Salvation Army barracks, also two of the schools, and the kindergarten school. These are as yet all log buildings, but the Presbyterian congregation is having plans drawn for a $12,000 church. The Yukon Council is preparing to erect a $25,000 central school and a building for the Yukon museum. New public buildings to the value of over $150,000 are to be erected this year, including the new court-house, the administration building, the Gold Commissioner's offices, commissioner's residence, and one or two others. The new post-office, completed last fall, cost the very reasonable sum, in this country, of $43,000, and is furnished in an up-to-date style. In it are housed the customs officials, with an attached examining warehouse, crown timber and lands offices, registrar's offices and government telegraph offices. It is furnished with brick vaults, and is heated with the latest hot-air appliances.

The Roman Catholic church, a lofty log structure with frame spire; St. Mary's hospital, a three-story building, recently enlarged, St. Mary's school and the Commissioner's residence, are located on the terraces of the north end. The two principal hospitals of Dawson, the Good Samaritan and St. Mary's, are aided by government or council grants, and have done a great and good work in the Klondike district.

The schools have been established from six months to a year, and are rapidly filling up with children. There are already five teachers employed. The buildings and equipment as yet are crude. The system of schools in vogue in the Northwest is followed here. The churches, although small, have been conducted by pastors of acknowledged ability, who are striving to keep pace with the growth of the country and to improve the moral tone of the community. This, although orderly and law-abiding, tolerates some things not seen elsewhere in Canada—open gambling and dance houses. These evils were very prominent and numerous, and are an importation from the Western States, but in future, thanks to the efficiency of the police, these will be reduced to a minimum, and another cause for stumbling on the part of our miners and citizens will cease to exist. The scarlet women, who have held the whole of a long block on Fourth avenue, have been warned to vacate, and are removing to places outside the city limits.

The city, from an original front street along the river, has successively overflown and occupied Second and Third avenues, as well as their intersecting streets, Harper, First, Second and Third streets. Fourth avenue is not wanted for business purposes, and Fifth avenue is wanted for schools and residences. The avenues run parallel

to the river, and the streets from it toward the hill. Sixth avenue runs along the base of the hill.

The administration of justice in Dawson is the admiration of foreigners. Canadians are naturally proud of it, but take it as a matter of course. Two judges, Mr. Justice Dugas and Mr. Justice Craig, hold territorial court, and are constantly unravelling the tangled skein of mining rights, with an occasional criminal case thrown in to add spice. The chief murder cases of Dawson have been those of dance-house women by their paramours, who have in nearly all cases been good enough to commit suicide as well. There have been half-a-dozen of these double tragedies. Two Indians and one white man were hanged in 1899, and a couple of white men in 1900, for murders up the Yukon river. One murderer has had his death sentence commuted to life imprisonment, and it is expected that another one will be dealt with so before the sentence is carried into effect. There were extenuating circumstances in both cases. Another man is in jail awaiting his trial for the most atrocious murder of Relfe, Clayson, and a telegraph lineman on Christmas, 1899. These three bodies were pushed under the ice, but contrary to its custom, the icy Yukon cast up their bodies in the spring, with the damning bullet wounds in their heads and bodies. For such a cosmopolitan country, crime is remarkably scarce.

There is a body of about two hundred and seventy-five N.W.M.P. in Yukon, of which one hundred and twenty-five are in the upper, or White Horse division, and one hundred and fifty in the middle Yukon or Dawson division. The whole force in Yukon is commanded by Major Z. Wood, with headquarters at Dawson. A large portion of the force is scattered along the Yukon river in detachments, and along the gold creeks. There are usually about sixty men available for service in Dawson between the down-town station and headquarters. The admirable system and conduct of this force is a matter of the greatest pride to Canadians, and it is due to them that the law is so rigorously enforced against crime, so that life and property are as safe in this city as in any other in Canada. It is a wonderful contrast to the condition of mining towns in the United States.

The Territory of Yukon is governed by a body called the Yukon Council, with limited right to legislate. The commissioner of Yukon is chairman of the council. The Government at Ottawa appoints five members, and two are elected by the British subjects. The elected members are Messrs. Wilson and Prudhomme. The council in time will become entirely elective, and will gradually merge into a provincial legislature. Dawson not being incorpcrated the council legislates for it, and the arrangement is very satisfactory to the citizens. Thanks to the energy and persistence of Commissioner Ogilvie and the council, Dawson is in such a position that a small but noisy band of "incorporators" are unable to influence public opinion in favour of incorporation, with its added expense, and vexatious problems. The *News*, the American newspaper here, is working hard to promote the matter, without success. The streets are well drained and graded, and are furnished with electric lights. The city is provided with an excellent fire brigade of paid members, three large steam fire engines, hook-and-ladder apparatus, double chemical, etc., and, thanks to the efficiency of Chief Stewart's men, the city has escaped this year the customary conflagration of former winters. During winter time two of the fire engines are kept housed on the river ice with steam up all the time, ready to pump as soon as the hose is laid.

The Dawson Electric Light and Power Co. is growing to be a large concern under good management. It furnishes 3,000 sixteen-candle lamps and 300 thirty-two-candle lamps for private consumers, and 78 thirty-two-candle lamps for street lighting. The company is providing electric power for machinery in the city and on the

creeks. The telephone company is another well-managed concern, having one hundred and forty telephones in the city, and twenty-six scattered along the creeks, also orders in for many more when they arrive over the ice. Capt. Oleson, an Orkney man, manages both of these prosperous companies. The city is supplied with the purest cold water, pumped from a well near the confluence of the two rivers. The well was sunk to a depth of twenty feet at a venture, and struck a strata of sand and gravel free from frost. The water is pumped to the surface,



DAWSON—VISIT OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES LORD AND LADY MINTO IN 1900—N.W.M.P. SQUARE—PHOTOGRAPH BY STURTS

and is then forced through a system of iron pipes laid along the principal streets. It is kept flowing steadily, and this, with a little artificial heat, has kept the pipes free from ice all during the severe winter, although the pipes are only laid a few inches below the surface of the ground, in wooden boxes. The hydrants are covered with small houses furnished with stoves.

Dawson has a first-class hotel, The McDonald, with a capacity for seventy first-class guests, and there are several other good hotels. The city swarms with restaurants, as only a small half of the inhabitants keep house, except as a sleeping place. The price of standard meals remains at one dollar. There are some places where cheap meals may be had for seventy-five and fifty cents. Meat of all domestic kinds and poultry remain high, ranging from forty cents to a dollar per pound. It would be still higher if it were not for the immense quantities of cariboo and moose brought down the Klondike from the foothills of the Rockies. This is sold at from twenty-five to thirty-five cents per pound. Eggs are $1.00 per doz. Flour averages five dollars per fifty pound sack. Prices are very variable, and the least sign of scarcity sends the price of an article up, as for instance, flour went up this spring to seven dollars per sack, owing to a supposed shortage. Fresh vegetables are always dear, but an increasing quantity of them are being grown each year. The great bulk is imported, and is kept in warm storage during the winter.

Furnished rooms rent from fifty to

thirty-five dollars per month. There is a lack of privacy in all the hotels and apartment hotels, owing to the thin partitions. The price of lumber, ranging about one hundred dollars per thousand feet, is responsible for this. Many rent cabins to sleep in, and get their meals at the restaurants. Spruce logs for firewood sell at fifteen dollars per cord in eight-foot lengths, and it costs about four dollars to have it cut up into stove lengths. Local coal is coming into use rapidly, and retails for thirty dollars per ton.

The banking interests are in the hands of two strong Canadian concerns, branches of the Canadian Bank of Commerce and the Bank of British North America. The latter has a modern building equipped with fireproof vaults, etc.; the former is engaged in the work of erecting one for its use. These banks have sometimes as much as a couple of million dollars' worth of gold dust each lying in their vaults. They are guarded at night by detachments of N.W.M.P. inside the building. In a country where such an enormous amount of machinery is used, valued at between two and three million dollars, machine shops will naturally flourish, and there are four of them equipped with large modern machinery, and a foundry. A dozen steamers lie up at Dawson, and furnish much repairing. The innumerable steam-thawing plants on the creeks furnish more.

Three or four big sawmills supply the demand for lumber, plain and dressed, and to see the succession of long rafts of sawlogs that arrive at Dawson during the season gives one the assurance that there is much good timber on the Upper Yukon and its tributaries. All the timber in the country should, as far as possible, be reserved for lumber alone.

The city is well supplied with newspapers. There are the two afternoon papers, the *Klondike Nugget* and the *News*, the *Morning Journal* and the *Weekly Yukon Sun*, also a couple of mining journals, the *Yukon Mining Journal* and the *Record*. The former is an excellent illustrated monthly journal devoted to Yukon interests alone. The *Sun* and *Journal* are Canadian, the *Nugget* Canadian-American, and the *News* purely American, devoted to the interests of Alaska, where it should have been located.

The aggregate amount of goods landed at the extensive system of well-built wharves fronting the city, or from scows at the bar, runs up close to ten million dollars ($10,000,000) per year, of which half comes from Canadian cities, the remainder from across the line. Some twelve thousand tons come by way of Behring Sea and up the Yukon. The same quantity comes over the Pass and down the river by steamer. Scows bring about five thousand tons more. The total tonnage landed in Dawson last year was thirty thousand tons.

To handle this bulk of goods some twenty small, medium and large stern-wheel steamers connect at Whitehorse with the White Pass and Yukon Ry., running inland from the Lynn Canal 110 miles, and run to Dawson, 450 miles by the Upper Yukon and Lake La Berge. Passengers and tourists get first-class accommodation. The travel for various reasons is large during the summer; the first and last boats are always crowded. On the Lower Yukon run, another twenty steamers of the largest class, some of them rivalling the big Mississippi ones, ply between St. Michael, at the mouth of the river, and Dawson. They have to bring their load over twelve hundred miles against a stiff current, in a shallow and shifting channel or channels.

The number and extent of the warehouses in Dawson is a marvel to a newcomer. They number about fifty, all built of corrugated iron, and will store about fifty thousand tons of goods, or say the freight of five thousand ordinary freight cars. One company, the Alaska Exploration Co., have seven, with a capacity of ten thousand tons. There is a row of warehouses on the wharves, another row on the opposite side of First avenue, and blocks of them or single ones elsewhere

through the city. Every care is taken to protect them from fire, and so far they have escaped the destructive conflagrations of earlier years. The destruction of one or more of them might mean a serious shortage of provisions for the rest of the winter. There are several warm storage buildings, one of them solid brick. In these are kept the perishables and vegetables.

The trade of the city and Klondike is largely in the hands of eight big trading companies. They are, McLennan, McFeely & Co., hardware, of Vancouver, who, I am informed, did the largest business of any firm in Yukon last season ; the Alaska Exploration Co., London and San Francisco, whose palatial Dawson branch netted a profit of $187,000 last season ; the Trading and Exploration Co. of London ; the North American Trading and Transportation Co. of Chicago ; the Alaska Commercial Co. of San Francisco ; the Seattle-Yukon Trading Co. of Seattle ; the Ladue Co., and the Ames Mercantile Co., of American cities. These companies in the autumn carry enormous stocks to last about nine months, or until the opening of navigation at the end of May. Many smaller Canadian firms are working up a good trade in the respective lines of drygoods and groceries, and, as elsewhere, the trade of the country will pass gradually into Canadian hands and into Canadian channels, if a sustained effort is made with that end in view by outside manufacturers and merchants. Of all the big companies here, the Alaska Exploration Co. deserves most credit, not only for its very handsome stores, but for developing coal and quartz mines. With that end in view the Company is having a diamond drill shipped to Dawson, to further test the quartz ledges in which it is interested, also the great conglomerate gold-bearing reefs. The N.A.T. and T. Co. have developed a coal mine a short distance below Dawson and have placed hundreds of tons of coal on the market this winter.

The placer gold fields within an area of fifty miles south-east of the city produced on an average twenty million dollars' worth of gold per year for several years past, and the output is likely to be increased this year. There appears to be enough alluvial earth in sight to last for ten years yet, and the field is broadening. We appear also to be on the eve of great quartz development.

A very fair system of roads up the different gold-bearing creeks has already been constructed, and the programme for this year is more extensive than ever, involving the expenditure of about two hundred thousand dollars in much-needed highways to open up the remoter creeks. A fine new steel bridge is now being built across the Klondike two miles above its mouth. Horses are the principal draft animals, but dogs are much used on the narrow trails. Stages run from Dawson to points along all the creeks, and the automobile has made its appearance in competition for the passenger traffic. Two well-equipped automobiles, carrying half-a-dozen passengers each, are in commission on the creek roads. Bicycles are used very extensively in and around Dawson, especially in winter time when the creek roads and trails are smooth and hard, and good time can be made over them. Regular horse stages run between Dawson and Whitehorse. They follow the ice of the Yukon much of the way, but leave it in a couple of places to make cut-offs that shorten the line greatly. Mails come and go by the same route weekly. The service has been very good this winter. Canadian newspapers are brought in by mail; the contract is for seven hundred pounds of letters and papers per week each way. The telegraph line gives connection with the head of Lynn Canal, on the North Pacific, and despatches are carried by steamer to and from B.C. cities. On August 1st, the through telegraph line from Atlin to Ashcroft on the C.P.R. will be completed, and Dawson, which is now in connection with Atlin, B.C., will have a through service direct to all Canadian cities. The Dominion Govern-

ment deserves great credit for the way in which the country has been opened up by telegraph lines.

Building material is naturally costly, both lumber and brick. Lumber of the rough class is usually not lower than seventy-five dollars per thousand feet. Brick are ten cents apiece, or one hundred dollars per thousand. A very good quality of brick is manufactured close to the city, and a complete new brick-making plant is now on the way in. Good lime is burnt within a few miles, so that with lime, brick and plenty of building stone, the material is at hand for permanent dwellings and stores. The stone foundation is now being laid for another solid brick block.

Dawson is gradually turning from an aggregation of log cabins and tents, a flaring canvas-sign mining camp, to a city of wide streets, pleasing blocks, and up-to-date conveniences of every kind. With the advent of warm, properly heated buildings, much of the terrors of the climate will disappear. As it is now, more than half the people here are living in stores and dwellings not fit to be inhabited, so far as comfort is concerned, even in the southern part of Ontario. Fortunately it is a city of almost perpetual calm, and of little rain.

Its permanency does not seem to be doubted by those shrewd financial men who so freely invest their money in various kinds of permanent enterprises on the strength of an assured future. Prices have come down in nearly all lines of clothing and furnishings, as well as in some lines of eatables, but there is still room for a big decline in that respect.

The open gambling and dance houses which surprise eastern visitors will, in a short time, be a thing of the past. Their going is hailed with satisfaction by the best business class, as they are parasites on the miners. There will be two things still left to surprise visitors in summer. One is the perpetual daylight for a couple of months, when travel and work goes on steadily the twenty-four hours. The midnight sun is not visible at any time from the highest mountains near Dawson. The other is the number of dogs around the city. These spend a great deal of their



DAWSON—FIRST MAIL TO ARRIVE FROM ST. MICHAELS, JULY 6TH, 1900—IT CONSISTED OF OVER ONE HUNDRED SACKS

time in adjusting differences that have laid over from the busy winter time.

When the time does come to incorporate the city there are two provisions that should be inserted in the charter. One is that the N.W.M.P. should be in charge of the law and order of the city, and the other is that only British subjects should be allowed a vote in the elections. The usual specious pleading is being made by those desiring incorporation, that our American cousins should be allowed to vote for councillors. Inasmuch as British subjects are not allowed either to vote in any elections, or to stake mining property in the neighbouring territory of Alaska, the plea does not come well. Moreover, British subjects who are to remain permanently in Canada are better qualified to say who are the best people to govern the city. The Americans can push a city best, but Canadians can govern it better than they, and we do not want any wide-open place here like those in Alaska, or even such a place as Seattle, where many of our miners are robbed of their gold dust in a manner that would not be tolerated in Dawson.

The amusements of the city are furnished by theatres, with more or less good drama or horseplay. A good public library is partly sustained by grants from the council. A well managed, privately owned reading-room has fifteen hundred members. The curling rink is well patronized by crack curlers from Ontario and the Northwest. There is a large skating rink and a couple of hockey rinks. Half-a-dozen hockey clubs maintain a contest for the championship of Yukon. St. Andrew's night and some other special nights are celebrated by balls of great magnificence, as there are hundreds of wives, mothers and sisters here now from Canadian and American cities. The 24th of May is celebrated royally, with games and parades. The 4th of July, a compromise between the 1st or Dominion Day and the American holiday, is also celebrated in true Western style, with a parade of gorgeous floats symbolizing historical events and conditions.

One word about advising Canadians to come to Dawson. I do not see any reason why a young man who is of an adventurous disposition should not come here rather than go across the line to U.S. mining camps. If he has patience, energy, and is resourceful, he should do well here. It is better for the new comer to secure work before going out to mine on his own account. Mining, while a perfectly legitimate industry, has many blanks for the prizes. The average wages on the creeks is from four to five dollars per day and board. Good mechanics are usually paid somewhat higher, or get one dollar per hour straight, and board themselves. The Yukon Council has passed a by-law to pay its employees at the rate of at least five dollars per day and board. Our friends from the United States pour in fast enough, and usually do well both at mining and in commercial ventures. A man coming here to succeed should especially eschew wine, women and gambling ; they are the vices of a mining camp or city. I hope to see the trade not only of Dawson but of all Yukon in the hands of Canadians before many years pass, and Canada will then be getting more value from its most northerly inhabited territory. I am satisfied as to the future. Letters should be addressed to Dawson, Yukon, Canada, not to "Dawson, Alaska."



THE BUGLER BOY

A Tale of '38

By E. Dowsley

OLD Blixter leaned across the table and glared into the dejected face of his incorrigible boy. An instant—and down came his fist with a crash that set the dishes rattling and brought the boy's eyes with a jerk to his father's face.

"Git out the house, boy!" he shouted; "git out, I tell ye!" There was a pushing of chairs and a shuffling of feet as the boy, white with fear, sprang from his seat, and the old man made a grasp as if he would seize him by the throat. Startled by the determined attack, the boy, although he nearly lost his balance, scrambled for the door to get out of his father's reach.

"Gracious, dad!" cried the mother in sudden alarm, "yer won't be turnin' yer own laddie out into the roads, will yer?"

"Let be, woman; let be!" he shouted. "Git out, I tell ye, and don't y' ever put yer nose inside ——" Bang went the door with a crash that shook the old house from foundation to roof, effectually shutting out from the ears of young Silas Blixter the parting words of his father, as he darted forward and almost tumbled out headlong on the pathway.

Old Blixter had lost his temper. It was not altogether a sudden outbreak, but rather the culminating of a somewhat longer than usual scold and worrisome argument.

On the morning of the day in question, the old man had set young Silas a task. It was usual for him to provide something of the sort, but the dutiful performance of it to the father's satisfaction was often another question. This time, as ill-luck would have it, the task assigned was wood-sawing; and if there was one occupation at which the boy could not make a success, it was wood-sawing. On this occasion Silas did put forth his efforts to make a good start, but in spite of setting and sharpening and tallow greasing, the ungrateful saw only checked and bent, rasped and groaned in stoical indifference of his efforts; the sticks persisted in hugging the blade, jumping up at one end and getting themselves into all impossible positions. Then came the sounds of shout and laughter floating across the meadows, and the lad's eyes wandered to the fields beyond; he moved a little closer, and then a little closer to the merry ring, until in the end the wood was forgotten, and his shout mingled with the others. Always a leader, he had the boys drawn up at his favourite pastime, fitted out with old felt, straw, or tinpan helmets, barrel-hoop belts, cross-stick swords, and arms of various description. He marched them and counter-marched them, harangued them to fight everything in sight, charged bayonets at the empty fences, took forts and strongholds, and cheered and shouted until the day was worn away amid the noise of din and battle.

And so it all ended. And now, outside in the sudden quietness which followed upon his violent ejection, young Silas stood for a moment in an endeavour to collect his ruffled thoughts and to comprehend it all. There was an attempt at a little whispered laugh at

first, as he bent over with his hands between his knees, in an endeavour to persuade himself that it was very funny, but the tears were close behind—he was only a boy, and was very much frightened.

Ofttime Old Blixter had stormed and threatened, but somehow or other young Silas had up to this time managed to escape any serious consequences. This time, however, there came a look in the eye of his parent the like of which the boy had never seen before, and his heart beat fast as he seemed to realize that at last it meant "git out."

For a moment the lad stood, looking about at the old garden, at each familiar spot, and away to the fields beyond; he looked wistfully at the door closed against him; he saw the closely curtained window through which the light now softly diffused, speaking to him of happy childhood days, of home, and friends, and shelter. He turned his face upwards and felt the evening shadows gathering fast; his lips quivered—just a little—but he turned him about and walked slowly out upon the roadway.

An hour later, as was his habit, Old Blixter came out and sat upon the bench beside the open door to enjoy an evening pipe. All the storm of temper and passion had now passed away, but in its place there came to the old man a sense of self-condemnation, and a vague feeling of alarm.

Through the open doorway he tried at times, with an air of indifference, to engage in conversation with the mother of his boy, who sat within engaged upon some household task, but they were pitiful attempts, followed by long spells of silence, with uneasy glances along the hedges and among the black shadows about the corners of the house.

Already the hour for retiring had come and gone. Several times the old man had shifted his position. Stealthily he had crept about and peered into the currant bushes along the fences; he had felt his way all around the outbuildings, and even the big old barn had been searched—searched as it had never been in all the years before, from floor to roof. Occasionally as he stood quite still and inclined his ear, there came a softly breathed call, "Silas! Silas! where are ye?"

There was no longer now any excuse for remaining out in the night. Once more Old Blixter walked down the little path to the gate and looked out, vainly trying to pierce through the gloom. A gust of wind came rushing down the roadway, paused before him but for an instant, snatched up a handful of white dusty earth, tossed it about in savage glee and was gone. Up in the sky came black threatening clouds, then a low mutter, and a flash of lightning.

The old man returned to the house. Entering he closed the door, bolted and double locked it. The mother arose. For an instant they looked into each other's eyes. Throughout all that weary evening she had watched him; secretly, all unknown to himself, she had followed his every movement, she had shared his anxiety, she had heard his cry.

"Will I be leavin' a light b' the windy?" she asked timidly.

"A light b' the windy! What fer?—there'll be no light by any windy in this house this night as there's never been!"

Twelve o'clock. It echoed through the house with twelve long lazy strokes, and Old Blixter moved uneasily on the bed that brought him no repose.

One o'clock. Cautiously the old man raised his head and listened, then with a quick and noiseless movement stood out upon the floor. Cautiously he lighted the candle, and shading it with his hand peered curiously for a moment across the bed, then stealthily tip-toed out on the landing and down the stairs. The light had but disappeared from the room when there glided after him a trembling white-robed figure, watching him from above as he opened the door, listening anxiously as he peered out into the black and angry night, pelting the ground with fierce weighty drops. She saw the anxious, disappointed face

as he returned and bolted the door, then swiftly and silently crept back to bed as the old man ascended the stair.

Two o'clock—three o'clock—four o'clock—the same anxious peering into the night and return to a sleepless rest.

And now, with only an occasional rumble and mutter, the clouds went hurrying away across the sky, and out from the eastern distance there came a faint ray of light—it was dawn. The duties of another day were commenced in the Blixter household; they were commenced in silence, and so were they on the following day, and for many days thereafter. In silence Old Blixter performed his usual duties. He smoked before the cottage door in the evening, he retired to his rest and arose to his work, but he became a reserved, grave, old man. His strong firm face was saddened and his temper softened, but the boy's name was never mentioned either in the household or without.

.

Two years passed away and November, 1838, brought its cold, wet days, and with it came trouble along the border of eastern Ontario. The inhabitants found themselves suddenly-called upon to defend their homes and land from the raid of those so-called patriots, better known as rebels, who had secretly upon United States territory fostered their plans for that ill-advised invasion.

For some time past couriers had been kept busy, communicating from point to point the news which was brought in by those detailed to watch the first movements of the enemy. From careful observation it soon became conviction that the town of Prescott (then a village) was the objective point, and already suspicious craft were seen hovering about the river above. Alarm and anxiety spread rapidly among the villagers, and many families with their little ones were hurriedly moved into the country districts. The volunteers of the district were quickly summoned, and irregular forces were rapidly formed by scores of loyalists, who hurried in from all parts.

News travelled fast enough in those days, and Old Blixter, though quiet and reserved himself, was kept well informed upon all interesting events by people passing his door.

It was the evening before the 13th of November, and the old man sat out in front as usual enjoying his pipe, when his attention became attracted by the sound of a horse's feet galloping in the still far-off distance. Nearer and nearer they drew until he could distinctly make out the rapid *click-a-lick*, *click-a-lick* upon the hard and partly frozen roadway. Almost immediately a courier hove in sight around a bend of the road, and the next instant with a sudden check upon the rein, swung from the saddle, and all hot and dusty leaned over the gate.

"How d' y' do, Mr. Blixter? It's great times we're having. They put me at this business because I know the roads and people round here. I just thought I'd stop and give you the news—expect a change of horse at the corners, so can't stop long. The reb's have landed — they're at Windmill Point now—there 'ill be a fight to-morrow and they're going to get it hot. All the boys are out and volunteers pouring in!"

Old Blixter had risen from his seat and was walking slowly towards the speaker, who continued—"And, I say, I saw your Silas in the village—just came in as I was leaving—wanted to volunteer, captain thought he was too young—wanted the bugle, said he knew all about it—learnt it away up west there some place, said he could sound the commands. They took him—though I don't believe another soul knows him; precious little time for names or roll-calls these times. But I can't stop another second; good-bye—if any riflemen pass send them in quick!"

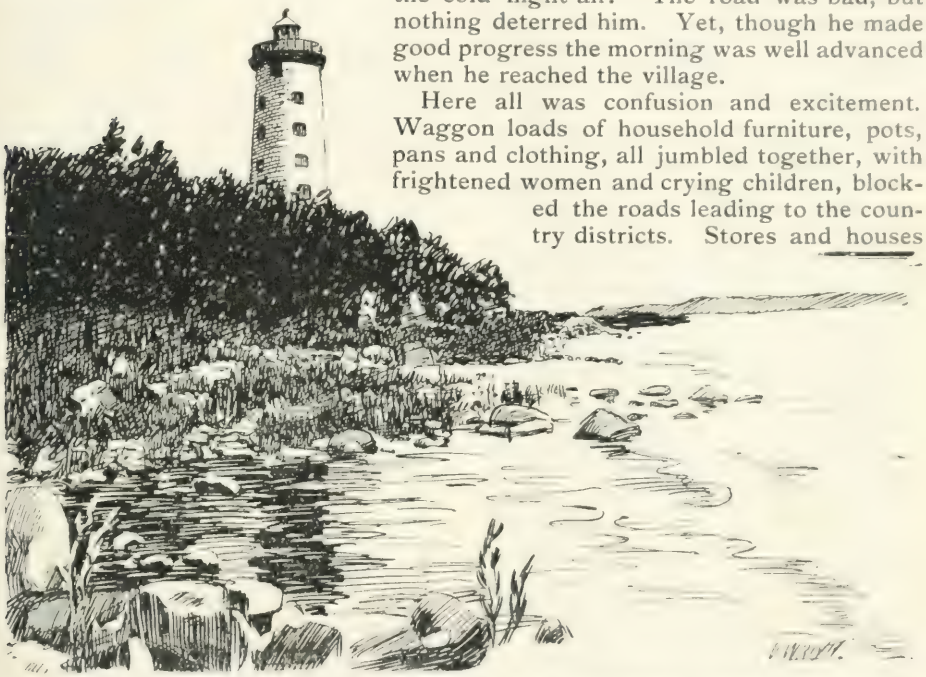
As the old man stood there, his face fixed and still, for the moment dazed, a small, hard, bony hand was slipped into his, and together the old couple stood in the chilly evening wind, and looked after the horseman as he dashed around a curve in the road and was

gone. Then, hand in hand with heavy hearts, they turned about and walked back to the house. Mutual grief had bound them closer together, but, though each knew well the other's heart, never a word had passed their lips upon the subject since that night two years ago when the lad went out from among them.

Again Old Blixter lay upon his bed with wide open eyes which spoke of sleepless rest, and again with long solemn strokes the clock tolled the hour of midnight. Slowly the old man got up from his bed and proceeded to dress himself with some deliberation in his best clothes. He had finished his toilet and pulled on a pair of stout walking boots, and had prepared to leave the room, conscious all the while that other eyes were watching by the dim light of the candle his every movement. At the door he turned and gazed steadily into the face turned to his, then silently made his way down the stair and out into the night. As the door closed behind him, a little woman figure hurried down the stair and, fearfully pulling aside a corner of the curtain, watched him go out upon the moon-lit roadway and stride off rapidly in the direction of the village. Then, burying her face in her arms, the long thin grey locks falling about her, she sat by the table and sobbed —until the morning light, stealing through the room, called her again to her household duties.

Old Blixter strode steadily on, his tall figure firm and erect as he faced the cold night air. The road was bad, but nothing deterred him. Yet, though he made good progress the morning was well advanced when he reached the village.

Here all was confusion and excitement. Waggon loads of household furniture, pots, pans and clothing, all jumbled together, with frightened women and crying children, blocked the roads leading to the country districts. Stores and houses were closed, windows locked and doors barricaded. Everything presented an air of disorder and desertion.



THE OLD WIND-MILL AS IT IS TO-DAY, NOW A GOVERNMENT LIGHTHOUSE.

About a mile below the village stood the windmill,* a great stone tower with

* The battle of the windmill was fought on the 13th Nov., 1838. Leavitt, in his authentic "History of Leeds and Grenville," places the number of killed and wounded at 114, gives the names of the officers on the Canadian forces who suffered, names of the regiments engaged and the casualties in each rank, as taken from a summary of the battle given by a British officer who was present, and also from official reports.

massive sides and narrow port-holed windows. It stood on a point extending into the river, and was moreover upon high ground, a slight eminence which lent to it excellent means for defence. During the previous day the rebels had effected a landing, occupied the mill as well as some stone houses in the vicinity, and the bushes along the river bank. Earthworks had also been thrown up to protect the approaches, and on the highest point of the slope were planted a couple of pieces of artillery commanding the road. From every port-hole of the mill clear to the top, there being several stories, pointed the rifles of sharpshooters.

Col. Young, the military commander of the district, had charge of the Canadian forces. It was early in the morning, when his men by a well-devised scheme, marched out in two columns, one going down the main road by the river side and the other with a wide sweeping movement, around a patch of marshy land upon the flank of the enemy. Few of the Canadians had ever seen service before, but their blood was up, and they were determined that the invaders should rue the attempt to meddle in the affairs of their country.

In less than twenty minutes they came in touch with the enemy, and were received by a line of fire which extended clear around the slope of the hill. Almost at the same moment fire was opened upon the mill by two British steamers which had come down from Kingston.

Col. Young, realizing that a prolonged fight in the open would mean serious loss to his men, decided to close quickly with the enemy. The two columns were brought rapidly into position; the order to advance sounded clear and distinct, and soon the battle became general. The roar of cannon rang out on the morning air, while the continued and rapid crackling of small arms told of the fierceness of the fight. From the steamers on the river there belched forth a continuous fire, which, however, was finally found to be useless, as ball after ball crashed with tremendous force against the mill sides, only to glance away from its massive walls like so many marbles, and go skimming across the roads and fields, splintering fences and ripping up the sod.

Now the tower and all the battlefield lay enveloped in clouds of smoke which hung about it like a pall, while burning roofs were adding horror to the scene. Now came shouts and cheers of the men as they crowded on, and ever above the din of battle rang out the clear bugle notes, continually sounding the advance, as the brave Canadians rushed forward from shelter to shelter, closer and closer to the enemy's works, each time forcing the rebels further in, and each time leaving behind them a trail of dead and dying men, with wounded crawling or limping to places of shelter and support. And then at the last, with a long ringing shout, they sprang to their feet, their bayonets glistening in the morning sun, and with a dash that could not be for one moment withstood, sprang over the enemy's last defence. With cries of fear the rebel forces broke in a panic, and fled for safety to the mill, which many reached, but a goodly number were cut off and shot, or captured in the bushes along the river side.

As the battle proceeded there was gathered along the outskirts of the village and along the ruins of old Fort Wellington, a crowd of old men, boys and women, watching in fear and trembling with a strange sort of fascination the course of events.

Now came hurried feet of messengers with all kinds of rumours of dead and wounded, and awful horrors, terribly exaggerated by those not familiar with scenes of war.

With them came a knot of shivering little urchins, excited, gesticulating and shouting, each trying to make himself heard, as they gathered up bits of news and passed them on.

"The boy! the bugler boy, you know!" cried one at the pitch of his voice; "he's shot! he's dead!"

In a twinkling, with a grip of a vice, the terrified youngster was seized from behind by the arm.

"And who's the bugler boy, you young jackanapes, quick? Who's he, I say?"

"I don't know, sir! I don't know —leastwise I never heard, sir!" the urchin cried in terror. "He fell by the stone wall there, sir, they say, about a mile or so by the field yonder!'

Old Blixter, for he it was, with white stern face, strode away in the direction indicated. Down by the roadway where those dread balls came tearing up their path—down to the very jaws of death where that deadly rifle fire came pouring from the port-holes of the tower—shots fell thick and fast about him, many were aimed at him, until at last finding him only an unarmed, indifferent old man, and baffled in their efforts to bring him down, the enemy withheld their fire in actual wonder and pity.

All about him lay the sad and awful end of battle's cruel work. He hurried on, passing unheeded the unfamiliar dead, while the cries of agony and suffering scarcely reached his ears. Some strange impelling force seemed to draw him on, until at last he was seen to drop down upon his hands and knees. Alas! it was too true; the bright and spirited young bugler boy, in a dash of enthusiasm and excitement had leaped upon the wall, and, as his bugle blast went echoing even above the din of battle, a rebel bullet found him, and turned his fair young face up to the sky with the laughter still upon it.

Tenderly — wonderingly, the old man washed away the clots of blood from his forehead and wiped the dust from the face. Still on hands and knees, he gazed long upon those loved features; then, lifting one hand to Heaven, he turned upwards a face sad and white and aged, as he cried in his agony, "Now God have mercy upon me!"

With a strength almost superhuman the stricken man raised the lifeless form of his boy and laid it across his shoulders, then with long steady steps he strode back across the battlefield, out upon the roadway, and on up through the village. Many looked after him in wonder and amazement, but though accosted, he made no reply, neither did he direct a look to the right nor to the left. On he strode in silence, out of the village by the road whence he came, and towards his home.

It was far into the night when he reached the house, but, as he walked up the pathway, the door seemed to open mechanically, and a dim light burned in a small apartment off the larger living room. Entering here, he laid the still form out upon the little white bed, and turning about, he only said in words that sounded far away, "Mother, thy boy has come back!" Then going out he shut the door behind him and left them alone.

It is years now since Old Blixter has gone away from the remembrance of his sorrow. Readers of the records of that bloody little "Battle of The Windmill" will remember how the Canadians doggedly held the rebels in the old tower until compelled to surrender. Proudly may they point to the list of the brave men who fought, but in vain will they seek the name of the bugler boy among the hero dead, so suddenly had he come among the volunteers upon that eventful day, and so strangely had his remains been spirited away. But there are some in the neighbourhood of the Old Blixter cottage, who may remember well the bent-up form of a little old man going about the countryside of an afternoon, looking into the back yards for little boys engaged upon a reluctant task, and asking if he might come in and saw their wood while they went off to play.



The Perils of the Red Box

By Headon Hill

PERIL V.—THE ALCOVE ROOM AT THE VATICAN

"BUT, signor, I greatly regret that his Eminence the Cardinal Foreign Secretary is indisposed. He can see no one today."

"Then I must see the Holy Father himself," I said, tapping the red box impatiently. "My business is urgent, and cannot be postponed."

The six-foot Swiss on duty at the gate of Cardinal Rampolla's official bureau in the Vatican, looked about him for a witness with whom to share his amazement at my audacity. There was none such in the court-yard, and he turned a sterner eye on me.

"That, signor, as you should know, is quite impossible," he said. "His Holiness receives but at stated times, and then only after much ceremony of pre-arrangement and introduction."

"But I bear despatches from the British Government, which I am instructed to deliver personally into the hands of his Eminence the Foreign Secretary," I retorted. "Is there no one in authority who can inform me when I can see him?"

The disclosure of my official position worked a quick change in the demeanour of the Swiss guardsman. He drew himself up and saluted, relaxing the suspicious eye which he had kept on my despatch-box.

"There is Father Antonio, the private secretary of his Eminence," he replied briskly. "If the signor will please to mount the stairs and tap at the door at the end of the lobby he will find the good father."

The man stood aside, and, passing through the low doorway, I climbed the steep flight of stone steps in some amusement at the difficulty I had had in gaining entrance. To all the great Chancelleries of Europe the messengers of her Majesty have unquestioned and honoured access; and here was I, kept at parley outside the executive office of an institution that now-a-days is not a state at all. Of course the explanation was that Great Britain, as a non-Catholic power, is not represented diplomatically at the Papal Court, and that direct communications of an official nature are so rare as to be almost unknown. Though I was in complete ignorance of the purport of the despatch entrusted to me, I guessed that it was important from the stringent instruction given me not to part with it except into the hands of the Pope or his foreign secretary, Cardinal Rampolla. As I have said before, I am no politician, and the actual performance of my duty was all that concerned me.

Knocking at the door which the Swiss had described, I was at once bidden to enter, and found myself in the presence of a tall, rather cadaverous young priest who was writing at a well-worn office table. As he glanced up, I thought that the colour in his olive cheeks deepened a little, and I put it down to the unwonted apparition of a military-looking foreigner in his sanctum.

"Your business, signor?" he said in Italian, speaking with a quick, nervous intonation.

"I carry a despatch from the British Foreign Office to Cardinal Rampolla, but I regret to hear that his Eminence is indisposed," I replied in Italian as good as his own.

The young priest rose courteously on hearing of my mission, and placed a chair. "His Eminence is certainly ill, too ill to receive you, though able to transact affairs," he said. But I have the honour to be his private secretary, and I will, if you wish it, take the despatch to his apartments."

"I tender my best thanks, but that I fear is impossible," I replied. "My orders are very strict to present the despatch to the Cardinal personally. How long is it likely to be before he will be able to receive me?"

"That I shall endeavour to ascertain if you will kindly wait," was the reply. And with a grave bow Father Antonio passed out through an inner door which, by the sound of his retreating footsteps, must have led into a stone-paved corridor.

I had waited perhaps five minutes, when the same door opened swiftly, without any warning of approach, and an old man in a skull-cap and cassock swept into the room imperiously, with an activity beyond his years. A pair of fierce eyes, glowing from sunken sockets, glared at me with haughty inquiry. As an Irishman I am of the Roman faith, and I rose respectfully, for I felt that I was in the presence of a Prince of the Church.

"Father Antonio not here?" he asked curtly.

"No, monsignor; he has but now left the room, and will shortly return," I replied.

"And you, signor?"

"I am Captain Melgund, with despatches from the British Foreign Office for his Eminence the Cardinal Rampolla," I said.

"Good!" was the abrupt reply, and turning on his heel the old ecclesiastic left the room by the way he had come—and as swiftly and silently.

At the end of five minutes Father Antonio returned, rubbing his thin hands deprecatingly. "It is, as I feared, extremely doubtful if the cardinal will be able to receive you at all today," he said. "But his Eminence is most anxious that the affair should be attended to, and he suggests that you should call this evening at six, when, if he is better, and his physician permits it, he will make an effort to see you."

There was nothing for it but to acquiesce; and, thanking the father for his courtesy, I left the room to descend to the court-yard. The Cardinal's secretary had reseated himself at his writing-table with all the air of making up for lost time, so that I was rather surprised when he overtook me halfway down the stairs.

"I have just thought that when you come this evening it will be better if you go to the outer door of the Cardinal's private apartments instead of to this one," he said. "This is his official bureau only, and I might not be here at that hour. I will show you the private door now, so that you may have no difficulty in finding it later."

Assuring him of my gratitude, I stepped aside at the foot of the stairs for him to precede me. He led me half the length of the court-yard, down a narrow alley, and into a smaller court, where he indicated a massive, iron-studded door, set in very ancient masonry, as the one I should seek. Then after promising that either he or some one else would be at the door at six, and if possible conduct me to the Cardinal, he led the way back to the outer court, and with one of his grave bows returned to his work.

It being not yet noon, I decided to kill some of the hours of my long wait by looking in at the British Embassy to see if I could find an old acquaintance among the *attachés*. I was lucky enough to catch young Peters—the same who at Constantinople had pointed out to me Zgoureff, the Russian dragoman of evil memory—and together we went and made a merry lunch at a *caffé* on the Via Nazionale. The Embassy having no diplomatic relations with the Vatican, Peters knew nothing about the procedure there, but he happened to have heard incidentally of Rampolla's illness.

"Something quite sudden," he remarked. "The old boy was out and about yesterday morning to my knowledge, for I met him toddling along the Via Condotti."

After Peters had departed to keep an appointment, I remained to smoke a cigarette, amusing myself the while in watching the people in the street, and the customers passing in and out of the *caffé*. The establishment was a

fashionable one, most of the frequenters being well-dressed foreigners, including a goodly contingent of the ever-present globe-trotting American. It was, therefore, somewhat of a surprise to see a dwarfed hunchback, ill-clad and none too clean, threading his way among the marble-topped tables and bentwood chairs. He was glancing about as though in search of some one, when suddenly his eyes falling on the red box at my side, lit up with swift satisfaction. To my astonishment he waddled straight up to me.

"Captain Melgund, signor?" he asked in a garlic-tainted breath. "Then this is for you," he proceeded, drawing a note from the folds of his tattered cloak. "I was told to say that it would explain itself, and that I was not to wait for a reply." And having handed me the letter he made off with all speed.

Tearing off the envelope, which bore my name in a neat feminine hand, I read as follows :—

"*Palazzo Treboni, Rome.*

"Dear Captain Melgund,

"If my messenger find you, please come to me at once. I want to see you on a matter touching your mission, and possibly affecting your professional reputation.

"Yours sincerely,

"Millicent Ambrose."

Now this was a truly astonishing letter. In the first place I had not had the faintest notion that Lady Ambrose was in Rome ; and secondly, it seemed inconceivable that she could be aware of my presence there—much less of my "mission," of the nature of which I was profoundly ignorant myself.

Milly Ambrose and I had got on very well together during the last five London seasons. She was married to an elderly peer, who had espoused the cause of Don Carlos as his pet hobby ; and as her husband spent most of his time with Carlist spies and refugees in Soho, she had to amuse herself. But she was as straight a little woman as ever breathed, thoroughly loyal to her inattentive worse half, and friendly as we had been in a platonic way, I knew of no reason why she should have taken the trouble to so accurately track my movements. As to the references to my mission and professional reputation, they were puzzles which could only be solved at the interview requested.

Ten minutes later I was at the Palazzo Treboni, which stood self-confessed as one of those residences of the nobility which are to be "let furnished" in a Rome where old nobility has seen its day. Lady Ambrose received me in her boudoir, and extended to me the most cordial welcome.

"You are such a good fellow, Jocelyn, that I couldn't have you go wrong for want of a hint," she said, when we had exhausted the amenities. "My trouble was how to get at you, for though I knew you would be certain to drop in at the Embassy, I did not dare send one of our own servants. So I hit on the idea of sending the hunchback beggar who sits at the receipt of custom in the Piazza Marchesi. He is my devoted slave, but I feared he might not find you, with no clue but the Embassy and the red box to work from."

"But, my dear lady, this is all a mystery," I interrupted. "How on earth could you be aware that I was in Rome? And please tell me how I am in danger of going wrong, more than usual?"

Her pretty ladyship had a trick of stabbing her finger at one when she wanted to be impressive, and she indulged it now. "I am really serious, but unfortunately I can answer neither of your questions quite fully," she replied. "You must be content with what I *can* tell you, and then trust to your *nous* to read between the lines and safeguard yourself accordingly. Now light a cigarette and listen. You know the lengths to which my husband's quixotic fad for backing the Carlists leads him—with what strange creatures he associates, what weird slums he visits in furtherance of what he calls 'the cause.' Well, when we came to Rome a month ago I hoped that we had done with intrigue for the present, and that 'the cause' would be

shelved in favour of a little innocent sight-seeing. The first two days here showed the hope to be ill-founded; Ambrose had come to Rome purposely to play the game of conspiracy, and with this unpleasant difference—that his fellow-conspirators come to him instead of his going to them. Of course, even he draws the line at inviting his unwashed colleagues from Soho to our house in Belgrave Square. Here in Rome his friends are persons who *do* wash, and he consequently asks them. Guess who they mostly are. You cannot? Well, they are cardinals."

"Cardinals!" I exclaimed in surprise, yet at once beginning to catch something of her drift.

"Yes, cardinals," she went on. "The trouble between Spain and the United States is at the bottom of it. There are two parties in the Sacred College just now, one set wishing Spain to be embroiled in war so as to give Don Carlos a chance; the other, in the interests of the reigning dynasty, hoping for Spain to yield far enough to gain an honourable peace. I need hardly say which of the two sets is always hanging about here; and, Jocelyn, I overheard a conversation this morning. I can tell you what that pet box of yours, that you are stroking so affectionately, contains."

"Go on. This is interesting, and seems to be serious," I said.

"It contains a despatch to the effect that the British Government suggests and favours the mediation of the Pope between Spain and America," replied Lady Ambrose. "You can understand with what sentiments the Carlist cardinals view your mission—after being at considerable pains to ascertain the nature of it through their agents in England."

"I can understand that, in vulgar phrase, they would be delighted to queer my pitch," I said. "By the way, as you know so much you are probably aware that I have been to the Vatican this morning, and Rampolla was too ill to receive me. Is that part of the affair? Is he shamming so as to gain delay and assist the cause?"

Somewhat to my surprise, Millicent, usually so glib of reply, remained thoughtfully silent during an appreciable pause. "Look here, Jocelyn," she said at length; "I am in a dilemma—how much and how little to tell you. I want to see you safely through this, but I want to do it without compromising my husband. The answer to your first question is 'yes.' Rampolla's illness *has* to do with your errand. Your second question may be answered emphatically in the negative. The Cardinal Foreign Secretary is above suspicion of partisanship."

"Then, dear Lady Ambrose, if his Eminence is on the square, where does the trouble come in?" I asked. And as the notion occurred to me my thoughts reverted to the fierce-eyed old man who had flashed so imperiously in and out of Father Antonio's room at the Vatican that morning. I added a few words describing that brief apparition.

For reply Millicent Ambrose took a photograph from a table at her elbow, and handed it to me. "Do you know Cardinal Rampolla by sight?" she said, divining my thoughts. "That is he."

The picture portrayed a courteous-looking old gentleman, differing in every feature from the stern-visaged ascetic of the morning, and my half-formed theory fell to the ground. I had never seen the original of the photograph.

"If that is the Cardinal Foreign Secretary I do not know him, but why do you ask?" I said.

"There again I cannot answer you," replied Lady Ambrose. "I show you his picture so that you may know him by sight—that is all. But this is the chief point, Jocelyn: when you go to the Vatican this evening to see him you will be conducted to a certain room, one side of which will be an alcove. I have not seen it myself, so I cannot describe it to you, but on no account set foot in that alcove—no matter what pretext may be used to inveigle you into it. Promise me that."

"But why not? Surely you can be more explicit," I said.

"Indeed I cannot; you must use your wits, and you will find that I have told you quite enough to enable you to do so," said Lady Ambrose. "Only bear in mind that if you go into the alcove of the room into which you will be shown your despatches will not be likely to reach their destination, and you will come out all right."

Finding it impossible to get more from her, I thanked her for the warning and withdrew. Almost from the moment of leaving the presence of Millicent Ambrose signs were not wanting that she had had good reason for her communication. Passing down the broad staircase I was surprised to see Lord Ambrose, who was supposed to be out, in conversation with some one at the street door, and as I drew nearer he opened the door a litle wider, the better to emphasize his concluding sentence—

"Not a hair of his head must be hurt, mind, or I withdraw my support from the movement."

With these remarkable words he closed the door and turned towards me, but not before I had caught a glimpse of the man to whom he had been speaking. Brief as was the opportunity I recognized him as the young priest who acted as private secretary to Cardinal Rampolla—the Father Antonio who had received me in the morning. Seeing that I had just been assured of the cardinal's impartiality at the present crisis, it was, to say the least of it, strange to find his lieutenant there and in that company.

There was no time then to think out whether the private secretary was there as a traitor to, or in the interests of, his chief, for Lord Ambrose came forward with outstretched hand. He was a faded, somewhat weary-looking man of sixty, and though I knew that he prided himself on an inscrutable air, as befitting an amateur conspirator, it was easy to perceive that he was disconcerted by my appearance.

"Why, Melgund!" he exclaimed. "Who would have thought of seeing you in Rome. You are taking a holiday, I presume, as Queen's Messengers on duty here are not common objects."

The droop in his eyes at the close of the sentence gave him away, and told me that his surprise was simulated. Whatever might be the plot against my despatches, and possibly against myself, Lord Ambrose was aware of it, though his parting injunction to Father Antonio, if it referred to me, absolved him from the suspicion of intending violence towards me. Rather did he give me the impression during that short interview of having set certain forces in motion which had got beyond his feeble control, and the effect of which he dreaded as much on his own account as on mine.

It was no part of my policy to let him see that he had incurred suspicion, so I answered with frankness—

"I have come over with despatches for the Vatican, and having an hour or two to spare I have been paying my respects to Lady Ambrose. It was quite a pleasant surprise to find that you were established in Rome."

"Ah, yes," said his lordship, peering at me with his mean little eyes, "and how did you discover us so soon?"

As a humble instrument of the diplomatic service I count a white lie as a useful figure of speech, especially when it is to save a lady from annoyance, so I was prompt with my reply.

"Young Peters, of the Embassy, let fall that you were at the Palazzo Treboni, and I lost no time in coming to call," I said.

His sigh of relief was an eloquent tribute to the convincing earnestness which I had imparted to my polite fiction. He evidently had no certain knowledge that his wife was aware of his schemes, though my presence in the house had filled him with a vague uneasiness, now happily removed. I should ill have requited her ladyship's interest in me by betraying it, for though Lord Ambrose knew his wife too well to be jealous, he would never have forgiven her for thwarting any project connected with his pet hobby.

Satisfied on this point, his manner

became more assured, and he waved a withered hand at the red box which I was carrying under my arm. "I suppose that they don't let you official Mercurys into the State secrets that you carry about," he said with a ponderous playfulness, in which however I recognized an undercurrent of real curiosity as to whether I knew anything of my errand.

"No, indeed," I replied, restraining an impulse to tell this smug intriguer that my official ignorance had, in this instance, been enlightened indirectly by his own spying colleagues. "I am only a sort of postman, you see, Lord Ambrose, and the contents of the missives I deliver concern me not. To carry the simile further, the letters I am charged with are always as good as registered."

"How do you mean?" he asked nervously.

"Inasmuch as they always reach their destination," I replied.

He scanned my face anxiously for traces of a deeper meaning, but as I had spoken carelessly, with but the slightest emphasis on the word "always," he gave up trying to fathom me, and with a little gesture of impatience intimated that he was unduly detaining me. Which meant, I reflected, when we had shaken hands and the street door had closed upon me, that his lordship, having failed to pump me, was heartily glad to see my back.

Having wiled away the remaining hour in a picture-gallery, I turned my steps to the Vatican again, and as the clocks of Rome boomed out the hour of six, presented myself at the door which Father Antonio had indicated. As I passed through the outer court I noticed that the Swiss guard who had directed me in the morning had been relieved, his post being now occupied by an older man, a sinister-looking fellow with the scar of a sabre-cut across the cheek. It struck me as significant that though he scowled at me he gave no challenge. Save for this sentry that part of the precincts of the Papal Palace seemed to be deserted.

On my using the ancient iron knocker the door was immediately opened, not, as I had expected, by Father Antonio, but by a stout man-servant wearing the Papal livery. Like the man on guard outside he was of a most forbidding appearance, and I wondered if it was mere coincidence that had hedged the Cardinal about with such a ruffianly set of minions on that particular evening.

"To see his Eminence the Foreign Secretary?" said the man, anticipating my inquiry.

"With despatches from the British Government," I assented in my most important manner.

"Follow me, signor, if you please."

Up a winding stair he led the way, and along a succession of stone-paved passages to a door on which he rapped loudly with his knuckles. I could not be sure, but it seemed to me that there had been a subdued hum of voices within which immediately died away at the sound of our approach. By the light of what followed it is more than probable, and about the second impression conveyed to my mind there was no doubt whatever. At the conclusion of the very appreciable pause that succeeded the man-servant's knock there was a noise in the room like the dull clang of metal. It reminded me of the sound made by the letting down or rolling up of the iron shutters of a tradesman's shop in a London street, and it was quickly followed by a harsh command to enter.

The apartment into which I stepped, the servant retiring when he had ushered me in, was so darkened by heavy window-blinds that at first it was difficult to form any idea of its dimensions and of the number of its occupants. But as my eyes were growing accustomed to the gloom, the harsh voice broke out again and drew my attention to a figure seated at a table facing the door.

"You have a despatch, signor, from the British Government, I understand. Be good enough to hand it to me, for time presses."

My sight served me now, and I saw who it was with whom I had to deal.

The lean old man in skull-cap and cassock, whose eyes, deep sunk in fleshless sockets, glared hungrily at me, was the masterful ecclesiastic who had come into Father Antonio's bureau in the morning—not the original of the picture which Lady Ambrose had shown me as that of Cardinal Rampolla. I felt that the position was fraught with grave difficulty, for whoever this personage might be—Rampolla or another—he was evidently a very big man indeed. It must be remembered, too, that I was a Roman Catholic, imbued from childhood with a deep veneration for the heads of my church.

"Have I the honour of addressing his Eminence the Cardinal Foreign Secretary?" I said. "Monsignor will will pardon me for being punctilious, but my instructions are explicit only to deliver my despatch to his Eminence."

The scowl of disappointment which the old man shot at me told that my precaution had not been uncalled for.

"You asked for Cardinal Rampolla, and you have been shown up to me by a servant in the Papal uniform. That should relieve you of further responsibility," he said.

"Not if you are not the Cardinal Foreign Secretary," I replied firmly. "My responsibility only ends with the delivery of the despatch into his own hands. My Government puts it on my shoulders not to make mistakes in identity, and to be frank with you, monsignor, I happen to know the Cardinal by sight."

The trick that had been prepared for me was self-evident, though it might very well have succeeded had not Rampolla's photograph been shown to me. The idea of introducing me to a dignitary under circumstances which would lead me, as a matter of course, to take him for the Foreign Secretary was ingenious, and I silently thanked Millicent Ambrose for her warning. I felt myself able to cope, courteously, but firmly, with this very reverend deceiver, and I began to mentally prepare a reply to the outburst of wrath which I expected.

But nothing of the sort was forthcoming. The old man at the table leaned his head more heavily on his hand, and craned forward, blinking at me strangely. "I did not represent myself to be Cardinal Rampolla," he said in a tone of reproof. "I would not have you believe me guilty of a lie which I did not speak. I am the Cardinal Ferretaro, chief of the household of his Holiness. In the absence of the Cardinal Foreign Secretary, who more fitted to act as intermediary between the British Government and the Pope than I?"

I was about to repeat with some warmth that my instructions could not be departed from, when for the first time my eyes penetrated the darkness behind Cardinal Ferretaro's chair. My mind had hitherto been so occupied with the juggled identities of the two cardinals that I had clean forgotten the second of Lady Ambrose's injunctions—about the alcove in the room in which I should be received. But now I saw that at the end of the room was a recess some ten feet square, draped as to its sides with heavy curtains. It was clearly the alcove, into which I was not under any pretext to be inveigled.

But though the discovery braced every nerve in my body, I reflected that no attempt had been made to lure me into the recess. On the contrary it was at Cardinal Ferretaro's back; to reach it I should have had to push by him rudely; and neither by glance nor gesture, much less in words, had he drawn my attention that way. Besides he and I were alone in the room, and what harm had I, a strong man in the prime of life, to fear at the hands of a venerable cleric of seventy, no matter how fiery his temperament.

But *were* we alone in the room together! Even as I framed a reply to his protest and a further refusal to his demand, the curtain at the right of the alcove shook ever so slightly. There was no time to wonder whether the movement of the drapery was caught by draught. In all its naked horror it stood revealed at once as the act of man—the act of a man, as it was pre-

sented to my senses, bent on murder. From behind the curtain glided Father Antonio, Rampolla's secretary, agleaming dagger poised in his hand. His attitude threatened instant death to the aged cardinal at the table.

In an instant all thought of Lady Ambrose's warning was blotted from my mind, and with it all heed for the clashing schemes of these intriguing churchmen. It is true that there flashed across me the words which I had heard Lord Ambrose use to the private secretary, "not a hair of his head must be hurt,"—words which seem now to apply to Ferretaro instead of to myself. But that mattered nothing; the thought was gone as soon as it crossed my brain; all that concerned me then was to fling myself between the unconscious victim and the impending knife.

With a cry of warning to Cardinal Ferretaro I sprang forward, and rushing past the table clutched for Antonio's upraised arm. But my grasp met nothing but empty air. For, swinging lissomely aside, the young priest eluded me like an eel, and dashed round to the other side of the recess, whence he darted into the room without any attempt to strike the Cardinal as he sped by. I was beginning to congratulate myself on the effect of a martial bearing on the clerical mind when a metallic rattle above my head caused me to look up. I comprehended in an instant. I had transgressed into the alcove, and coming swiftly down from the ceiling was an iron screen which in two seconds would wall me up. All too late I saw through the ruse by which the wily Cardinal, in collusion with his opponent's secretary, had planned to get me and the red box into his power.

There was no time to weigh chances, nor can I analyze the motives that led me to select one of the two open to me, to try to quit the alcove before the shutter reached the floor, or to force Ferretaro to share whatever fate he had prepared for me. Be the lightning-flash of argument that moved me what it may, I chose the latter course, and stretching out my hand for the neck of the cardinal's cassock I snatched him into the alcove just in time to save him from being guillotined by the edge of the descending shutter.

We were in total darkness, and when the echo of the clanging iron had died away the croaking gasps of the old man told me that he lay at my feet. Knowing that the red box was securely slung across my shoulder, I felt strangely reckless.

"Well, your Eminence," I said. "You have got me and my despatch, and I have got you. What is to be the end of the adventure? I presume that your interesting young coadjutor will set the machinery in motion and let us out—seeing that he has caught more than he and you bargained for."

"My son, I have been informed that you are of the Faith," said the cardinal, and the sound of his voice told me that he had struggled to his feet. "Down on your knees, if you would have absolution, for you are a dying man. And I, who God forgive me, have brought you to this pass, must die unshriven."

Now I, who have faced death many times, was more thrilled by the horror of his proposal—that I should receive absolution from my murderer—than by the danger foreshadowed by his words. My chief sensation was one of mild curiosity as to what this thing was that he had intended to happen to me, and that was now going to happen to him as well.

"Under the circumstances I will do without absolution," I said. "But if it will ease your Eminence's conscience to confess, I am prepared to listen. Moreover, as I am a man of resource, it is possible that I may devise means to escape death—when I know the manner of it."

His own position must have brought home to him the horror of the crime he had arranged, for I will give him this credit—that it was shame and not fear that caused him to hesitate. "In less than five minutes," he wailed at last, "the bottom of this alcove will

open downwards, and we shall fall into a fathomless well. It is one of—one of the secrets of the Vatican."

"Faith, and a monstrous secret, too, for you to be telling me, you old villain—begging your Eminence's pardon," I replied, my anger getting the better of the respect due to his cloth. "And what is to prevent that broth of a boy, Antonio, from lifting the trap and setting us free, now that he knows you are on the wrong side of the shutter?"

"That is our only chance, and doubtless he will make the attempt—if only to save himself from accusations," said Ferretaro gloomily. "But the machinery is cumbersome, and in another chamber, some distance off. I fear that he will not make it work in time."

"And that hatchet-faced conspirator, Ambrose, did he know what you had got up for me?" I asked.

"With my last breath let me do him justice," said the Cardinal. "He knew that Rampolla was to be given a little medical dose, that he could not receive you; he knew that I was to personate the Foreign Secretary in the hope of getting the despatch; but he did *not* know of the alternative which he had prepared against failure. Lord Ambrose was told at the Palazzo Treboni this morning that you would be received in the alcove-room, and that if we could not persuade you to part with the despatch you would be *detained*, by means of the shutter, till you complied. These are not Rampolla's apartments, but mine, and care has been taken to have none but trusty guards and servants about them to-night."

So the reticence of Millicent Ambrose's warning was explained, and I was glad to think that if she had known the nature of the "detention" got up for me she would have been more explicit.

Thence onward there was no more talk between the cardinal and myself. As the moments flew by, and the period for the slipping of the false door approached, I abandoned the by-gone with a regretful sigh, and found myself forced to contemplate the immediate future.

I became conscious of a queer sensation in my knees, and once or twice I stumbled, from imagining that that horrible trap-door floor was giving way. The darkness strained my nerves, and when old Ferretaro began to mumble sing-song prayers I fairly chucked up the sponge. Fighting Joe Melgund of Tel-el-Kebir could have shrieked—only he didn't.

Because, suddenly, relief came in a frantic desire to have a certain question answered before I died.

"Get up and tell me this, old man," I said. "You have murdered me—are murdering me now—but how about yourself? Shall you go before your Judge guilty of suicide as well? You are killing yourself too you see."

I do not believe that I intended the brutal words as a jeer, and for uttering them my excuse must be that the tension of suspense had driven me mad. For I waited for his reply with feverish eagerness. But before it came there resounded a rattling crash like overhead thunder, and the iron shutter rolled up. I have a recollection of hurling the Cardinal bodily out of the alcove, of leaping free from the collapsing floor into the room, of confronting the pale faces of Father Antonio and half-a-dozen attendants, and of waking up a little later from a dead faint. Ferretaro lay in a huddled heap, and the attendants were trying to restore him. A glance at the alcove showed me that it had resumed its original appearance.

Presently the old man's cavernous eyes opened, and roamed from my face to the red box, thence to the group of stalwart men around him. Involuntarily I edged towards the door, for I guessed what was in his mind.

"Yes," he said gravely reading my thought, "I might with the help of these people achieve my purpose still, but"—and his voice shook—"go in peace, my son. We have been very near the gates of hell together, to-day, and I would sin no more."

PERIL VI., AND LAST, WILL APPEAR IN OCTOBER.



From Mount Roberts' Summit

By J. Mayne Baltimore.

MOUNT ROBERTS enjoys the distinction of being one among the lofty upheavals of Southern British Columbia. For a long time the mountain had no special name. But to one signal incident in the history of the South African war it owes its present designation. Lord Roberts, at the head of the British forces, made his victorious entry into Pretoria on the 5th day of June, 1900, and that stirring incident suggested to many of the loyal citizens of Rossland, B.C., a name for the mountain. So it was called Mount Roberts, in honour of the victory achieved by the British arms under the generalship of the old war-scarred veteran.

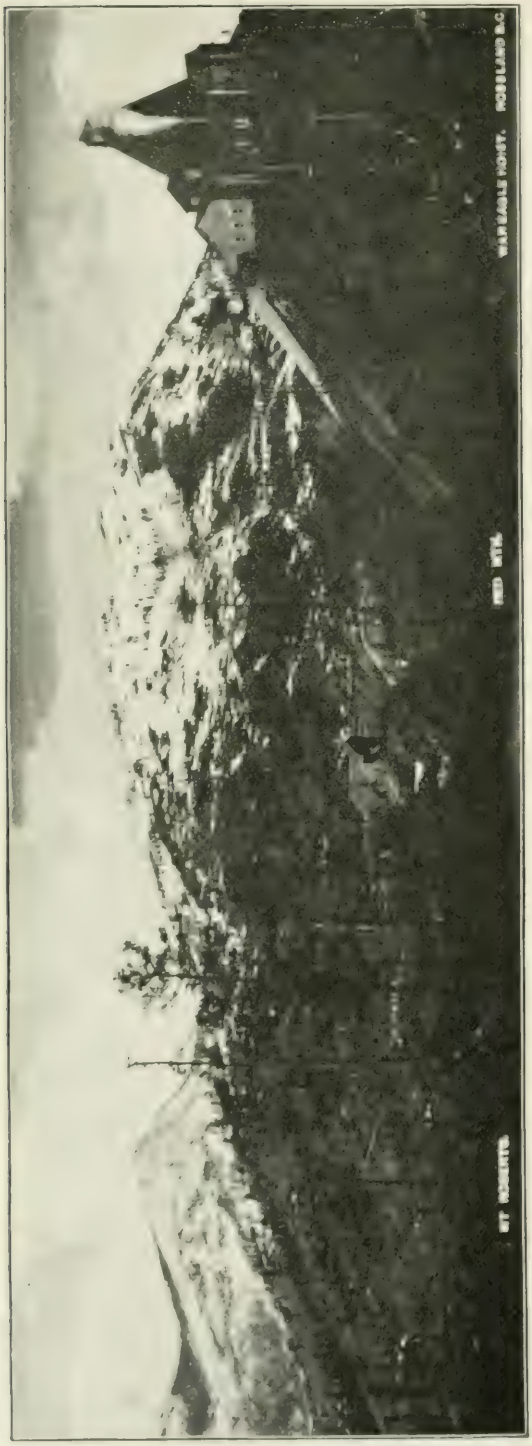
Mount Roberts stands almost due west from the little mountain city of Rossland. In fact, the town fairly crouches beneath the shadow cast by this colossal upheaval. Red Mountain stands northwest of Rossland, and its base and that of Mount Roberts unite.

Red Mountain is justly famous for the number and richness of its mines, generally located along the southern sides of the mountain. Prominent among these mines are Le Roi, War Eagle, Centre Star, Nickel Plate, Josie, Black Bear and Iron Mask. Rossland lies along the southern base of Red Mountain, and the northern part of the town reaches away up along the southern abrupt slopes. Red Mountain is large, rugged and high. It frowns down upon the bustling mining town so far below.

However, compared with Mount Roberts, Red Mountain seems quite insignificant. Perhaps Mount Roberts is 1,000 feet higher. According to the Provincial Government estimates, Rossland is 3,400 feet above sea-level, and Mount Roberts' Summit is 6,500. This would make the mountain 3,100 feet above Rossland. Standing on the streets and looking up to the crest of the mountain, it appears to be much higher.

Mount Roberts has a very broad base, but, about two-thirds of the way up, the mountain rapidly diminishes in size, and shoots aloft at a very acute angle, terminating in a sharp apex. In many places the ascent is very difficult, being almost vertical. The summit is reached only by a narrow, tortuous trail. Some hours are required to ascend, as the sides are precipitous and the climbing steep and laborious. Owing to its altitude, the snow does not melt around the summit until some time in June. During the winter months snow falls to the depth of 20 or 30 feet. At such times the ascent and descent of the mountain is impossible. The mountain is clad with timber from base to apex—though in no place is the forest dense. The timber is principally cedar, fir and tamarack. None of the trees attain a large growth.

The view obtained from the pinnacle of this mountain amply repays for the time, labour and fatigue of the long climb. The panorama of wild-tossed mountains, vast, unbroken forests and distant glimpses of rivers and lakes is simply magnificent, beggaring the descriptive power.



MOUNT ROBERTS AND RED MOUNTAIN NEAR ROSSLAND, B.C.

Rossland seems little more than a mere cluster of houses. Far to the eastward can be seen the little smelter town of Trail amidst its clouds of sulphurous smoke. Just beyond may be caught a fugitive glimpse of the Columbia River, gleaming and glistening like a polished steel ribbon in the golden sunlight. Red Mountain, large as it is, seems an almost insignificant elevation in comparison with its lofty, kingly rival.

There is another noteworthy incident connected with Mount Roberts. When Lord Roberts made his triumphal entry into Pretoria, the loyalty of the British subjects of Rossland did not end with naming their greatest peak in his honour. A number of the citizens determined to erect a flag-staff on the loftiest pinnacle of the mountain. It was decided that two large British flags should be obtained which, by turns, are to be displayed from the summit of the peak. The purpose is to have one of these flags floating all the time. To resolve was to accomplish. This work was done by several intrepid persons. The rugged mountain was scaled, and a flagstaff was erected, to which was fixed a pulley and halyards. This difficult work was accomplished on the 5th of June, and on that same day the British flag floated proudly from the top of the staff. This staff is 65 feet high, so that the English colours waved in the wind at the dizzy elevation of 6,565 feet above tide level.

The boast has been made that the summit of Mount Roberts is the loftiest single point in North America from which the British flag has ever floated.

When the sad news flashed over the wires that Queen Victoria was no more, the British flag again waved to the breeze from the lofty staff on the mountain's summit. It was appropriately displayed at half-mast.

On an air line the distance from the centre of Rossland to the summit must be about four miles. Yet, on a clear, bright day the staff can be seen, though dimly. When the flag was hoisted it could be very distinctly seen from any part of the city.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. XXVII.—MR. L. O. DAVID.

FEW writers have done more to foster the love French-Canadians have for the literature of their country, and to accentuate their deep-seated affection for the land of their birth, than has Mr. L. O. David, of Montreal. The keynote to Mr. David's character (like that of Mr. Frechette's, the poet-laureate) is a ringing patriotism. In the vast Province of Quebec his name is almost a household word on account of a life's labours to make a unit of the race, of which he is one, in everything pertaining to French-Canadian manners and customs, and the perpetuating for all time of French Canada as it is to-day.

In the doctrines he has promulgated there has been no effort on Mr. David's part to lessen loyalty to the British Crown, just the reverse; but his contention, which has not wavered from youth, is that the best interests of United Canada lie in not seeking to take away the customs peculiar to the French of Lower Canada, and which have been perpetuated since the Louises ceased to rule over the destinies of the land. In other words, if a truly united people is to continue to develop the greatness of this country, and finally make it one of the great and noble nations of the earth, there must be no effort, either by French or English, to interfere with, or attempt to amalgamate traditions and customs historically dear to both. While equally united as to loyalty to the British Crown with the English-speaking people of the other provinces, the author of this sketch, with eloquent pen, pleads and demands the continuance of all those customs of the French-Canadians which have brought them peace and contentment for generations. It must not be forgotten, however, that while having written so much to make French-Canadians a unit, Mr. David has laboured equally hard to incite them to emulate the English in matters pertaining to commerce and keen business enterprise.

Mr. David, who for several years past has been city clerk of Montreal, was born at Sault au Recollet, P.Q., in 1840. He is a son of the late Major Stanislaus David. After having been given a careful education at the college of St. Therese, Mr. David was called to the bar in 1864. While a student he assisted in founding *Le Colonisateur*, a paper to which he contributed many articles. Shortly after his admission to the bar he became the law partner of Messrs. Mousseau & Desbarats—a well-known law firm at that time.

In 1870, in conjunction with this firm, he founded another journal, *L'Opinion Publique*, an illustrated weekly. He was the editor-in-chief of the organ. Owing to the wit and brilliance of his articles the organ soon acquired a large circulation. Finally he retired from the position, as he would not agree to change his views as to the Canadian Pacific Transaction, which is too historical to need details here.

In 1874, while a partner with Mr. Beausoleil, M.P. (present postmaster of Montreal), Mr. David founded *Le Bien Public*, which had a most stormy existence. From almost the first number Mr. David began a vigorous crusade against the interference of the Catholic clergy in political elections. He also wrote fervid political articles. Finally the clergy and a political party succeeded in causing the publication to cease.

Some time after this he founded another paper, *La Tribune*. It, too, had a lively existence for a number of years. Mr. David commenced his political life as a Conservative, but left the party to join L'Union Nationale, an organization of young men pledged to oppose the Confederation of the Provinces. Later he became an adherent to the Liberal Party under the well-known leaders, Dorion, Holton and Laflamme, and was in full accord with their policy on all questions, save that of protection to industries, to which he has always been favourable. Mr. David unsuccessfully contested Hochelaga for the Legislature at the general elections in 1867 and 1875, and for the House of Commons at the general elections of 1878. In 1886, however, he was elected to the Legislature by Montreal East, defeating Attorney-General Taillon. He declined renomination in 1890, because he could not absolutely accept the policy of the late Mr. Mercier. Since then he has remained out of public life.



MR. L. O. DAVID—AGE 55

While a member of the Legislature he was instrumental in introducing measures for the protection of the wages and the furniture of workingmen, and for the reduction of law costs. In 1892 he was appointed city clerk of Montreal, which position he still holds.

Mr. David has written numerous volumes, and, as stated, has done much to foster the national spirit in the Province of Quebec. His works include: "Biographies et Portraits," "Les Heros de Chateauguay," "Les Patriotes de 1837-38," "Mes Contemporains," "Les deux Papineau," "Le Clergy Canadien: sa mission et son œuvre." In the last mentioned work the author took strong grounds once more against the interference of certain of the Roman Catholic clergy in political matters. This book, though approved by many eminent Catholic theologians in Rome and other countries, was nevertheless condemned by the Congregation of the Index at Rome. Mr. David has also written many magazine articles, contributes frequently to the daily press, and has delivered numerous lectures.

He is a member of the Royal Society of Canada. For a number of years Mr. David was president of the well-known St. Jean Baptiste Society in Montreal. It was after twelve years of determined effort, while connected

with this society, that he succeeded in raising funds for the now historical monument, Nationale Building on St. Lawrence street.

Since 1897 it may be said that Mr. David was offered the position of Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories. He was also offered, and refused, a judgeship. He has also refused, since this time, other positions which would have brought honour, but which would have deprived him of the spare hours so precious, and so necessary, to a literary man. In refusing the positions he publicly said that his love for literature and important literary works he was engaged upon, were the factors that prompted refusal.

Mr. David is now engaged upon a difficult work that has been engaging his attention for a long time—the second volume of "The History of Lower Canada Since Confederation." It is expected this will be his most important and valuable work.

From boyhood Mr. David has been the bosom friend of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Their warm friendship still exists; it is known, indeed, that Mr. David enjoys the confidence of the statesman in a way which perhaps is unknown by any other man.

Writing of the literary works of Mr. David, Hon. Hector Fabre, a well-known French litterateur, said: "Mr.



MR. L. O. DAVID—AGE 35

David possesses literary talents of the greatest brilliancy. His style is charming, while his arguments are irresistible." Still another writer says: "French Canada will ever be indebted to the literary labours of Mr. L. O. David, one of the truest patriots the country has produced."

In manner Mr. David is retiring. He is perfectly unaffected, and his tastes are simple; while his sympathies are deep and warm, and his friendships lasting.

F. Clifford Smith.

A HEART CRY.

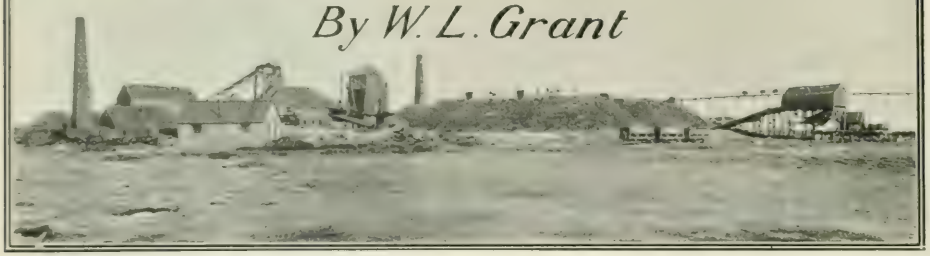
I LONG for love—a perfect love,
That deathless, limitless might prove;
That would my every fault condone—
My every virtue more than own;
For though I know my own poor heart is weak as weak can be,
Yet I would die if one I love were ever false to me.

Forgive! why should I ask, and why
Expect to gain for such as I
The boon that I would feign withhold?
Why Trust with untrue arms enfold?
For though I know my troubled heart is weak as weak can be,
Yet I would die if one I love were ever false to me.

Frank Lawson.

CAPE BRETON PAST AND PRESENT

By W. L. Grant



A COAL SHAFT

IN the year of our Lord 1001, Leif, son of Eric the Red, set sail from Iceland, impelled by that fearless love for the sea, which is so distinguishing a characteristic of our Scandinavian ancestors, and discovered America. He sailed along the coast from Labrador to Nantucket; past bleak Helluland, "a land of no advantages," later known as Newfoundland, well-wooded Markland, the modern Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, and fertile Vineland, now the New England States.

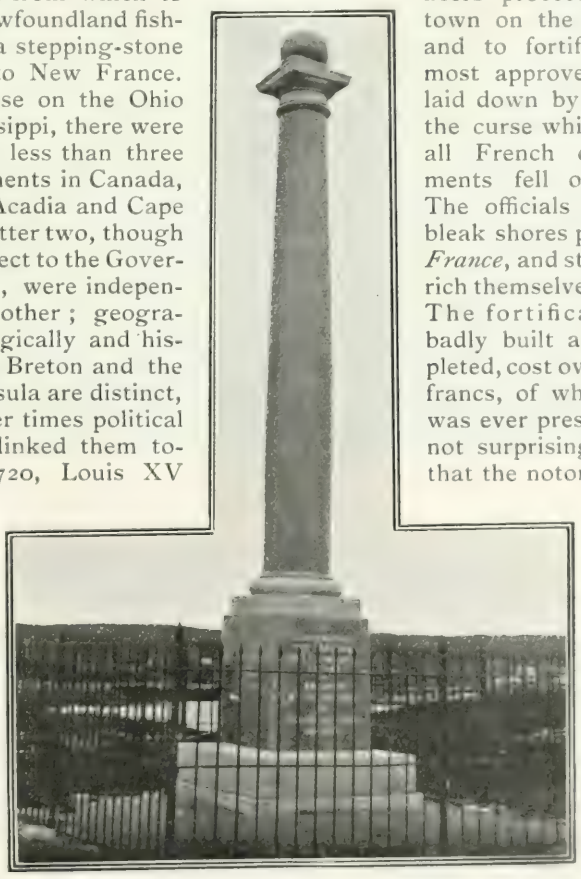
It was fitting that the first sight of Greater Britain should be given to one of the daring viking brood, whose grim valour and undying love of adventure are still the heritage of our race; fit that first of Europeans, the fierce-eyed sea-rover, should behold the home of the sea-kings of the future. But for nearly five centuries the discovery of Leif lay unregarded; not till 1497 did John Cabot and his son Sebastian, sailing from Bristol with an ample commission from Henry VII, touch at Newfoundland, and then reach the mainland at Cape Breton. From this time its shore fisheries were recognized as of only less value than those of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and English, French, Spanish and Portuguese vied in the pursuit of the kingly cod. France and Spain took the lead in the race; Breton and Basque dotted the Atlantic with their sails, and Cape Breton was long known as Baccalaos,—Basque for cod-fish. Cortereal, a Portuguese, even tried to establish a slave trade, but perished at the hands of the natives. No attempt at permanent settlement was made, the island being left to the Indians, a branch of the fierce Mic-Mac tribe, though Peter Martyr oddly says: "They are white people and very rustical," a description which in some parts of the island would be fitter to-day than then.

In 1654 Louis XIV of France granted Cape Breton to Nicholas Denys of Tours, Sieur de Fronsac, but the unhappy Denys soon found, like many another that, though no one had wanted it previously, hardly had he assumed possession when various rivals discovered that it was the very thing which they had long desired. Worn out with fighting and litigation he returned to France in 1672, and published a curious work, which gives much information of tolerable accuracy. The title of the first volume is: "Description Géographique et Historique des Costes de l'Amérique Septentrionale, avec l'Histoire Naturelle du Paris." Par Monsieur Denys, Gouverneur, Lieutenant-Général pour le Roy, et propriétaire de toutes les Terres et Isles qui sont depuis le Cap du Campseaux jusque au Cap des Rosiers. Tome I. A Paris, chez Louis Billaine, au second pillier de la Grand'Salle du Palais, à la Palme et au grand César. 1672. That of Vol. II. is equally elaborate. Though the English coal trade flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and though Champlain had drawn a map of Cape Breton in 1612, Denys is the first to refer to the coal, though from the prominence with which even

now it crops out upon the cliffs of the east coast from North Sydney to Morien Bay, we would have expected an earlier notice. From this time the outcrop was worked in an irregular manner by the French, and also by the New Englanders, as we learn from Sir Hovenden Walker—a pompous fool who in 1711 led an abortive expedition against the French settlements. "The island," he says, "has always been used in common both by the English and French for loading coals, which are extraordinarily good here, and taken out of the cliffs by iron crow-bars only, and no other labour."

By the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 Ile Royale, as it was then called, passed into the hands of the French, and its value was at once recognized, both as a basis from which to protect the Newfoundland fisheries, and as a stepping-stone on the way to New France. As well as those on the Ohio and the Mississippi, there were at this time no less than three French settlements in Canada, New France, Acadia and Cape Breton. The latter two, though nominally subject to the Governor at Quebec, were independent of each other; geographically, geologically and historically Cape Breton and the Acadian peninsula are distinct, though in later times political accident has linked them together. In 1720, Louis XV proceeded to fortify a new town called after his own name.

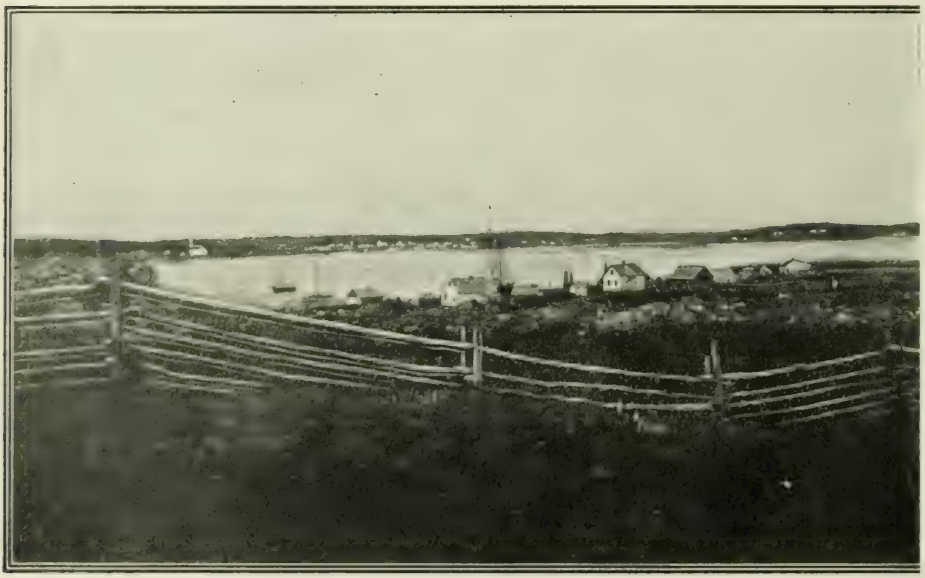
The harbour of Louisbourg lies on the S.E. coast, about twenty-five miles as the crow flies from Sydney, with which it is at present connected by a well-equipped railroad. The harbour runs from south-west to north-east; the mouth is rather less than a mile in width, but in the centre is an island, from which continuous reefs run to the S.E. shore, leaving an entrance of rather more than one-third of a mile. Even on a calm day the breakers thunder all along the coast, and surge round the little island, where the French had a battery. There is deep water right up to the entrance, and good anchorage within the harbour in from twenty-five to sixty feet of water. Fogs are frequent, and must have been a great source of annoyance in old times, though now powerful range lights prove to weary mariners that Governments are sometimes more powerful than nature. French engineers proceeded to build a town on the low S.E. side, and to fortify it upon the most approved principles as laid down by Vauban. But the curse which has lain on all French colonial settlements fell on Louisbourg. The officials sent out to its bleak shores pined for *la belle France*, and stayed only to enrich themselves by peculation. The fortifications, though badly built and never completed, cost over thirty million francs, of which no account was ever presented, which is not surprising when we find that the notorious Bigot was for some years financial superintendent; Louis, who was no fool, in spite of his indolence, sent to enquire whether they were paving the streets with gold. Control was vested in a military governor, who was



CAPE BRETON—THE LOUISBOURG MONUMENT

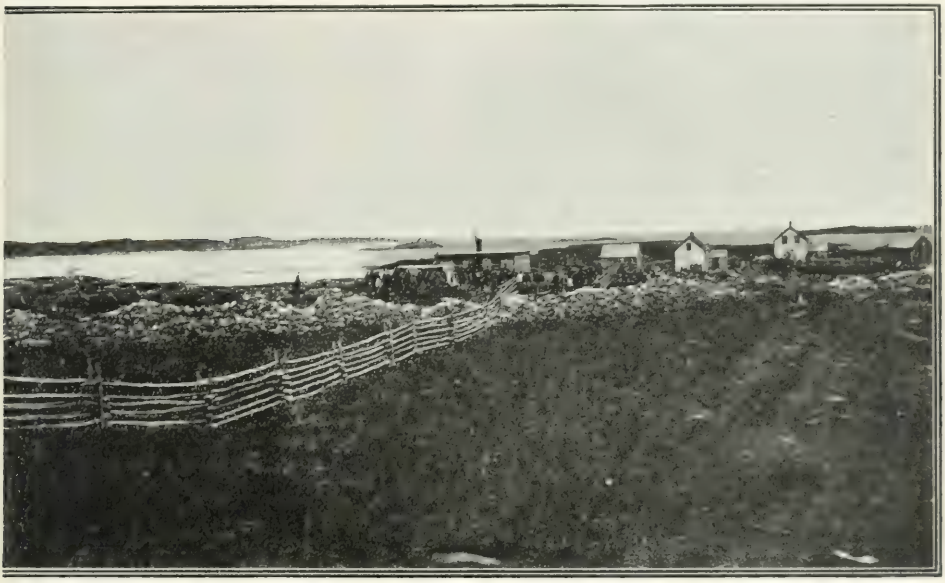
perpetually at feud with the civil commissioner, save on the rare occasions when they joined in a raid on the public chest. Pichon, an amusing scoundrel, who came out as secretary to the Count de Raymond, the Governor, and who eked out a livelihood by selling his master's secrets to the English, has left in his *Lettres et Memoires* an interesting account of the island, together with a number of very sensible suggestions as to its improvement. The administration of justice was in his eyes especially lax; "there was not even a tormentor to rack criminals or to inflict penal tortures." He tells us, as does also Cabot, of the presence of white bears in the island, which is possible, and that Louisbourg harbour is frozen over from November till June, or in a mild winter from Christmas till May, which is absurd, for in the specially severe winter of 1745 it was open on April 29th, and in modern times is never closed, save in very exceptional winters, when drift ice has been known to block the entrance for at most a fortnight. Another of his theories is that the Gut of Canso is due to the imperfect subsidence of the waters after the flood, which is improbable.

In 1744 Shirley, Governor of Massachusetts, organized an expedition against the town, which set sail in the next year under Colonel Sir William Pepperell, who had once been a grocer and was now a country gentleman, and assisted by Commodore Warren, of the British navy, with a few ships of the line. It seemed a hare-brained prank. On the one hand the best equipped fortress in North America, with over one hundred guns, two formidable outworks with seventy more, and a garrison of 750 regulars and 1,500 well-trained militia; on the other 4,000 volunteers, most of whom had never seen a shot fired in anger, and who were practically destitute of siege artillery. But they were long-headed, resolute New Englanders, able to plan and to fight, and to endure hardships with good humour. Pepperell, brave, tactful and cheery, a New England Baden-Powell, was the ideal man for such an expedition. Without the slightest knowledge of war his native common sense led him to pursue exactly the same plan of operations which Amherst and Wolfe



LOUISBOURG HARBOUR—LOUISBOURG IN DISTANCE—

adopted in the second siege. Duchambon, the French Governor, was an incompetent poltroon, worthy father of the Duchambon de Vergor, who in later years surrendered Beauséjour, and slept peacefully with his piquet while Wolfe scaled the Plains of Abraham. Waiting till the drift ice had cleared, Pepperell and Warren reached Louisbourg on April 29th, and forced a landing at Flat Point Cove in Gabarus Bay, without the loss of a man. Duchambon, in spite of repeated warnings, had taken no precautions, and late in the previous autumn had declined reinforcements. On May 1st the French in a panic abandoned the Grand Battery, their most important outwork, and its cannon were turned upon the town. Still the difficulties were enormous. With tremendous labour the cheery Massachusetts men dragged cannon from Gabarus right across the marshes and around the harbour to Lighthouse Point, and erected a fascine battery. Thirty French cannon, sunk at Careening Cove, were raised and used for the same purpose. A fierce attack upon the Island Battery, led by Pepperell in person, was repulsed, and sixty men died in the bloody surf; but the trenches were pushed vigorously on, and on June 16th Louisbourg surrendered. The crafty New Englanders kept the French flag flying for some time, and by this ruse succeeded in capturing *Notre Dame de la Delivrance*, laden with cocoa, beneath which were found $2,000,000 in Peruvian dollars, and rather more in gold and silver ingots. Curiously enough, the fall of Louisbourg proved fatal to the French East India Co., as it was the port at which their ships touched on their way to Canada, to collect furs, of which they enjoyed a monopoly. (Richard Brown: "History of Cape Breton," an excellent work which well deserves reprinting.) Pepperell left a garrison, which held Louisbourg till 1748, when, to the disgust of New England, the indifference of the Home Government handed it back to the French, who were keenly alive to its importance. During the ensuing ten years, convict labour was employed in strengthening its defences; part of a huge black rock still remains behind which Warren's ships had found shelter, and which still bears the



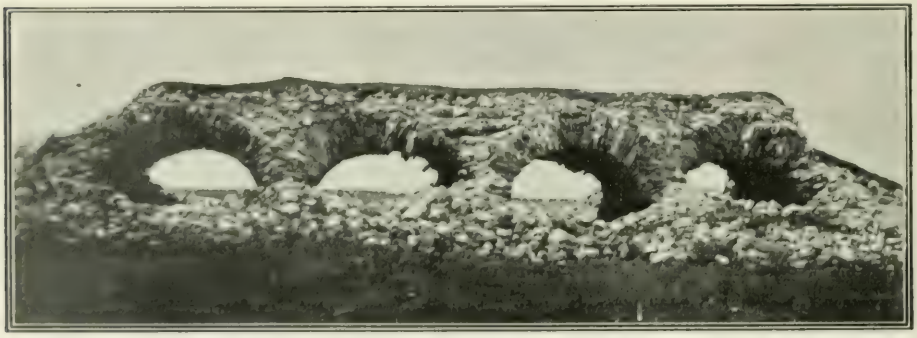
OLD TOWN AND OLD TOWN WALL IN FOREGROUND



CHURCH AT SYDNEY MINES

marks of crowbars and of powder. The more celebrated siege by Amherst and Boscawen in '58 is less interesting, though twenty-two ships of the line, with the due complement of frigates, and over 12,000 troops in transports, made up a far more imposing force. The French had about 4,200 men, and a dozen ships. Practically the whole garrison came out to oppose the enemy, but the fiery Wolfe forced a landing where Pepperell had shown him the way, and the doom of Louisbourg was sealed. Drucour, the Commandant, was no hero; he was not free from suspicion of dishonesty, and he had certainly winked at the ill-doing of others; but he was at least an officer and a gentleman, and aided by his noble wife, he defended his charge with a sprightly gallantry which won deserved applause from the assailants. Madame Drucour aimed and fired guns with her own hands, or stopped to give a kind word and a smile to the non-combatants and the wounded, who lay huddled in the low casements. But on July 27th Louisbourg was forced to surrender, though its determined resistance had compelled Wolfe to defer his attack on Quebec until the next year. Had the defenders fortified the high ground between Careening Cove and Lighthouse Point, or had the whole town been built there, where the ground slopes up from the sea to a height of one hundred and twenty-five feet, Louisbourg would have been impregnable.

Two years later, the town was dismantled, and the walls and glacis levelled into the ditch, everything of any value being carried away to Halifax; even the cut stone, brought from France, and built into the houses, was carried off. From that time till 1893, Louisbourg was an obscure fishing village, situated at the bottom of the harbour, about three miles from the old town; but in that year the Dominion Coal Company made it their winter port, and built piers; the newly formed Dominion Iron and Steel Com-



CAPE BRETON—OLD CASEMATE AT LOUISBOURG

pany intend to pursue a like course. In connection with the Sydney and Louisbourg Railway, and the Intercolonial, it is spoken of as a possible landing place for the British mails, and one of the most picturesque harbours in the world is regaining, on a larger scale and under more healthy conditions, its old importance. The old town still sleeps on, with its store of buried memories, and sailing over the clear still waters we can even to-day look down and see the fish darting among the sunken cannon. To-day, as we drive around the harbour from the new town, and pass the site of the it before Pepperell came, but failed." Even more distressing was a gentleman who, standing on the ruined causeway to the citadel, declared that with his mind's-eye he could see "old Peppy" as if it were that morning. Little is to be seen, for the work of demolition was very thoroughly performed. Mr. Kennedy has with loving care sought out and identified the site of every building mentioned in the plans, but save for some bomb-proof casemates, nothing beside remains.

"There is not of that castle great
Its drawbridge and portcullis weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left."



CAPE BRETON—OLD BARRACKS AT SYDNEY

Grand Battery, a farmer is busy with his scythe where once a deadlier reaper plied his trade. At the entrance to the old town we are met by Mr. Kennedy, owner of the ground, who has long found both delight and profit in showing visitors over the site. On the highest point stands a monument erected in 1895 by the Society of Colonial Wars, to the American and French soldiers who fell in the first siege. This has drawn a number of American tourists to Louisbourg, and their comments are sometimes amusing. "Wolfe," said a quiet, well-dressed man to his wife: "Why, my dear, don't you know? Wolfe tried to take

Thousands of daisies grow where once was the Grand Parade, and on the burying ground where sleep those of Pepperell's garrison who died in the awful winter that succeeded the siege. I enquired of Mr. Kennedy whether he had seen any ghosts, but though he declared that he had been in the graveyard at all hours of the night, no vision from the past had ever been vouchsafed to him. Pressed hard, he admitted that "hollerin's had been heard on Guillotine Hill," but never by himself.

Under British rule Cape Breton passed into a long oblivion. In 1774 its population consisted of 1,011 whites

and 230 Indians; in 1801 the inhabitants numbered 2,513. In 1820, much against its will, it was annexed to Nova Scotia by a simple Order-in-Council, and an end was put to the continual squabbles between the Governor and his local Council, which had disgraced every administration. Save perhaps Newfoundland, Cape Breton is still cursed with more politics to the square yard than any other country upon the globe. When it was an independent province, the strife of the Kilkenny cats was peaceful compared to the normal state of affairs. "They are a lawless rabble, and often interrupted the chief magistrate in the discharge of his duty," says the Governor in 1774.



CAPE BRETON—GEORGES RIVER

In the year 1800 began the immigration of Highlanders, chiefly from the island districts of Argyleshire and Inverness, which has made Cape Breton the most Scotch part of Canada, not even excepting Zorra or Glengarry. Some had already settled in Nova Scotia, chiefly Roman Catholic Jacobites; when between 1800 and 1829 the Highland peasantry were driven from their homes to make room for sheep or deer, at least 25,000 came to Cape Breton, finding in its hills and lakes a scenery closely resembling, save for the absence of peat and of heather, that of their own dear Highlands. Terrible were the hardships they endured. Save in the S.E. corner, there was not a waggon-road from Canso to Cape North. Many a man now living has tramped twenty miles with a bag of potatoes or of flour on his back. Doctors, teachers, ministers, all were lacking. Few of those who came in the slow-sailing emigrant-ships had been farmers in the old land; fishing and cattle grazing had been their occupations, but after the first shock of surprise they buckled to with the grim hardihood of their race. Their descendants still constitute practically the whole population of the island, and here and there an old man or woman may still be found who on occasion can tell stories that conduce to thoughtfulness. About three-fifths are Roman Catholic, the rest Presbyterian. Too high praise cannot be given, too much importance cannot be attached, to the labours of their clergy, whether Catholic priest or Protestant minister. Poor men, comparatively unlearned, lived lives of patient heroism that put to shame their sleeker brethren of the city. The Highlander craves a leader, and he found him in Father Donald or in the Reverend Malcolm. Holding fast to their own Church, yet with a wise

tolerance for their brothers, Protestant and Catholic have lived in amity. In the county of ——— four candidates were running for the local Legislature —two Liberals, two Conservatives, in each pair a Roman Catholic and a Protestant ; only two could be elected. Father Kenneth drove to the poll. "I do not know how you will vote," he said, turning to the crowd, for it was in the old days of open voting, "but as for me, I plump for ———," and he named a prominent Presbyterian elder.

"Do you have any religious fights?" I asked once. "There is plenty of fighting at the weddings," was the reply, "but often I've seen a Presbyterian and a Catholic fight, and another Presbyterian coming up to help the Catholic." The pay of the clergy was poor, often in arrears, and usually paid chiefly in farm produce. A minister, now dead, was paid eight dollars in six months ; on his way home from the treasurer he gave one-half to a starving beggar. The control of such men over their people was of course absolute, and sometimes went to rather whimsical lengths. Personal exhortations from the pulpit were frequent. It was one of this stamp who stopped in the middle of his discourse, and, amid the awed hush that ensued, said slowly : "Whan Sandy Cameron is dune wi' teeklin' Jean MacPherson, the service o' God will proceed." Alas ! poor Sandy and Jean. They, like their stern reprover, are church-yard mould long since, and this little story is all that remains to tell us that they too, like ourselves, once lived and loved and courted in their simple fashion, and were very human, and then—went along the same path as Numa and Ancus. Are there many of us who shall leave even so frail a memorial ?

In 1827 the General Mining Association, an English company, assumed control of all the mineral rights in Cape Breton and Nova Scotia, which George IV had previously granted to the Duke of York. This company held a monopoly of the Cape Breton coal trade till 1858, when their charter was amended, so that while holding the North Sydney portion of the Eastern coal field, all others are as it were resumed by the Legislature, and were leased to a number of companies which at once sprang up, and of which several proved permanent. The breaking-off of the Reciprocity Treaty by the United States proved fatal to many, but the G.M.A. weathered the storm, and gradually built up a profitable trade with Montreal.



CAPE BRETON—I. C. R. BRIDGE OVER THE GRAND NARROWS OF BRAS D'OR

In 1893 began the first of those great industrial enterprises which seem destined to revolutionize the history of Cape Breton, to lead her forth once more, under happier guidance, if in a less romantic guise, upon the stage of universal history, and to load "the long wharf of North America," as the island has been aptly called, with the products of every clime. One of the chief qualities of a great city or district is to act as a distributing centre. The map shows how well-fitted Cape Breton is for such a purpose, and now that capable and energetic hands have laid hold on her resources, she has much to give in return. The G. M. A. had proved the excellence of her coal, and the other companies on the east coast had also made large shipments. The west coast coal, plentiful though of doubtful quality, had been less fortunate, and had fallen more or less into the hands of unscrupulous exploiters; it was time for centralization to begin. In 1893 Mr. H. M. Whitney, of Boston, keen, cultured, kindly, a man with a reputation to lose, the best type of American capitalist, consolidated all the east coast mines not included in the G. M. A. areas, under the title of the Dominion Coal Company. Old slopes and shafts were enlarged, new ones of immense capacity dug, and more modern machinery introduced. The production has increased from 842,870 tons in 1892 to more than three times that amount; the miners are better housed, better fed, better looked after in every way. In August, 1900, the Nova Scotia Steel Company acquired for $1,500,000 the G. M. A. property, has begun to build coke-ovens and to equip a large steel-producing plant.

At Cow Bay an energetic and wealthy English syndicate, the Gowrie and Blockhouse Coal Co. are working, with the latest machinery, and under capable management, large submarine areas; on the west coast Mackenzie and Mann, and other reputable companies, have acquired extensive rights. The former firm is under contract with the Government to have in running order before next July a colliery capable of producing 250,000 tons per year.

As yet the greatest enterprise, and the only one which ranks with the great world companies of Great Britain and the United States, is the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. at Sydney, the last and greatest benefit which Mr. Whitney has conferred on Cape Breton, on Canada, and on himself. Founded in 1899 with a capital of $20,000,000, and with many of the great capitalists of Canada and the U. S. at its back, it has already transformed the quiet hamlet of Sydney into a pushing commercial town, still a little dazzled by its own transformation, and hailed by its admirers as the Belfast, the Glasgow, or the Pittsburg of the North. In July, '99, the first sod was turned; in October of 1900 the first pig-iron was produced, and within eighteen months the company expect to produce steel at the rate of 300,000 tons per annum. Dreamers talk of Sydney as the future ship-building yard of Canada, of Louisbourg or North Sydney as the terminus of a fast Atlantic service, of collieries and of iron-mines on the west coast to equal the coal of Sydney and the iron of Newfoundland. Dreamers they may be, but the dreams of one age are the facts of the next. With her sturdy population, full of the old Highland daring and piety, her mineral resources, and her long line of splendid harbours fronting the Old World and stretching out far towards it, well may the island dream of greatness, and hope not without reason to be a worthy partner in one of the great nations of the future.

HUMMING BIRDS OF ONTARIO.

THE RUBY THROAT.—WITH DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR.

By C. W. Nash.

THE average Britisher, who only knows Canada as "Our Lady of the Snows," generally expresses some surprise when informed that this country is the summer home of one of the most interesting of the humming birds. He has been taught to associate perpetual sunshine, many flowers and humming birds together, and he cannot believe that such a combination of pleasant and beautiful things can ever be found in a country where the seasons are divided as ours are. Within the past few years, some British illusions with regard to the climate of Canada have been dispelled and the people on the other side of the Atlantic are slowly learning that while we have a winter season once every year, we have a summer also; and that during that summer we are blessed with an abundance of flowers, fruit and birds, as well as our share of all the other good gifts of nature that people prize most highly.

The general idea that humming birds and flowers are closely associated together is correct, and so we do not see the Ruby Throat, our representative of this purely American family of birds, until the time for the blossoming of the flowers has come. This, in Southern Ontario, is about the tenth of May. The distances traversed by this tiny creature in its migrations twice each year are astonishing; it spends the winter in South America, entering the United States on its northward journey about the end of March. When this stage is reached, some of them, attracted by favourable spots, cease their flight and establish themselves for the summer. Others continue on their route and do not stop until they have almost reached the shores of the Arctic sea. Thus the species may be found breeding at any point from the Gulf of Mexico to the northern limit of Manitoba. I am inclined to think their migrations are performed entirely in the daytime, for I certainly have every year noted the flight both in spring and autumn, made at all hours of the day, and I know of no record of any bird of this species having been seen moving at night.

The great majority of our birds of passage when migrating associate in flocks or parties, not always composed of birds of one species; and when flying, they as a rule avoid crossing large bodies of water, preferring, in the case of our lakes, to skirt along the shore until they reach a point where the water-stretch is very narrow. The bold little humming bird is not at all concerned about having company on its trip, and invariably travels alone, nor is it afraid to cross our lakes at any point in fair weather. The majority of them undoubtedly follow the shore line to one of the usual crossing places, but a great many strike out across the open water of Lake Ontario and flying low make for the opposite shore at a rate of speed which soon carries them over. This I have seen them do quite frequently, both in the spring when they are arriving and in autumn when leaving us.

Although the Ruby Throat is well known throughout the country, and probably to every man who ever had a flower-garden; yet but very few people have seen its nest, and fewer still have been able to watch a pair when rearing their young. The nest is one of the most perfect examples of bird architecture known; it is constructed entirely by the female alone, though the male seems to take a good deal of interest in the progress of the work.



DRAWN BY C. W. NASH

HUMMING BIRDS—THE RUBY THROAT

He constantly hovers about his little mate while she is gathering the necessary material and putting it in place. He chirps and twitters out his suggestions as to how things should be done; but to all these suggestions she appears to be quite indifferent. While building operations are going on and so long as the nest is occupied, Mr. Ruby Throat guards the tree in which it is placed with the most jealous care and will permit no intruders to rest upon its branches for a moment. The sudden onslaught made by the little fury on such occasions is too much for any bird; even the tyrannical Kingbird gives way before it and ignominiously retreats skrieking his disgust at having the tables turned upon him by an antagonist which is too small and too quick for him either to resist or avoid.

The nest is usually saddled upon the horizontal branch of a tree not often more than ten or twelve feet from the ground. Orchard, lawn trees, and trees growing in pasture fields are usually preferred by the Ruby Throats for their nesting-place. I have only once seen them occupy a tree in the bush, and this one was at the outside edge and open to the sunlight. The nest is composed of the very finest and softest plant down, beautifully and closely fitted together. On the outside of this pieces of grey lichen are plentifully sprinkled, so that when completed the structure so perfectly harmonizes with its surroundings that unless the bird is seen to leave it, or fly into it, the closest observer would overlook it, or mistake it for a bunch of lichen growing naturally on the tree. The branch selected is generally more or less covered with mosses and lichens of the same colour as those worked over the nest.

Conscious that their small size and extreme quickness is a sufficient protection against all natural enemies, the Ruby Throats never affect any sort of concealment themselves; when they wish to rest they perch out openly upon some leafless twig, and there sit calmly preening themselves, or gazing about them with an air of quiet independence which is very amusing in so small a creature. At such times the little male will utter his peculiar twittering song, which possibly has some charms for his little sitting mate, or at any rate serves to let her know that he is on guard and will not permit her to be molested by anything that he can drive away. Two pure white eggs are laid, which in about ten days are hatched, and in about a week afterwards the young leave the nest. I am inclined to think that the young while they are in the nest, and for some time afterwards are fed by the female only, for I have never yet been able to see the male do so, and I have noticed that before the young left the nest the male had disappeared and was no more seen.

All our small birds feed their young by carrying to them food in their beaks and placing it in the mouths of the nestlings. Humming birds adopt a different plan. The female gathers up the food and swallows it, and then regurgitates it into the throats of her little ones, in the same manner as the pigeons. There is a general impression that humming birds visit the flowers for the purpose of extracting honey from them, and that this constitutes their sole food. No doubt they do obtain some honey in this way, but that it constitutes an important part of their diet is doubtful. I have examined a great many during the last thirty years and have invariably found that the birds had been feeding upon small insects, with which their stomachs were filled. A small amount of honey was generally present, and was, I believe, intentionally taken. The birds show a fondness for sweet fluids other than honey, when they are obtainable; they often drink sap when it runs from the maple and the birch in the early spring. At this season flowers are scarce. The birds also hover up and down trunks of large pines and dead trees searching the crevices of the bark, in which many insects are sheltered. Here they find the essential part of their food, that upon which their existence really depends.

About the middle of August vast numbers of Ruby Throats in the immature plumage appear in the Province of Ontario. Where they come from is a mystery, for their number is out of all proportion to those which pass through in the spring. They arrive here just when the Water Balsam (Impatiens fulva) is in full blossom. This plant grows most luxuriantly in the rich black loam at the bottom of small ravines, through which a spring stream works its winding way. It bears a curiously shaped orange flower, thickly spotted with reddish brown, and is sometimes known by the name of "Touch-me-not," because if touched when ripe, the seed pods will burst suddenly with a slight snapping noise. About these flowers the humming birds hover incessantly, probing them with their needle-like beaks and extracting from them the small insects which harbour there. A visit to one of these ravines in the height of the season, which is from about the fifteenth of August to the end of the first week in September, affords a splendid opportunity for observing the ways of the Ruby Throat. They dart from flower to flower in their erratic fashion, or more methodically search the alder and willow bushes for their minute prey. Although a considerable number of these birds may frequent the same ravine for a time, they act quite independently of each other. Their pugnacity is so great that no two ever meet at the same bush without a battle at once taking place. The two little spitfires rise together in the air and thrust at each other with their sharp beaks until one or both tire, when they separate and resume feeding at a respectful distance apart, ready, however, to engage in a fresh quarrel at the first opportunity.

The Ruby Throats "at home" do not display any great fear of people. They are always alert and watchful, but if not alarmed by sudden movements they will permit a near approach. If taken in hand, however, or very suddenly alarmed, they are liable to be seized with a sort of fainting fit, during which they appear for a short time to be quite dead. The faint soon passes off and they become as lively as ever. A curious instance of this happened a few years ago in my own house. One afternoon I entered the room which is appropriated to my own particular belongings, and there found a female humming bird flying quietly around the walls, evidently looking for spiders, of which they are very fond. I closed the window and sat down to see what would happen. The little bird did not seem in the least alarmed at my presence, and at times alighted on a fishing-rod that was extended along the wall above the window. From this it would every little while go on a tour around the room and then return to its perch. I left it there alone until just before dark, when I again looked in and found the Ruby Throat had gone to roost upon the fishing-rod, and was resting there puffed out as comfortably as possible. Some time in the evening a visitor called, and the presence of the humming bird in the house was mentioned. Of course our friend wished to see the little creature at roost, so I at once picked up the lamp, and went to the room where it was. As soon as we entered the bird uttered a most pitiful chirp, and without the least flutter or motion of its wings fell from its perch heavily to the floor. I at once picked it up, but it seemed to be quite dead, and for some minutes I held its apparently lifeless body on the palm of my hand, when presently one of our party noticed a slight palpitation. This rapidly increased, and soon the little thing had perfectly recovered. I then replaced it on its perch on the fishing-rod, where it remained all night, and in the morning when I released it the bird seemed to be as strong as it ever was.

If unmolested, humming birds will return year after year to the same nesting place, and many instances are on record of familiar relations being established between the Ruby Throats and people who took a kindly interest in them. A little care and caution in

making the first advances towards a friendship with any of our wild creatures is all that is necessary. After they have once found out that no harm is meant to them their confidence rapidly increases.

An example of this is contained in the following letter from a Canadian living in Worcester, Mass.:

About three years ago Mr. Bruso, a druggist, had in his possession a humming bird so tame that it delighted to take its food from Mr. Bruso's hands and would fearlessly sip from the soda glasses in the hands of the druggist's customers. Nearly every morning for many weeks I carried flowers in my hands to the drugstore for the delightful experience of watching the tiny mite plunge its bill into the flowers for its early morning meal. This little specimen of animated nature remained in the store from the middle of May until the latter part of November following, when it disappeared. Hundreds had been to see it, and its fame had travelled far and wide.

Each succeeding season Mr. Bruso tried to fill the place of his lost pet, but with indifferent success. The birds he caught either killed themselves in attempting to fly through the plate-glass windows or by jamming themselves into some out-of-the-way corner of the store.

This season, however, his efforts to tame an exceedingly beautiful little humming bird were crowned with gratifying success. The process of taming occupied but two hours, after which short training the hummer would quickly respond to the master's chirp, alight on his outstretched finger, balance himself as before a flower, then would quickly dart to his perch—a gas fixture over the soda fountain. In another instant he would fly back and repeat the act with all the playfulness of a child. Mr. Bruso kept his food (dissolved rock crystal candy) in a phial, from which Pet (that is the name given to each bird in turn) would sip his fill, and then perch upon the edge of the bottle. In doing this the syrup would clog Pet's feet and amusing results followed. By an extra effort the feet would be pulled away only to be more firmly fixed upon the gaspipe perch over the fountain, where Pet would exhaust his strength in his endeavours to be free. Then Mr. Bruso would go to the rescue, and after carefully sponging the little feet of their stickiness would hold Pet in his hands until he was completely rested. This only occurred a few times before Pet understood cause and effect, and thereafter food was taken "on the wing" from that source.

Mr. Bruso goes early to his store mornings to read the paper. But Pet was always alert. As soon as seated with his paper Pet would commence his demonstrations for notice, and would say as plainly as a child: "Please put down your paper and tend to me. I'm hungry!" This would be done by a series of flights close to Mr. Bruso's eyes. If this was unnoticed Pet would alight on the paper and peck at it until his wants were attended to, when he would fly to the ceiling and catch imaginary flies and spiders (for he was fond of both and occasionally had an opportunity of indulging the seemingly savage taste), dart about the store and by his master's ears, seemingly greatly enjoying the fun, particularly when Mr. Bruso would seem startled and jump.

Mr. Bruso thinks that the first and the last of his pets were young birds and that the others were too old to tame. He would like to know if any others have had experience with taming humming birds.

J. H. W.

July, 1901.

TO TIME.

O TIME, be merciful, be kind as Death!
When the young yearnings burn in faded eyes,
Or the young heart makes quick the aged breath,
Or the young zeal starts in decrepit guise;

Or young ambition raves in senile brains,
Or young love wakes when beauty withereth,
Or young hopes bud in the autumnal rains,
O Time, we cry, be merciful as Death!

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

AN EARLY CANADIAN STATESMAN.

BEING THE STORY OF THE HON. RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.*

By Professor Adam Shortt.

IN the history of British colonial expansion, and the growth of Britain's unique capacity for successfully planting and developing dependent states, by far the most significant epoch is that of the American Revolution. Through that crisis Britain first attained to a serious sense of responsibility in the management of her colonies. The experience so vividly and so painfully gained laid the foundation for her future principles of colonial administration.

The older provinces of our Dominion remained as a field upon which to experiment with these new ideas, and from which to derive, as the results of those experiments, other ideas equally essential to her future success. Much was to be learned also, both in things to be followed and things to be avoided, from a study of her late colonies in their independent development, and in their influence upon her remaining North American possessions.

This experience was of the greatest value in establishing and adminstering such later colonies as Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony, and, indirectly, even in the administration of India.

But no less important has been the effect upon Britain herself. Much of her modern liberty and breadth of view, her social, political and economic reforms, can be traced, directly or indirectly, to the effect of the American Revolution in rousing the country from its insular self-complacency. Thereafter, the country was gradually drawn out of its shell, and its most capable statesmen were stimulated to take a far broader and more sympathetic view of British interests. This is made manifest in the study of the lives and times of the men who have had most to do with the broadening and deepening of the stream of British national life—men like Chatham, Burke, Shelburne, Fox, Pit, Canning, Huskisson, Peel, not to mention later names. We find such men to have been greatly influenced by ideas obtained by viewing their country not merely from within, or from the point of view of international jealousy and antagonism, but in the light of its larger relations of sympathy and common interest, due to colonial development and American experience. And in this connection it is to be observed that Britain has always looked upon the United States in a different light from that in which she has regarded other nations.

This general position I do not propose to trace further. At present I desire merely to sketch one among many concrete phases of the new experience which has aided Britain in attaining to that success in colonial administration which is the envy and despair of other nations.

My concrete example is connected with the life and character of a Canadian statesman, who, passing through the American Revolution on the British side, had much to do with determining the character of the new experiments to be made in Canada. Several threatened mistakes he succeeded in preventing, many others he managed to check, but more often he had to remain content with pointing them out, and entering a protest against them.

* The more specific sources for this sketch are the manuscript Journals and Letter Books of the Hon. Richard Cartwright, from which a small volume was selected and published in 1876 under the title of "Life and Letters of the late Hon. Richard Cartwright, Edited by Rev. C. E. Cartwright." Also the voluminous State Papers of the period as contained in the Canadian Archives, Ottawa.

In most of his criticisms, as subsequent events proved, he was singularly alive to the inner meaning and future significance of the events that were taking place around him.

Richard Cartwright was born in 1759 at Albany, in the colony of New York. His father came from England, and his mother belonged to one of the old Dutch families of the colony. His parents having both the means and the inclination, he received an exceptionally good education. Looking forward to entering the Church, he was already deeply engrossed in the studies preparatory to that profession when the war of the Revolution broke out and changed the whole current of his life. Not yet twenty years of age, absorbed in other thoughts, and not in a position to be much influenced by the agitations of the time, he seems to have given little or no attention to the questions in dispute between Britain and her colonies. As in the case of a great many others in that crisis, being forced to take a side, his decision was not the result of any deliberate study of the points at issue, but was determined in advance by his associations and connections. Taking the side of the Loyalists, he adhered faithfully to it throughout, and yet the light of reason was not obscured, or the freedom of judgment curtailed by party prejudice. Neither during the conflict nor afterwards, did he show any tendency to regard his choice as mistaken ; yet he was thoroughly alive to the numerous mistakes and excesses of both sides, and in his judgments on them was as free from indulgent justification of the one, as from bitter reproaches for the other.

It was doubtless impossible for one of his youth at the time of the struggle, or of his position afterwards to recognize the ultimate significance of that crisis. He did not foresee the remarkable century of progress for the Anglo-Saxon race which was about to be entered upon, and which was to bring a triumphant justification for the principles of the opposing and successful party. Yet, no man in his own field of action made greater or more enlightened efforts to place his country in the line of that future development.

Thus, while not, so far as I have discovered, expressing any sympathy with the leaders of the American Revolution or their illustrious sympathizers in Britain, yet by the independent and progressive course which he adopted in Canada, he followed unconsciously in their footsteps, incurring thereby the suspicion and antagonism at once of a short-sighted and visionary Government, and of narrow-minded radicals.

A youth still in his teens, he came to Canada with his parents, who seem to have settled for a time in the neighbourhood of Niagara. During two campaigns he accompanied Col. Butler of the Queen's Rangers as his secretary. In that position, a youth of nineteen or twenty, he gave evidence of his fidelity to duty, of the broadness of his mind, and the impartiality of his judgment. His journals during these campaigns afford most interesting reading.

He had no delusions as to the nature of the Indian war that was carried on upon the frontiers of the American colonies. Unfortunately for Britain's reputation she had the Indians for her allies during this war. All those reproaches which she had formerly directed against France for using that terrible scourge upon the frontiers of her colonies now became hers, since she had, in the conquest of Canada, fallen heir to the whole Indian alliance. People who had been partly plundered by the Americans as supporters of the British were afterwards robbed of what little was left by the Indian allies of the British, and their women and children carried off to be subjected to nameless tortures. Officers like Butler did what they could to lessen the horrors of the Indian methods of warfare. But, though they had discovered means for raising this demon they had but very limited control over its activities. The Indian atrocities, on the other hand, so outraged every human feeling of the colonists, and so seared their very souls, that only death itself could obliterate from their spirits the hatred

which they had conceived for those who were the instruments of turning this scourge upon their defenceless farms and villages.

Speaking of a party of Mohawks setting out from the camp on one of these harrying expeditions, Cartwright says :—"As a citizen of the world, divested of all undue partiality and attachment to my particular party or society, I can consider these small parties of Indians going out on the frontiers only as so many bands of lurking assassins seeking an opportunity to destroy the peaceful and industrious inhabitants, and ready to glut their cruelty alike with the blood of friend or foe, without distinction of sex or age. There are but too many instances, which would be shocking to repeat, which evince this to be a just estimation of them. Though much pains has been taken, it is impossible to bring them to leave women and children unmolested, and as for the rest, it must be expected that they will regard all white people alike, and if they can but bring off a prisoner or a scalp it is all one to them."

As to the general result of the combined Indian and Ranger warfare on the frontiers he has this to say :—"In taking a view of the Indian war it is certain that it has very much distressed the rebels, by destroying some of their best settlements, drawing off vast quantities of their cattle, and obliging them to leave the greatest part of their frontiers from Canada to Virginia uncultivated, besides laying them under the necessity of keeping several thousand men embodied merely to oppose the Indians. But the expenses of carrying it on have hitherto, at least, been fully adequate to these advantages. The cruelties that have attended it and been exercised indiscriminately on friend and foe, without distinction of sex or age, when seriously considered, must make it to be regarded with general abhorrence."

When peace was restored, owing to his having been connected with Butler's Rangers he dared not return to his native State, as did others of the Loyalists who settled down to become worthy citizens of the new Republic, and a very valuable conservative element as a check upon much that tended to extravagant democracy.

He and his parents settled at Kingston, where he entered into partnership with Robert Hamilton, another gentleman of liberal mind, and began a very successful commercial career. Being engaged in the forwarding business, among others, and having large connections with the Montreal merchants interested in the fur trade of the West and North-West, they found it necessary to undertake, in addition to the transhipping at Kingston, that at Niagara also for the upper lakes. After a time, by mutual agreement they dissolved partnership and divided the field between them, Mr. Hamilton going to Niagara, and Mr. Cartwright remaining at Kingston. They continued to be the best of friends, and to maintain intimate business relations. They shared each other's views on political matters, and stood together in many an unpleasant as well as to them unprofitable encounter with the governing powers, in support of what they believed to be for the best interests of the country ; and history has amply vindicated most of their contentions.

Owing to his abilities and position in the country, Mr. Cartwright was naturally selected as one of the earliest magistrates and judges in the new Loyalist settlements. As the greater part of the local administration of these settlements fell within the sphere of magistrates' duties, he was associated with the government of the Province from its infancy.

One of the first public questions of importance which faced the new settlers was that of the legal system of the country, affecting very deeply as it did the social, economic and political relations of the people. The new districts being part of the Province of Quebec in virtue of the Quebec Act came within the jurisdiction of French-Canadian law and custom which were expressions of old French feudalism. This affected at once the tenure of their

lands, the laws of property and inheritance, and rendered them liable to interferences on the part of the Crown compared with which the rights claimed by Britain over her former colonies were mild indeed. The British element in Canada had never ceased, from the time of the passing of the Quebec Act, to protest and petition against this imposition upon British subjects, and when the Loyalists were added to the country the agitation received a fresh impulse. The Government, however, was loath to yield. It was plainly suspicious of these renewed clamours for freedom on the part of the Loyalists, about the sincerity of whose attachment the Government was always more or less sceptical. Believing that the late colonies had been lost because of the freedom which they had been permitted to enjoy, it was the official conviction that the British system of self-government was not suited for colonial dependencies. Hence they were at first inclined to maintain the French system throughout Canada. But, perceiving that this was likely to lead to trouble, wiser counsels prevailed, and though restrictions were still applied yet they took another form. The details of the discussion at the time between the Home Government and the Colonial Government, and between the Colonial Government and the people, are full of interest both as regards the subject at issue, and for the future.

Mr. Cartwright, as one of the magistrates, and a natural leader in the new settlements, took a prominent part in these discussions, standing patiently but firmly for liberty. He had much to do with the petitions that were sent in from his district, and some of them he personally drew up. Among the latter is a letter from the magistrates in this neighbourhood, in 1787, addressed to Sir John Johnson, who was head of the Indian Department and had a general supervision over the western settlements. This is a very comprehensive document, setting forth the various needs of the new districts. The magistrates first emphasize the hardships of the British settlers in having to submit to the feudal land tenure, with all that it involved. Next they desire an enlargement of their powers in order that they may be able to deal with a larger range of cases, instead of having to appeal to Montreal in all important matters. Next they petition for some form of municipal organization, such as they had been familiar with in the American colonies. This would enable them to deal with such matters as the opening of roads and providing for the poor. Attention is next directed to matters of trade, and the Government is asked to appoint inspectors of such products as the people may be able to export, in order that it may not be in the power of individuals to bring the produce of the settlements into disrepute. They suggest bounties on hemp and potash, such as they had been accustomed to in the American colonies. They desire that the Government should purchase from the settlers such grain, or other stores as they may be able to furnish, for the supply of the troops at the various western posts. It is asked that Cataraqui (Kingston) instead of Carleton Island be the headquarters of the Naval Department and stores. They petition for assistance towards making provision for clergymen and schoolmasters, at places most convenient for the inhabitants. They also ask that the passive Loyalist element, which remained in the United States, be permitted to come to Canada, and that both they and those already here may be permitted to bring in what possessions they have there, all such being now prohibited. And finally, they venture to hope that it may not be impossible to have English laws and the English form of government introduced into the country, as these would greatly increase its welfare and prosperity. This is much the most comprehensive, and yet practicable, of the petitions sent in from the new settlements at this period.

Mr. Cartwright's interest in religion and education was very great. He was anxious that schools should be

established at once in every inhabited district. In addition to urging the matter on the Government, in company with his fellow-magistrates, he sends in 1789 a special letter to Mr. Collins, who was in charge of the land surveys in the district, asking him to bring before the Governor the necessity for setting apart some land for the support of schools, and suggesting some of the islands opposite Kingston as likely to have most immediate value and as not yet appropriated.

In reply to this and the joint petitions there came from Lord Dorchester's secretary a Government scheme quite characteristic of the time. It is, that the Government has arranged for the allotment of glebes for the support of persons who will be clergymen and schoolmasters combined. If the settlers will help to clear these lands, so that the joint ministers and schoolmasters could make a living off them, they would be sure to attract good men of fine character for these positions. Thus we have before us the vision of men of piety and learning set down in a hole in the forest and expected to minister to the souls and develop the intellects of the settlers and their children, while in their leisure moments they make a living for themselves by cultivating their glebes.

Messrs. Cartwright and McLean, on behalf of the magistrates, made a respectful reply, in which they say that while they will do the best they can as instructed, yet they are not at all sanguine of success. The people are hard to move; and another great difficulty arises from the fact that a majority of the inhabitants are not of the Established Church, and hence do not believe in working for its interests alone. Thus do they avoid the necessity of criticising the scheme.

However, this question of a single Episcopal Church Establishment for the whole of Protestant Canada, raised no end of difficulty in the young colony. It was one of the convictions of the official mind in Britain, that in addition to having had too much liberty the American colonies had been lost because of there being no aristocracy or established hierarchy in them. The cry "No Bishop, no King" was once more raised. In the new Act for the Government of Canada, which was then preparing, while conceding popular assemblies and English law in the Upper Province at least, the Government made provision for an aristocracy and a church establishment, which latter it was also intended should control education. Cartwright was a devoted adherent of the Church of England, and, as we have seen, had intended to enter its ministry, but from the first he recognized the unwisdom of the attempt to force that church upon the dissenting Loyalists and other elements in the population. He raised his voice against it at the first opportunity, and though he was not successful in altogether preventing this mistaken policy, yet he did much to modify its harsher features.

After the passing of the Constitutional Act of 1791, Simcoe arrived as the first Governor of Upper Canada. Like Lord Dorchester, he had been an officer in the British army in America during the Revolution. His whole training from youth had been in the military line, and he had the characteristic virtues and defects of the higher grade military man. He was generous, enthusiastic, perfectly conscientious and thoroughly devoted to what he believed to be Britain's interest in America, and he believed that interest was to be promoted chiefly by military means. On the other hand, he was singularly ignorant of the nature and necessities of civil administration. His conceptions of future Canadian greatness were generous and lofty in proportion to his ignorance of the means for realizing them. Absolutely free from any taint of corruption himself, he nevertheless laid the basis for a most disastrous system of corruption. In brief, he was a perfect gentleman, an ideal military officer, and a complete failure as a civil administrator.

With nothing more to guide him than his military experience in the Revolutionary war, and before he had

ever seen Upper Canada, Simcoe formed a most comprehensive and picturesque scheme for the government of the country. Writing to Dundas, the Secretary for the Colonies, while still in London, he outlines his policy for the government of his Province.

First and foremost is his anxiety about the establishment of the Episcopal System in the country, a system which, as he says, is "interwoven and connected with the monarchical foundations of our government," and now, in the very infancy of the colony, is the time for its establishment in order to insure a permanent dependence upon Great Britain. Next in importance is the necessity of having the colony established on a military basis. He hopes to have a company of artificers drawn from the various British regiments. He desires particularly to have establishments for a number of independent companies, which he regards as vital parts of the colony. He expects that these, on soldier's pay, will be able to execute works which up to this time have either drawn upon the labour of the peasants, or required extra outlay by the Government. Following in these matters the great masters of the world, the Romans, he proposes to make the winter stations of these companies "the germs of so many well-affected colonial cities." As the soldiers are discharged they will be given their allotments of land. He will discharge them as soon as possible, filling their places with men drawn from the United States, who will be disciplined in these companies, by the occupations he will set them at, until they have become good British subjects. Already he has his officers chosen for these commands Among the captains are David Shank, John McGill, Æneas Shaw, and Lieut. Spencer. The inferior officers he expects to pick up in the country from among the Loyalist military men already there on half-pay. Other officers whom he desires to take with him are Surgeon McAulay, Mr. Burnes, Capt. Smith, Capt. Stevenson, and Mr. Jarvis, the latter a civilian.

Mr. Osgoode is to be at the head of the Law Department. But excepting Mr. Osgoode he does not favour having "gentlemen of the law" as members of either the Executive or the Legislative Council. It is highly necessary, too, that legal appeals to Great Britain should be discouraged as much as possible. He recommends other persons to be taken with him for the various important offices connected with the Government, except the position of Surveyor-General, apparently having his eye on someone in Canada for that position.

With his bands of raw republicans from the States, in training for British subjects, he proposes to clear small tracts of land and sell them at moderate rates to the settlers.

There are, he says, many Loyalists in London who are entitled to the protection of the Government, and are anxiously awaiting relief, and who propose to emigrate to Upper Canada if the inducements are sufficient. Several Germans have also applied to him. He wishes to know, therefore, what inducements the King will hold out to those inclined to settle in Upper Canada. He hopes the King will keep the Government stores in Canada well supplied, because, owing to the difficulty of transportation he understands that when there is a scarcity of goods the merchants put up their prices, and only the feudal land system of Lower Canada has saved the greater part of the country from falling into the hands of the merchants. He then goes into details as to supplies of materials, tools, etc., to be sent out for his corps of artizans and soldiers, and for sale to the inhabitants at the cost price in England and without freight charges. He does not even forget to stipulate for a supply of copper coins with which to pay his American probationers.

As became a man of education and humanity, he is thoroughly interested in the spiritual needs of the colonists. "The colony of Upper Canada," he says, "may justly be considered as the rival for public estimation and preference, of the American Govern-

ments near to which it is situated. To the infinite superiority of constitution it certainly will be no inferior part of policy to aim at superiority in morals, in manners, in industry, in arts and sciences." Therefore he looks forward to establishing a public library in the colony. His idea is to obtain such books as the Encyclopedia, "extracts from which might be published in the periodical papers for the purpose of facilitating commerce and agriculture." The books will be a great aid also to that literary society which he hopes to establish, and which he expects will be considerably promoted by the professional studies of the medical gentlemen he will take with him, and by the "turn for mineralogy which is the amusement of Mr. Russell." Mr. Russell, we find, is to combine with this amusement the duties of collector of customs, and auditor and receiver-general.

Thus, with the necessary instructions left behind for the Home Government, with the destinies of a new empire in his pocket, and surrounded by a congenial military band who, under his command, were to lay the foundations of that empire, Simcoe left the shores of Britain on his great mission.

It would have been needless to relate these Utopian plans had the Governor abandoned them on discovering the actual condition of things in Canada. But he was too completely absorbed in his visions, too conscious of the loftiness and integrity of his purposes, and too sanguine of forcing their realization, to be discouraged by any untoward circumstances which fell in his way, or any lack of appreciation on the part of the people. Hence, without this key to the situation, much of his conduct as Governor of Upper Canada would be unintelligible, and much of the opposition of such men as Cartwright and Hamilton might be regarded as dictated by a rooted antagonism to the British Government, which was just the interpretation put upon their conduct by Simcoe himself.

The Governor and his officers were naturally much disgusted with the social and political symptoms which they discovered in Upper Canada, entirely loyalist though it was at that time. But for Simcoe, at least, these symptoms only strengthened the conviction that his plans for the eradication of democratic tendencies were absolutely essential to the country's British connection and future greatness.

Writing to Dundas, in the end of 1792, soon after his arrival, he says that in his passage from Montreal to Kingston he had discovered that the general spirit of the country was against the election of half-pay officers to the Assembly, but "that the prejudice ran in favour of men of the lower order, who kept but one table, that is, who dine in common with their servants." This was indeed ominous; for how could a Governor expect to manage an Assembly not composed mainly of military men? However, he reports with some satisfaction, that by stopping over at Kingston and exerting his personal influence, he managed to secure the election of his Attorney-General, Mr. White. In the perfect innocence of his heart, such an action on the part of the Governor had to him not the faintest suspicion of impropriety, but is related as evidence of his zeal in the King's cause. His whole conduct was characterized by such actions. His subordinates took up the clue, and the history of the Family Compact with its methods of governing the country formed the natural sequel to these proceedings.

Both Simcoe and Cartwright give most interesting surveys of the first session of the Legislature, but I can refer only to the subject upon which they first came into conflict. It came up in connection with a bill introduced by Mr. Cartwright, and supported by Mr. Hamilton, in the Legislative Council. This was a bill for making valid the irregular marriages already contracted in the Province. As Simcoe says, nearly every one in the Province, Cartwright and Hamilton included, were in that position.

Loyalist families had been coming into Canada from 1777, and settling

in the neighbourhood of the Posts. Many of those doing duty at the Posts, whether in high or low positions, had married young women of these immigrant families. The marriage ceremony was usually conducted by the commanding officer of the Post, there being no clergyman of the Church of England in the whole country west of Montreal. After the establishing of the Loyalist settlers the Justices of the Peace used to marry the people. In 1786 the Rev. Mr. Stuart was settled at Kingston, and this neighbourhood returned to the usual forms. Not till 1792 was the second minister settled at Niagara, and still there was none at the large settlement of Detroit or elsewhere. These civil marriages were not valid in the eyes of the law as it then stood, and the children could not inherit their parents' property. Thus some legislation was necessary to make valid former marriages and arrange for the future. As Cartwright pointed out, there were not in 1792 more than about one hundred families in the whole Province who were of the Church of England, the majority being Lutherans, Dutch Calvinists, Presbyterians, Methodists and Roman Catholics. As these dissenters were arranging to provide themselves with ministers, Cartwright recognized the wisdom of allowing their clergymen to perform legal marriages. But, as already seen, it was part of Simcoe's scheme to nip all these nonconformist sects in the bud, and, by forcing the Episcopal system upon the whole colony, bring it into harmony on this point with the "monarchical foundations of our Government." Simcoe was therefore immediately up in arms against Cartwright's proposal, and managed to shelve the question for a time on the plea of getting the opinion of the Home Government on it. Finding that something had to be conceded, Simcoe's party took the matter up and passed an act legalizing certain former marriages, but leaving the dissenters excluded from all rights to make legal marriages.

Commenting on the whole policy of the Government on the subject of religion, a policy which was afterwards to breed bitterness and obstruction to the progress of the country, Cartwright says: "The caution with which everything relative to the Church or Dissenters is guarded in the Act of Parliament which establishes our constitution, and the zeal and tenaciousness of the Executive Government in this country, on this head, has always astonished me. When a particular system has been long adopted and acted upon, some evil may perhaps result from a change, although in its principles it may be neither liberal nor just, and at all events there is the bugbear innovation to guard the abuse; but to make this abuse an essential principle, and, where a new Government is to be formed as in the present case, among a people composed of every religious denomination, and nineteen-twentieths of whom are of persuasions different from the Church of England, to attempt to give to that Church the same exclusive political advantages that it possesses in Great Britain, and which are even there the cause of so much clamour, appears to me to be as impolitic as it is unjust. In the present time one would expect better things from Ministers. That these remarks may not be imputed to prejudice, I think it necessary to mention that I am one of the small number of churchmen in the country." And then, going on to speak of the methods by which the foundations of the Family Compact and the future corruption were laid, he remarks with unusual insight: "For my part I assure you I begin to be disgusted with politics. On the division of the Province, as we had no previous establishments in our way, I fondly imagined that we were to sit down cordially together to form regulations solely for the public good; but a little experience convinced me that these were the visions of a novice, and I found our Executive Government disposed to calculate their measures, as much with a view to patronage and private endowment, as the prosperity

of the colony. In this I doubt not they will be sufficiently successful, from the interested complaisance of some of our legislators and the ignorance of more, who are incapable of foreseeing the consequence of their concessions. But such policy is as short-sighted as it is illiberal, and however little it may be noticed at present, if persisted in and pushed very far, will unquestionably be sowing the seeds of civil discord, and perhaps laying the foundations of future revolutions. For although almost every one is now too much taken up with providing the means of subsistence to have leisure for canvassing public measures, yet as we advance in population and improvement, they will become objects of more general attention, and in sound policy ought to be so calculated as not to furnish cause for disgust to the real patriot, or pretext for clamour to the pretended one. In the course of our proceedings I have found how completely the spirit of that part of the Act might be evaded, which professes to make the Legislative Council entirely independent, by giving the members their seats for life. It is only to compose the majority of it—as has, in fact, been done—of Executive Councillors and officers of Government, dependent for their salaries on the good pleasure of the Governor." So accurate an analysis is this of the real significance of the course which the Government was following, that it reads like a section of Lord Durham's Report, after the rebellion of 1837, dealing with the fundamental blunders and corruption that had nearly wrecked the Province of Upper Canada. Yet these words were written within two years after the establishing of the first Government in Upper Canada.

Commenting on other aspects of Simcoe's government, he says: "Seriously, our good Governor is a little wild in his projects, and seems to imagine that he can, in two or three years, put the country into a situation that it is impossible it can arrive at in a century; and I fear that a great deal of expense will by this means be thrown away, which, under the management of a less sanguine temper, would have been productive of solid benefit to the colony. For example, how useful might the Rangers have been had they been employed in the service for which they were ostensibly raised, of opening roads and building bridges between the different settled parts of the country; but this is a business that the inhabitants are left to do of themselves, as well as they can, and the only piece of work of this kind that these folks who were 'to level mountains and make valleys rise' have been employed in at all, is in cutting a road from the head of Lake Ontario to the River Trancke, where there is yet not a single inhabitant, and in this duty there is a captain and one hundred men engaged. But while I am thus free in my strictures, I must also say that the Governor merits very great praise for his indefatigable industry in exploring in person the communication between the different parts of the country. Last winter he went to Detroit on snow shoes; early this spring he coasted the lake from Niagara to Toronto; he has now gone to look into Lake Huron, by the way of Lake LaClaye; and next winter we expect a visit from him here by way of the Bay of Kenty."

When Simcoe, annoyed at Cartwright's outspoken criticism of his course in the Legislative Council, represented him and his friend Hamilton to the home authorities as the only persons in the Council who were opposed to His Majesty's Government, and had impugned their motives, Mr. Cartwright has this to say in defence of his course. It is in a letter to his friend, Mr. Isaac Todd of Montreal, who had learned, while in Britain, of the attacks of the Governor upon him.

"It seems, then, that every man who will not be a tool, and pay implicit respect to the caprice and extravagance of a Colonial Governor, must be an object of jealousy and malevolence not only here but at home. Yet, ask these gentlemen for what purpose they gave me a seat in the Legislative Council? I presume they will tell you it was from a desire to avail themselves

of my knowledge of the country and acquaintance with the inhabitants, derived from long residence and familiar intercourse with them, to assist in framing such laws as might be most applicable to the situation of the colony, not merely to show my complaisance to the person at the head of the Government. Such, at all events, is the duty which I conceive that my appointment imposes on me. And do they expect that I should either approve of, or be silent upon measures that are totally inapplicable to the state of society in this country, that are inconsistent with its geographical situation, and must shock the habits and prejudices of the majority of its inhabitants?"

"In the intercourse of private life I am disposed to be as accommodating as any man, but in the discharge of a public trust I must follow my own sense of duty and propriety. I do not doubt the disposition of the Governor to consult the welfare of the Province, yet this disposition sometimes puts on an odd appearance. He is a man of warm and sanguine temper, that will not let him see any obstacle to his views; he thinks every existing regulation in England would be proper here. Not attending sufficiently perhaps to the spirit of the constitution, he seems bent on copying all the subordinate establishments, without considering the great disparity of the two countries in every respect. And it really would not surprise me to see attempts made to establish among us ecclesiastical courts, tithes and religious tests, though nine-tenths at least of our people are of persuasions different from the Church of England; though the whole have been bred in a country where there was the most perfect freedom in religious matters, and though this would occasion almost a general emigration. One would, however, have thought that politics in the abstract would, by this time, have been sufficiently out of repute. I did not expect or wish for the place I hold in the Legislature, nor do I care how soon I resign it, but while I do retain it I will most certainly do my duty regardless of the smiles or frowns, the favours or the calumnies of any person whatever. Were I to act differently I am sure you would be the first to despise me, and I certainly should despise myself—a degradation that would be poorly compensated by all the emolument or favour that could flow from a different line of conduct. All my prospects, as well for myself as my family, are confined to this Province; I am bound to it by the strongest ties, and with its welfare my interest is most essentially connected. On this account, too, I cannot look tamely on and see measures pursued that by sowing the seeds of discontent among us may ultimately avert from us the favour of Great Britain, which is so necessary to our prosperity. It is much to be regretted that Government seldom receives colonial information but through persons who, too frequently, are disposed to misrepresent both men and things."

The limits of a single article render it impossible to go into further details, or to trace the subsequent career of Mr. Cartwright in his manifold public services, as judge of the Court of Common Pleas, as chairman of the Court of Quarter Sessions, which represented among other things the Municipal Government of the district, as one of the Commissioners on behalf of the Province to settle financial and revenue questions with Lower Canada, in his continued service in the Legislative Council, and in his untiring efforts in the interest of education and religion. It must suffice to say that in all these public services, as well as in his business relations, he showed the same largeness of spirit, soundness of judgment, and independence of mind. Altogether he is to my mind much the most interesting figure of his time in Upper Canada, and worthy of the best traditions of the period, whether in Britain or America.

A Maid of Many Moods



By Virna Sheard

CHAPTER VIII.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—The story opens at the One Tree Inn, halfway between Stratford and Shottery. Master Thornbury has two children, Debora and Darby. Darby is a play-actor in London and, with his father and his sister, is a friend of William Shakespeare. Darby is expected home for Christmas. He arrives, and for some days there is much festivity and much talk of London and its ways. Judith Shakespeare is present at some of these gatherings and chats. Debora wants to go to London, but Darby and her father think it no place for young maids. She has her way, however, and is lodged with her brother at the house of Dame Blossom in Bankside, on the south side of the Thames. She pleads to be taken to the theatre, but it is neither the fashion for women to act nor to attend. Darby, however, promises to take her secretly to a rehearsal. There she is accidentally discovered by Don Sherwood, who is playing the part of Romeo, Darby being the Juliet. Sherwood escorts her home and secures permission to call again. Meanwhile, Darby comes home intoxicated and disfigured. It was clear that when the great play was put on for the public he would be unable to appear. Debora, his other self, comes to the rescue, secretly dons his clothes and plays the part of Juliet for three evenings. Sherwood and Nick Berwick, her two admirers, are the only persons to suspect that Debora is masquerading as Darby.

DEBORA went to her own room that third evening, and turning the key stood with her two hands pressed tight above her heart. "'Tis over," she said —"'tis over, an' well over. Now to tell Darby. I' faith I know not rightly who I am. Nay then, I am just Deb Thornbury, not Darby, nor Juliet, for evermore. Oh! what said he at the steps? 'I know thee, I have known thee from the first. See, thou art mine, thou art mine I tell thee, Juliet, Juliet!'"

Then the girl laughed, a happy little laugh. "Was ever man so imperative? Nay, was ever such a one in the wide, wide world?"

Remembering her dress, she unfastened it with haste and put on the kirtle of white taffeta.

The thought of Sherwood possessed her; his face, the wonderful golden voice of him. The words he had said to her—to her only—in the play.

Of the theatre crowded to the doors, of the stage where the Lord Chamberlain's Company made their exits and entrances, of herself—chief amongst them—she thought nothing. Those things had gone like a dream. She saw only a man standing bareheaded before the little house of Dame Blossom. "I know thee," he had said, looking into her eyes. "Thou art mine."

"Verily yes, or will be no other's; an' as for Fate, it hath been over-kind." So thinking she went to Darby's room. He was standing idly by the window, and wheeled about as the girl knocked and entered.

"How look I now, Deb?" he cried. "Come to the light. Nay, 'tis hardly enough to see by, but dost think I will

pass on the morrow? I' faith I am weary o' being mewed up like a cat in a bag."

Debora fixed her eyes on him soberly, not speaking.

"What is't now?" he said, impatiently. "What are staring at? Thine eyes be like saucers."

"I be wondering what thou wilt say an' I tell thee somewhat," she answered softly.

"Out with it then. Thou hast seen Berwick, I wager. I heard he was to be in town; he hath followed thee, Deb, an'—well pretty one—things are settled between thee at last?"

"Verily no!" she cried, her face colouring, "an' thou canst not better that guessing, thou hadst best not try again."

"No? Then what's to do, little sister?"

"Dost remember I told thee they had found one to take thy part at Blackfriars?"

"Egad, yes, that thought has been i' my head ever since. 'Fore Heaven I would some one sent me word who 'twas. I ache for news. Hasn't heard who 'twas, Deb?"

"'Twas I," she answered, the pink going from her face. "'Twas I, Debora!"

The young fellow caught at the window ledge and looked at her steadily without a word. Then he broke into a strange laugh. Taking the girl by the shoulder he swung her to the fading light.

"What dost mean?" he said, hoarsely. "Tell me the truth."

"I' faith that is the truth," she answered, quietly. "The only truth. There was no other way I could think of—and I had the lines by heart. None knew me. All thought 'twas thee, Darby. See, see! when I was fair encased in that Kendal green suit o' thine, why even Dad could not have told 'twas not thy very self! We must be strangely alike o' face, dear heart—though mayhap our souls be different."

"Nay!" he exclaimed, "'Tis past belief that thou shouldst take my part! We be not so vastly alike. I cannot see it."

"Nor I, *always*," she said with a shrug, "but others do. Have no fear of discovery, one only knows beside Dame Blossom, and they will keep faith. Neither fear for thy reputation. The people gave me much applause, though I played not for that."

Darby threw himself into a chair and dropped his face in his hands.

"Who is't that knows?" he asked, half-roughly, after a pause. "Who is't, Deb?"

"He who played Romeo," she said in low tone.

"Sherwood?" exclaimed Darby. "Don Sherwood! I might have guessed."

"Ay!" replied the girl. "He only, I have reason to believe." A silence fell between them while the young fellow restlessly crossed to the window again. Debora went to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder, as was her way.

"Thou wilt not go thy own road again, Darby," she said, coaxingly. "Promise me, promise me, dear heart. See then, what I did was done for thee. Mayhap 'twas wrong; thou know'st 'twas fearsome, an' can ne'er be done again."

"'Twill not be needed again, Deb," he answered, and his voice trembled. "Nay, I will go no more my own way, but thy way, and Dad's. Dost believe me?"

"Ay!" she said, smiling, "Dad's way, for 'tis a good way, a far better one than any thy wilful, wayward little sister could show thee."

Out of doors the velvety darkness deepened. Somewhere, up above, a night-hawk called now and again its harsh, yet plaintive note. A light wind, bearing the smell of coming rain and fresh breaking earth, blew in springlike and sweet, yet sharp.

Presently Debora spoke half hesitatingly.

"I would thou wert minded to tell me somewhat," she started, "somewhat o' Sherwood, the player. Hath he—hath he the good opinion o' Master Will Shakespeare—now?"

"Egad! yes," returned the young actor. "And of the whole profession. It seems," smiling a little, "it seems thou dost take Master Shakespeare's word o' a man as final. He stand'th in thy good graces or fall'th out o' them by that, eh!"

"Well, peradventure 'tis so," she admitted, pursing up her rosy lips. "But Master Don Sherwood—tell me —"

"Oh! as for him," broke in Darby, welcoming any subject that turned thought from himself, "he is a rare good fellow, is Sherwood, though that be not his real name, sweet. 'Tis not often a man makes change of his name on the handbills, but 'tis done now and again."

"It doth seem an over-strange fashion," said Debora, "an' one that must surely have a reason back o' it. What, then, is Master Sherwood called when he be rightly named?"

"Now let me think," returned Darby, frowning, "the sound of it hath slipped me. Nay, I have it—Don—Don, ah! Dorien North. There 'tis, and the fore part is the same as the little lad's at home, an uncommon title, yet smooth to the tongue. Don Sherwood is probably one Dorien Sherwood North, an' that too sounds well. He hath a rare voice. It play'th upon a man strangely, and there be tones in it that bring tears when one would not have them. Thou should'st hear him sing Ben Jonson's song! 'Rare Ben Jonson,' as some fellow hath written him below a verse o' his, carved over the blackwood mantel at the Devil's tavern. Thou should'st hear Sherwood sing, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.' I' faith! he carries one's soul away! Ah! Deb," he ended, "I am having a struggle to keep my mind free from that escapade o' thine. Jove! an' I thought any other recognized thee!"

"None other did, I'll gainsay," Debora answered, in a strangely quiet way; "an' he only because he found me that day i' the Royal Box—so long ago. What was't thou did'st call him, Darby? Don Sherwood? Nay, Dorien North. Dorien North!"

Her hand, which had been holding Darby's sleeve, slipped away from it, and with a little cry she fell against the window ledge and so to the floor.

Darby hardly realized for a moment that she had fainted. When she did not move he stooped and lifted her quickly, his heart beating fast with fear.

"Why, Deb!" he cried. "What is't?" Heaven mercy! She hath swooned. Nay then, not quite; there then, open thine eyes again. Thou hast been forewearied, an' with reason. Art thyself now?" as his sister looked up and strove to rise.

"Whatever came over thee, sweet? Try not to walk. I will lift thee to the bed an' call Dame Blossom. Marry! what queer things women be."

"Ay! truly," she answered, faintly, steadying herself against him. "Ay! vastly queer. Nay, I will not go to the bed but will sit in your chair."

"Thou art white as linen," anxiously. "May I leave thee to call the Dame? I fear me lest thou go off again."

"Fear naught o' that," said Deb, with a little curl of her lips. "An' call Mistress Blossom an' thou wilt, but 'tis nothing; there—dear heart, I will be well anon. Hast not some jaunt for to-night? I would not keep thee, Darby."

"'Tis naught but the players' meeting-night at The Mermaid. It hath no great charm for me and I will cry it off on thy account."

"That thou wilt not," she said with spirit, a bit of pink coming to her face with the effort. "I can trust thee, an' thou must go. 'Twill ne'er do to have one an' another say,—'Now where be Darby Thornbury?' There might be some suspicions fly about an' they met thee not."

"Beshrew me, yes! Thou hast a wise head. 'Twould not do, and I have a game o' bluff to carry on that thou hast started. Thou little heroine!" kissing her hand. "What pluck thou did'st have! What cool pluck. Egad!" ruefully, "I almost wish thou had'st not had so much.

'Twas a desperate game, and perchance I be not equal to the finish."

"'Twas desperate need to play it," she answered, wearily. "Go then, I would see Mistress Blossom."

Thornbury stood half hesitating, turned and went out.

"'Twill ever be so with him," said the girl. "He lov'th me—but he lov'th Darby Thornbury better."

Then she hid her face. "Oh! heart o' me! I cannot bear it, I cannot bear it—'tis too much. I will away to Shottery to-morrow. I mind me what Dad said, an' 't has come to be truth. 'Thou wilt never bide in peace at One Tree Inn again.' Peace!" she said, with bitter accent. "Peace! I think there be no peace in the world; or else 't hath passed me by."

Resting her chin on her hand, she sat thinking in the shadowy room. Darby had lit a candle on the high mantel, and her sombre eyes rested on the yellow circle of light.

"Who was't I saw 'n the road as I came out o' Blackfriars? Who was't —now let me think. Marry! I paid no more heed than though I had seen him in a dream, yet 'twas some one from home—Now I mind me! 'Twas Nicholas Berwick. His eyes burned in his white face. He stared straightway at me an' made no sign. An' so he was in the theatre also. Then he knew! Poor Nick! poor Nick!" she said with a heavy sigh. "He loved me, or he hath belied himself many times; an' I! I thought little on't."

"Oh! Mistress Blossom," as the door opened. "Is't thou? Come over beside me." As the good Dame came close, the girl threw her arms about her neck.

"Why, sweet lamb!" exclaimed the woman. "What hath happened thee? Whatever hath happened thee?"

"What is one to do when the whole world go'th wrong?" cried Debora. "Oh! gaze not so at me, I be not dazed or distraught. Oh! dear Mistress Blossom, I care not to live to be as old as thou art. I am forewearied o' life."

"Weary o' life! an' at thy time! My faith, thou hast not turned one-and-twenty! Why then, Mistress Debora, I be eight-an'-forty, yet count that not old by many a year."

Deb gave a tired little gesture. "Every one to their fancy—to me the world and all in it is a twice-told tale. I would not have more o' it—by choice." She rose and turned her face down towards the good Dame. "An' one come to ask for me—a—a player, one Master Sherwood of the Lord Chamberlain's Company — could'st thou — would'st thou bid him wait below i' the small parlour till I come?"

"Ay truly," answered the woman, brightening. "Thou art heartily welcome to receive him there, Mistress Debora."

"Thank thee kindly. He hath business with me, but will not tarry long."

"I warrant many a grand gentleman would envy him that business," said the Dame, smiling.

Debora gave a little laugh—short and hard. Her eyes, of a blue that was almost black, shone like stars.

"Dost think so?" she said. "Nay then, thou art a flatterer. I will to my room. My hair is roughened, is't not?"

"Thou art rarely beautiful as thou art; there be little rings o' curls about thy ears. I would not do aught to them. Thy face hath no colour, yet ne'er saw I thee more comely."

"Now that is well," she answered. "That giveth my faint heart courage, an' marry! 'tis what I need. I would not look woe-begone, or of a cast-down countenance, not I! but would bear me bravely, an' there be cause. Go thou now, good Mistress Blossom; the faintness hath quite passed."

It seemed but a moment before Debora heard the Dame's voice again at the door.

"He hath come," she said, in far-reaching whisper fraught with burden of unrelieved curiosity.

"He doth wait below, Mistress Deb. Beshrew me! but he is as goodly a gentleman as any i' London! His doublet is brocaded an' o'er brave with

silver lacings, an' he wear'th a fluted ruff like the quality at Court. Moreover, he hold'th himself like a very Prince."

"Doth he now?" said Debora, going down the hallway. "Why then he hath fair captivated thee. Thou, at thy age! Well-a-day! What think'st o' his voice," she asked, pausing at the head of the stairs. "What think'st o' his voice, Mistress Blossom?"

"Why, that 'twould be fine an' easy for him to persuade one to his way o' thinking with it—even against their will," answered the woman, smiling.

"Ah! good Dame, I agree not with thee in that," said Debora "I think he hath bewitched thee, i' faith." So saying she went below, opened the little parlour door and entered.

Sherwood was standing in the centre of the room which was but dimly lit by the high candles. Deb did not speak till she had gone to a window facing the deserted common-land, pulled back the curtains and caught them fast. A flood of white moonlight washed through the place and made it bright.

The player seemed to realize there was something strange about the girl, for he stood quite still, watching her quick yet deliberate movement anxiously.

As she came towards him from the window he held out his hands. "Sweetheart!" he said, unsteadily. "Sweetheart!"

"Nay," she answered, with a little shake of her head and clasping her hands behind. "Not thine."

"Ay!" he cried, passionately, "thou art—all mine. Thine eyes, so truthful, so wondrous; the shining waves of thine hair; the sweetness of thy lips; the little hands behind thee."

"So," said the girl, with a catch of the breath, "so thou dost say, but 'tis not true. As for my body, such as it is, it is my own."

Sherwood leaned towards her, his eyes dark and luminous. "'Fore Heaven, thou art wrong," he said. "Thou dost belong to me."

"What o' my soul?" she asked, softly. "What o' my soul, Sir Romeo? Is that thine too?"

"Nay," he answered, looking into her face, white from some inward rebellion. "Nay then, sweetheart, for I think that is God's."

"Then, thou hast left me nothing," she cried, moving away. "Oh!"—throwing out her hands—"hark thee, Master Sherwood. 'Tis a far cry since thou did'st leave me by the steps at sundown. A far, far cry. The world hath had time to change. I did not know thee then. Now I do."

"Why, I love thee," he answered, not understanding. "I love thee, thou dost know that surely. Come, tell me. What else dost know, sweetheart? See! I am but what thou would'st have—bid me be what thou wilt. I will serve thee in any way thou dost desire. I have given my life to thee—and by it I swear again thou art mine."

"That I am not," she said, standing before him still and unyielding. "Look at me—look well!"

The man bent down and looked steadfastly into the girl's tragic face. It was coldly inflexible, and wore the faint shadow of a smile—a smile such as the lips of the dead sometimes wear, as though they knew all things, having unriddled life's problem.

"Debora!" he cried. "Debora! What is it? What hath come to thee?"

She laughed, a little rippling laugh that broke and ended. "Nay, thou traitor—that I will not tell thee—but go—go!"

The player stood a moment irresolute, then caught her wrists and held them. His face had turned hard and coldly grave as her own. Some look in his eyes frightened her.

"'Tis a coil," he said, "and Fate doth work against me. Yet verily 'tis a coil I will unravel. I am not easily worsted, but in the end bend things to my will. An' thou wilt not tell me what stands i' my road, I will discover it for myself. As for the Judas name thou hast called me—it fits me not. Should'st thou desire to tell me so thyself at any time—to take it back—send me but a word. So I go."

The long swift steps sounded down the hall; there was the opening and shutting of a door and afterwards silence.

CHAPTER IX.

The night wore on and the moonlight faded. The stars shone large and bright; the sound of people passing on the street grew less and less. Now and then a party of belated students, or merry-makers came by, singing a round or madrigal. A melancholy night-jar called incessantly over the house-tops. As the clocks tolled one, there was a sound of rapid wheels along the road and a coach stopped before goodman Blossom's.

Young Thornbury leaped from it and with his heavy knocking roused the man, who came stumbling sleepily down the hallway.

"Oh! pray thee, make haste, Blossom," called the young fellow; "keep me not waiting." Then as the door flew open, "My sister!" he said, pushing by, "is she still up?"

"Soul an' body o' me, thou dost worrit folk till they be like to lose their wits! I' fecks thy sister should be long abed, an' thou too. Thou hast become a good-for-naught roysterer, with thy blackened eyes, an' thy dice playing, an' thy coming in o' midnight i' coaches."

Darby strode past unheeding; at the stairs Debora met him.

"Thou art dressed," he said, hoarsely. "Well, fetch thy furred cloak; the night turns cold. Lose no moment—but hasten?"

"Where?" she cried. "Oh! what now hath gone amiss?"

"I will tell thee i' the road; tarry not to question me."

It was scarcely a moment before the coach rolled away again. Nothing was said till they came to London Bridge. The flickering links flashed by them as they passed. A sea-scented wind blew freshly over the river and the tide was rising fast.

"I have no heart for more trouble," said the girl tremulously. "Oh! tell me, Darby, an' keep me not waiting. Where go'th the coach? What hath happened? Whatever hath happened?"

"Just this," he said shortly. "Nicholas Berwick hath been stabbed i' the throat by one he differed with at 'The Mermaid.' He is at the point o' death, an' would not die easy till he saw thee."

"Nick Berwick?" Say'th thou so—at the point o' death? Nay, dear heart, it cannot be. I will not believe it—he will not die,—he is too great and strong—'tis not so grievous as that," cried Deb.

"Egad! 'tis worse, we think. He will be gone by daybreak. He may be gone now. See! the horses have turned into Cheapside. We will soon be there."

"What was the cause?" the girl asked, faintly. "Tell me how he came by the blow."

There was no sound for a while but the whirling of wheels and the ringing of the horses' feet over cobble-stones.

"I will tell thee, though 'tis not easy for either thou nor I.

"'Twas the players' night at 'The Mermaid,' and there were a lot of us gathered. Marry! Ben Jonson and Master Shakespeare, Beaumont and Keene. I need not give thee names for there were men from 'The Rose' playhouse and 'The Swan.' 'Twas a gay company and a rare. Ay! Sherwood was there for half an hour, though he was overgrave and distraught, it seemed to me. They would have him sing 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.' 'Fore Heaven, I will remember it till I die."

"Nick Berwick," she said. "Oh! what of him?"

"Ay! he was there; he came in with Master Will Shakespeare, and he sat aside—not speaking to any, watching and listening. He was there when the party had thinned out, still silent. I mind his face, 'twas white as death at a feast. Not half an hour ago—an' there were but ten of us left—a man—one from 'The Rose' they told me—I knew him not by sight—leaped to a chair and, with a goblet filled and held high, called out to the rest—

"'Come,' he cried above the noise of our voices. 'Come, another toast! Come, merry gentlemen, each a foot

on the table! I drink to a new beauty. For as I live 'twas no man but a maid who was on the boards at Blackfriars i' the new play, and the name of her—'

The girl caught her breath—"Darby!—Darby!"

"Nay, he said no more, sweet; for Nick Berwick caught him and swung him to the floor."

"'Thou dost lie!' he cried. 'Take back thy words before I make thee.' While he spoke he shook the fellow violently, then on a sudden loosened his hold. As he did so, the player drew a poniard from its sheath at his hip, sprang forward and struck Berwick full i' the throat. That is all," Thornbury said, his voice dropping, "save that he asked incessantly for thee, Deb, ere he fainted."

The coach stopped before a house where the lights burned brightly. Opening the door they entered a low, long room with rafters and wainscotting of dark wood. In the centre of it was a huge table, in disorder of flagons and dishes. The place was blue with smoke and overheated, for a fire yet burned in the great fireplace. On a settle near the hearth lay a man, his throat heavily bound with linen, and by him was a physician of much fame in London, and one who had notable skill in surgery.

Debora went swiftly towards them with outstretched hands.

"Oh! Nick! Nick!" she said, with a little half-stifled cry. "Oh! Nick, is't thou?"

"Why, 'twas like thee to come," he answered, eagerly, raising up on his elbow. "'Twill make it easier for me, Deb—an' I go. Come nearer, come close."

The physician lowered him gently back and spoke with soft sternness.

"Have a care, good gentleman," he said. "We have stopped the bleeding, and would not have it break out afresh. Thy life depends upon thy stillness." So saying he withdrew a little.

"Oh! move not Nick," said the girl, slipping to the floor beside him and leaning against the oaken seat; "neither move nor speak. I will keep watch beside thee till thou art better. But why did'st deny it or say aught? 'Twould have been better that the whole o' London knew than this! Nay, answer me not," she continued fearfully; "thou may not speak or lift a finger."

Berwick smiled faintly, "Ah! sweet," he said, pausing between the words, "I would not have thy name on every tongue—but would silence them all an' I had lives enough. Yet thou wert in truth upon the stage at Blackfriars—in Will Shakespeare's play—though I denied it!"

"I was there," said Deb, softly, "but 'twas of necessity. We will think no more of it. It breaks my heart to see thee here, Nick," she ended, with quivering lips, her eyes wide and pitiful.

"Now that need not trouble thee," answered the man, a light breaking over his gray drawn face. "'Fore Heaven, I mind it not."

"Thou wilt be better soon," said the girl. "Truly, yes. I will have it so, Nick. I will not have thee die for this."

"Dost remember what I asked thee last Christmas, Deb?"

"Yes," she said, not meeting his eyes.

"Wilt kiss me now, Deb?"

For answer she stooped down and laid her sweet lips to his, then rose and stood beside him.

"Ah! Deb," he said, looking up at her adoringly. "'Twill be something to remember—should I live—an' if not, well—'tis not every man who dies with a kiss on his lips."

"Thou must not talk," she said.

"No," he answered, faintly, "nor keep thee. Yet promise me one thing."

"What would'st have me promise?"

"That thou wilt return on the morrow to Shottery. London is no place for thee now, Deb."

"I will go," answered the girl, "though I would fain take care of thee here, Nick."

"That thou must not think of," replied the man. "I will fare—as God wills. Go thou home to Shottery."

The physician crossed over to them and laid his white fingers on Berwick's wrist.

"I' faith thou dost seem set upon undoing my work," he said. "Art so over-ready to die, Master Berwick? One more swoon like the last and thou would'st sleep on."

"He will talk no more, good Doctor," said Debora hastily. "Ah! thou wilt be kind to him, I pray thee? And now I will away, as 'tis best, but my brother will stay, and carry out thy orders. Nay, Nick, thou must not even say goodbye or move thy lips. I will go back to Dame Blossom quite safely in the coach."

"An' to Shottery on the morrow?" he whispered.

"Ay!" she said, looking at him with tear-blinded eyes, "as thou wilt have it so."

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OCTOBER.

"FOURTEEN DAYS."

By Basil C. d'Easum.

TOM NETTLE was a trooper in the Canadian Mounted Rifles in South Africa.

Now, throughout the British army the C.M.R. were known as good foragers, and among the Canadians Tom was known as being peculiarly skilled in the gentle art of "rustling." Other men might be hungry, but not so Nettle if there was anything eatable to be borrowed from a Boer. His objects in volunteering for service in South Africa were to see the country and have a good time—fighting the Boers came under the head of having a good time. Of army discipline he knew nothing and cared still less—"derned foolishness," he called it, which it is to a certain extent.

The Canadian Mounted Rifles were made up of Northwest Mounted Police and plainsmen, all being men accustomed to the free-and-easy ways of north-western Canada. The officers did not hold the lines of discipline so tightly as was done by the officers of regular corps.

So Nettle continued to live on the enemy's country and to have a good time.

Occasionally, on the march to Pretoria, he would wander away from the column and rejoin the regiment a day or two later, with his horse bristling with chickens and geese, and his wallets stuffed full of little articles which he had picked up at some Dutch farmhouse. Very wrong, of course, and likely to get a man into trouble. But, as the C.M.R. were then on the march, there were no opportunities for holding "Orderly Room" courts, and, consequently, Nettle did not get the attention he would have received for missing his turn at night-guard or other special duties.

His troop sergeants would probably curse him fluently for the extra trouble he gave them, but he generally saw the policy of sharing some of his spoils with them.

The regiment, soon after reaching Middelburg, in the Eastern Transvaal, was encamped for a few weeks and employed in patrolling the district. Camp guards and other duties had to be performed, and military discipline was more strictly enforced than when on the march.

All this was very irksome to Nettle, and no one was surprised to hear that he was missing one evening when he should have taken his turn at stable-picket in the horse lines. That day he had been on a patrol with some men of his troop, and was last seen when riding in the direction of a farmhouse which was dangerously close to the

Boer lines. But danger never troubled Nettle if there was any prospect of getting loot. For was there not an occasion when he went through the Boer lines and had his horse shot, but managed to replace it with one from the enemy, together with several tins of sardines, a Dutch Bible, two bottles of "Dop" (native brandy), and a miscellaneous collection of poultry?

There were many imitators of his foraging raids in the ranks of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, and the matter was becoming too notorious. Therefore, this night, when Trooper Nettle was absent from guard-mounting, the sergeant, instead of detailing some other man for the vacant post, reported the fact to the Regimental Sergeant-Major, and the R.S.M. to the Adjutant, who gave orders that Nettle should be put under arrest next day and brought to "Orderly Room."

But next day Tom did not appear, nor the following day.

On the afternoon of the fifth day a little procession was seen coming towards the camp. First came a big "buck" waggon, a Boer transport waggon, drawn by fourteen oxen, two Kaffir drivers running at the side and vigorously cracking their long whips. Then came a Cape cart, laden with household goods, and drawn by two mules which were driven by a grinning Kaffir. And, last of all, came the missing trooper Nettle, riding a fine Boer pony.

Nettle turned his outfit over to the transport officers and came to the lines of the C.M.R. Here he was met with the news that he was to consider himself under arrest for being absent without leave. He was also told that he would have to go up before the Colonel on the morrow. He did not let this worry him, for he felt sure that his capture of the oxen and waggon would speak in his favour.

He had come upon a Boer farmhouse which had been left in charge of some Kaffir servants. The house was well supplied with many comforts, and Nettle made himself very much at home for five days, making the Kaffirs obey his orders. At last, fearing that his regiment might have moved from Middelburg, he told the Kaffirs to hitch the oxen to the waggon, loaded the Cape cart with a few things which he thought might be useful, took a Boer pony and started for camp. There was a big band of cattle close to the farmhouse, and Nettle regretted that he was not able to drive it towards the camp.

However, he had brought a good supply of eatables, and his chums had a great feast that night, many of them freely expressing the opinion that the capture of the oxen and waggon would whitewash Nettle from any trouble in the Orderly Room.

He had no stripes, so he could not be reduced to the ranks. The only punishment, then, could be "C.B.," which, in military matters, means "confined to barracks" and other small penalties which are included in the sentence. As we were on active service and not living in barracks, "C.B." was interpreted to mean the doing of extra "fatigues," such as cleaning the camp and horse lines, and, in spare moments, the digging of refuse pits.

This last task was hard work under the hot African sun; Nettle felt confident that that fate would not be his.

In fact, next day when he was summoned to go to the Colonel's tent he went with a jaunty air, thinking that he would surely be commended for his meritorious action in capturing the Boer waggon and oxen.

Digging refuse pits seemed an impossibility; indeed, he pictured himself receiving a handshake from the Colonel.

That officer was sitting very straight in his chair at the table of justice when the Regimental Sergeant-Major marched to the door of the tent and saluted, Trooper Nettle standing at attention outside.

"Give me your hat," said the Regimental to Nettle, "three steps forward, quick march."

"What is the charge, Sergeant-Major?" said the Colonel.

"Absent for five days without leave, sir."

"What have you to say, Trooper Nettle?" enquired the Colonel.

Then Nettle told his little tale, taking care to enlarge upon the capture of the waggon and oxen, and also trying to let the Colonel see that his feelings were somewhat hurt at being placed under arrest or charged with any offence at all.

The Colonel listened patiently to the end, then he said, "Fourteen days C.B."

Poor Nettle looked at him for a moment with wide open eyes. "But, sir," he stammered, "I brought in fourteen oxen!"

"Exactly," said the Colonel with a grim smile, "one day for each ox."

"Right-about turn, quick march!" shouted the Regimental Sergeant-Major, and the amazed Trooper Nettle marched away more in sorrow than anger.

Two days later I spoke to him as he was digging a refuse pit in terribly rocky ground; it was very, very hot.

"Hard luck, old man!" said I.

"Hard luck?" said he. "Oh, I guess I can manage to do fourteen days. But just think what I should have had to do if I had run in that bunch of cattle!"

ACROSS THE BARRIER OF YEARS.

By Maude Pettit.

JUST four o'clock and First Avenue was out in its best blacks and shining silks flanked by a dizzy movement of prancing steeds and automobiles. Elmhurst, the handsome residence of the McDermots, was conscious of the dignity derived from its massive carvings, its frowning turrets, its granite pillars. Even the flowers on the terrace seemed to understand they were First Avenue flowers, and the ivy clung to the walls as fashionable ivy should. A gentleman was ringing the door-bell, a carriage waiting by the boulevard.

"Do you know that man?" asked a passer-by of his companion.

"No, I don't think I do."

"It's Rathbury, the artist, the painter of that picture that's making such a sensation down at Claire's now—let me see, what do they call it—oh, 'The Morning-Time.'"

"Oh, yes, I was in to see that yesterday. Isn't it simply sublime? Such a commonplace scene too, but the life! —the life in it!"

"Yes, it's wonderful! They say it's a settled thing between him and McDermot's daughter."

Meanwhile the great door of Elmhurst closed upon its guest, and he was seated in the cooling shadows of the moss-green drawing-room to await its mistress. The mirrors reflected a man considerably past forty, sallow and quite gray, a face stamped with refinement and culture. It had been a struggle to his present fame and success, one which in his youth he had never thought of asking woman to share. In fact, oddly enough, in his early years he had never loved, and like many another man of genius he had mistakenly concluded he was wedded to his art. His old housekeeper gave him periodic doses of advice such as "You'll nae be a-marryin' now. Folks that want to marry should marry young. When they get past middle life, if they take a young un she's too skittish fur them, and if they take an old un like themselves they're both too fixed and crabbit in their ways to give in the one to the t'other."

But in spite of Mrs. Muffet's opinion he had wearied at last of a life that seemed to him incomplete and had decided—well, in short, he had decided to marry for friendship.

Now Mrs. Matchmaker, of First Avenue, was quick to read his thoughts

when he came to the city last fall, and pointed out to him the talented magazine writer, Miss McDermot. So it came that he spent many an evening in the moss-green drawing-room discussing Carlyle, and Turner, and Rembrandt, and Ruskin. She found him decidedly more interesting than the portly banker whose suit her father favoured. For who but Irving Rathbury had such a subtle understanding of Browning and Shelley and all those other beings that peopled her thoughts? Besides Mrs. Grundy told her it was quite *à propos*, and Mrs. Grundy understands those things. Love? Ah well—not quite, but there was at least talent and friendship.

As for Mr. Rathbury, he told himself again and again that he was taking a wise step, and yet at times he had to brush another face hastily from his memory. Once—but it had all happened seven years ago—he had gone to the country residence of an old artist to study, and a voice had thrilled him there. A light form flitted about the house, painted a little, sang a little, read thick volumes and sat on her grandfather's knee. There she was carolling across the great drawing-room with an apron full of May flowers, only the carpet was the orchard grass with green boughs and robin song above. She came right up to the canvas where he worked, this sprite with her fresh cheeks and her hat tossed back on her sunny hair. She grew still and watched him with those wonderful eyes of hers, and when he opened to her his heart's ideals she understood; and he felt—ah, well, never mind. For he was almost forty and she was but eighteen.

A word just now might win her. For what? Regret? She was a child as yet and he was twice her years. Bind her to fame and grey hairs? Nay! She shone fairest there. She was part of all this brightness of stars and forest and wind-swept meadows. Some day a fine young soul like her own would love her and this would be their Eden.

Thus for him it ended. Years passed—two, three, four, five—each bringing more silvery hairs and fresh laurels. Once he went back again; the old artist had died, the place was sold, deserted, weed-grown, and he could find nothing of her whereabouts. She was probably married now, and he resolutely closed his eyes to the past. But hush! What traitorous thoughts are these? Is he not engaged to his friend, Helen Gretchen McDermot, beautiful still at thirty-eight? Besides she is clever and writes books, you know.

A sweep of silk rustled down the stairs, and he almost shakes himself as he hurries his thoughts back to First Avenue.

"Am I to apologize for keeping you so long, Irving, or will you sweetly tell me you have conceived another picture, another apple-woman, say?"

"I fear my brain is not so fertile. Have been engaged in the wise pursuit of tracing those branches on the carpet with my cane."

"What a dull half-hour!"

"Nay, not so. I'm capable of bachelor reveries, you know. In fact, I believe I could have written them fairly well. Did I not tell you once that authors and artists had the same soul, only one was able to express more fluently with pen what the other expressed more slowly with the brush?"

"But more richly, sometimes."

The carriage drew away from the boulevard with Mr. Rathbury and his fiancée.

"Tell him to drive quickly, Irving. You forget I am all anxiety to see 'The Morning-Time.' It is not fair that all the world is looking at it before Helen McDermot. I should have had the first look. But you know father would not come back to the city until last night. Dear! how the summer heat lingers! Tell me about it again, your picture I mean. I shall understand it better."

"No, I should rather you saw and understood for yourself. It is the favourite child of my brush, you know."

She was silent, silent and beautiful.

He was proud of her, this queenly woman at his side, with her fashion-clad form. Yes, he was fortunate—fame and wealth, and a handsome and talented wife.

"Have you seen that other canvas yet, 'The Unfinished Picture?'" she asked.

"No, I just heard about it to-day. I wonder who the artist is!"

They were getting now where the streets were more densely thronged. The coachman drew up at last before the granite pillars and broad steps of Claire's gallery. They passed through the cooling shadows of the vaulted roof to where the crowd was densest, but it was some minutes before they could make their way through the crowd to "The Morning-Time."

"She's not a perfectly beautiful girl. See, the features are not perfect," some one was saying.

"No, but the freshness, the life, the suggestiveness of it. You almost expect her to speak. And that bird—why, you can hear it sing!"

Then Helen McDermot was jostled forward and she saw the picture—her betrothed's master-piece.

An orchard scene on a May morning. A fresh-faced girl had paused beneath a tree. She was holding her apron full of wild flowers, standing slightly on tip-toe, her lips parted, as she listened to a goldfinch singing from its perch on a tall reed that rocked beneath its weight. Farther off a rustic fence skirted the horizon and, beyond, soft white furrows of cloud along the blue. Above her head a thrush peeped knowingly at her from its nest in the apple-blossoms.

Helen McDermot's face grew radiant with pride and exultation as she gazed and as she listened to the comments of the critics.

"This is a fine thing over here," said Mr. Arno in Rathbury's ear, "'The Unfinished Picture.'"

"Oh yes, I want to see that. Where is it? I just heard of it. Yes, I see."

It was the face of a half-grown girl with brush in hand and paint blotches on her apron. On the easel before her, an unfinished picture, very imperfect, but with a suggestion of beauty. But she was gazing away from her work with a wistful look at a grey-haired artist who toiled in the background. He heeded her not, but painted on, his long white curls falling in mediæval fashion about his shoulders.

"The wistfulness is perfect, isn't it?" said Rathbury. "Who is the artist?"

"Some lady. Her name has just slipped my mind; she's quite young, a pupil of Saccho's. I imagine everybody will know before that picture hangs here long. Her grandfather was an artist, they say."

Mr. Rathbury had gone back to Miss McDermot's side. But he stopped in sudden surprise. She was still standing before the picture, but one hand rested limply on the other, her face was drooped and all its joy was gone.

"Let us go home," she said coldly.

"Helen—Miss McDermot, you are ill."

"No, not at all; come."

He led her to the carriage. No word of congratulation on her lips.

"I'm sure you are ill, Helen."

"No—not ill, thank you. Drive down Park Avenue. It is more secluded there."

"What is it, Helen? Tell me."

"That girl—you have painted the face of the woman you loved. You could not have painted like that if —"

"My dear, I loved the apple-woman, too, when I was painting her."

"Ah, but that was a different love. You have loved the living girl here. That is why people turn from the apple-woman to look at her."

Her hand was resting lightly on his arm.

"Don't deceive me, Irving, tell me all. Ours was to be a friendship marriage, but there should be perfect confidence even between friends. Can't you tell me?"

Brokenly and sadly he told his story.

"I would not ask her to sacrifice herself, you see. She had everything, beauty, and wealth, and youth."

"But you say you thought sometimes she loved you."

"Yes, but that was because she was so young. She had not begun to live yet. When she went out into the world she would soon forget me."

"But suppose she never forgot."

"That couldn't be. Besides, I loved Stella Carman too deeply in any case to want to see her marry a man of my years."

He did not notice that the hand on his arm started slightly at the mention of that name, and the carriage paused before the door of Elmhurst.

Two days passed. Irving Rathbury stands by the window of his country home—he had left the city that night. The servant hands him a note.

Dear Irving: I have come back to Riverside Cottage for a few days. I have had the good fortune to find n the painter of "The Unfinished Picture a mutual friend of ours (at least I have known her of late years). She is now my guest. Come down on the evening train to-morrow, and I shall be pleased to have you meet your talented competitor.

HELEN.

"Sensible woman! She is going to take things as if nothing had happened," he said to himself.

Helen McDermot stood beside her guest on the verandah of Riverside Cottage next evening.

"I have neglected to take down old Mrs. Marrot's broth; so now, my dear, if you will excuse me, I'll leave you to your artist's reveries for a half hour. If anyone calls I hope you will play hostess with your usual grace. Now remember, puss, I expect you to be a Casabianca and stick—well, if not to the burning deck, at least to the creaking verandah, no matter who appears."

"Dear! All these directions sound, shall I call it—what shall I call it anyway?"

"Call it Good-evening. I'll be back soon, dear. Here Ragtop, you rude dog, go back and stay with your guest!"

But the young artist was soon too absorbed in the scene to need Ragtop's entertainment. The water-lilies slept on the dark river, and the flaming weed-flowers studded its banks, with here and there groups of elms spreading their graceful branches at the little bends and curves. One star shone, pale, in the amethyst of evening, while the far-off melody of homely music came floating from some wayside cottage.

She was thinking of her work—"The Unfinished Picture." There was a touch lacking somewhere. The world applauded; but she was working for an immortal ideal. And to such souls what is men's applause?

She shaded her eyes for a moment—Oh, if she could but see that vision once again! Often as she worked a face had started up before her with all the reality of life. What, though those locks were grey, it was the face of the man she loved. She loved—ah, yes, that was where the trouble lay. She could not turn her eyes from feasting on the vision to toiling on the canvas. He hand was paralyzed, and it faded ere she caught it.

Still she sat with closed eyes, hoping. Half-hushed bird murmurings in the night woods! Little cheeping voices that would not be stilled, but fain would wake and cry like the longings in her soul. Nay! It would not come, the vision that she sought.

She opened her eyes again to the evening light, and lo! there by the screen of verandah flowers was her long-lost vision. The same full brow—the eyes of fire and dreams. Ah! she had never been able to call his face up like this before. She had it now—the touch she lacked before! But a word, a breath and it would fade as her other dreams had done. She leaned forward with parted lips and bated breath,

"Stella!"

"It is the living—" and she gasped and was still.

"Yes it is I, the living Irving Rathbury."

For one moment they looked into each other's eyes, and the pent-up feelings of seven years were told without a word. Then she realized she had betrayed herself, and her cheeks were crimson and purple by turns.

And he became suddenly conscious of his honour there on Helen McDermot's threshold.

"And so you are the artist of 'The Unfinished Picture?'" he said coldly.

"Yes, but don't let that make me forget I am to play hostess. Be seated. Miss McDermot is out, but will be back soon."

"Strange," thought he "she should be out on the appointed evening, and leave me alone with Stella Carman."

"But it all seems like a fairy story, Miss Carman. I do remember now you did paint when I knew you."

"Yes, I daubed a little even then, but you didn't condescend to see it."

Then an embarrassing silence came between them and they made efforts at conversation.

He mentioned her grandfather, and they were able to talk freely for a few minutes. Then came more layers of made conversation, more lulls of silence, with a splendid icing of conventionality on the slopes.

The stars grew thick on the little river at the garden foot and in the sky above. Then he bethought himself that he must catch the night train for the city; regretted Miss McDermot was out, was pleased to have met Miss Carman, etc., and the two artists on the verandah steps said good-night as coldly as if she had never inspired him with the face in "The Morning-Time," and he had never given her "The Unfinished Picture."

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A woman walked along by the solemn river-quiet that night, God's stars overhead.

'Marry my friend and crush two lives! Never!"

And in that hour Helen McDermot's face grew beautiful, passing all the beauty it had ever won before.

There was a year's delay, and the world waited still to see the nuptials of Irving Rathbury and Helen McDermot. And a man hesitated long between broken lives and a broken vow.

But Helen wavered not in the role she had chosen, and two happy people never forgot her generous sacrifice.

DID WOLFE TAKE QUEBEC?

By Arthur H. U. Colquhoun.

TO whom, if not to Wolfe, do we owe the brilliant victory on the Plains of Abraham? His fame is secure if the issue of the battle, the testimony of witnesses, and the verdict of history are to prevail. It may be that in all great undertakings the name of one man stands out too prominently, and that those who co-operated with him receive a scant share of the renown. But in war the general in command either carries off the palm of victory or bears forever the stigma of defeat. This is especially true of the taking of Quebec. Only a leader of Wolfe's intrepid, almost reckless daring, the idol of his soldiers who would have followed him anywhere, could have inspired the confidence necessary to this perilous charge. If Montcalm's captains had been vigilant and obedient, upon Wolfe's head would have fallen the blame for a disastrous overthrow. He won, and the credit is rightfully his.

Not for the first time are murmurs heard that the admirers of Wolfe have monopolized the honours for him to the exclusion of others. One historian (Warburton) declared years ago that the plan of scaling the cliffs was due to Townshend, one of Wolfe's brigadiers, who had thus obtained less than his fair share of the praise. Now we have Townshend's papers, for the first time made public.* They deepen the impression that a desire exists in some quarters to reconstruct the story of the campaign, leaving Wolfe a factor in

*The Military Life of Field-Marshal George, 1st Marquess Townshend. By Lt.-Col. C. V. F. Townshend, C.B. London: John Murray.

the affair, but putting Townshend up beside him. There can be little objection to the Townshend family erecting another monument on the Plains. Monuments to persons with far less claim are proposed. One may, however, reasonably protest against a change in the simple and telling inscription on Wolfe's monument from "Here Wolfe Died Victorious" to "Here Wolfe Died, and Townshend Lived, Victorious."

The biographer of Townshend has discovered "after a careful search into his life that he was modest." Other investigators, without family bias, have reached a different conclusion. "He was a man of some capacity," says Kingsford, "but his talents took rather a social than a military turn . . . He was not particularly patient of authority, and his vanity was intense." Horace Walpole declares that he was of a "proud, sullen and contemptuous temper." Parkman expressly complains that Townshend after the battle, "returned home to parade his laurels and claim more than his share of the victory." In the face of these, and other, hostile criticisms the task of painting a new Townshend and a new Wolfe is not easy, however admirable the filial loyalty which prompts it.

Wolfe, on the other hand, was a man of singularly engaging character. His military career had brought out the qualities of dash, brilliancy and capacity for leadership which recommended him to Pitt. He was selected for his merits alone. If the claims of family or influence had weighed the choice would have fallen upon others. When the Duke of Newcastle complained to George II that Wolfe was mad, the King replied: "Mad is he? Then I hope he will bite some others of my generals." The troops were keen for the fight, and when they disembarked at the Isle of Orleans in June, 1759, fully warranted Wolfe's boast, that "If valour can make amends for the want of numbers, we shall probably succeed." It is not necessary here to go over the details of the campaign, or to try and tell once again in feebler language the story of the battle, which has been so brilliantly described by competent historians.

The bias of Townshend is inherited by his descendant. As a military writer the biographer possesses a certain advantage over civilians, and the criticisms of Wolfe's movements and operations as exposed in the unsuccessful attack upon the French army, which was entrenched upon the high banks of the St. Lawrence at Montmorency, may be perfectly sound. The same may be said of the tactics which divided the English forces into practically three parts—one on the Isle of Orleans, another at Point Lévis, and a third up the river. It would be tedious to discuss these points, supposing them to be defensible from Wolfe's knowledge of the enemy's force, its inability to attack the trained battalions of the British, and the avowed policy of the French general to play a waiting game by forcing Wolfe either to attack an impregnable position or retire from Quebec before winter set in.

The assault upon the Montmorency heights was repulsed, owing chiefly to a sudden storm and the precipitate advance of the Grenadiers appointed to lead the charge. Evidences of Townshend's disapproval appear in his papers. Wolfe fell ill with fever. Townshend, writing to his wife, says: "Genl. Wolfe's health is but very bad. His Generalship in my poor opinion—is not a bit better." In his diary he had already recorded a complaint that Wolfe seemed to direct his attention to attacks below Quebec, neglecting the points above the fortress. But Wolfe had reconnoitred this position, and there is little ground for supposing that the project was new to him when the brigadiers propounded it, in answer to his request for their views on September 12th. The project had previously appeared too hazardous to him, and only when his three brigadiers Monckton, Townshend and Murray, unanimously recommended it, was it accepted and that promptly. There is nothing in the records to warrant the idea entertained by the historian War-

burton, that the plan to scale the heights and force Montcalm to give battle on level grouud was a sort of brilliant discovery of General Townshend, who alone propounded this daring scheme, urged it upon Wolfe, was foremost in carrying it out, and who when Wolfe fell and Monckton was wounded, took command of the army, and thus really captured Quebec.

The plan once resolved upon, Wolfe arranged for all the details and they were carried out under his orders. The troops had been silently taken above the city; at the appointed hour they were to drop down the river in small boats, effect a landing and form in order on the Plains. That every arrangement worked so perfectly that Montcalm found an army drawn up to receive him, when he expected only a division, was due, in a measure, to the fortunes of war. Parkman has a fine paragraph upon the chances on which this splendid and daring adventure hung. Deserters had told Wolfe that provision boats were expected down the river by the French sentries on the night of the attack. These boats had really been countermanded. But the sentries did not know this. The force stationed by Montcalm on the heights had, against his orders and without his knowledge, been allowed to disperse. Such guard as remained was careless and failed to keep close watch. The French stationed far above Quebec at Cap Rouge saw the English vessels drop down the stream. But the boats had been doing this for several nights in succession—drifting down and then up the river with the ebb and flow of the tide. So the weary watchers at Cap Rouge thought nothing of the manœuvre.

Wolfe scrambled up the heights with his men. Even when the red-coats were drawn up in fighting array, the danger was still imminent. Wolfe kept always along the front line, encouraging, and animating his men, the life of the enterprise. One incident sheds light upon the love which the army felt for him. A captain was shot during the galling fire kept up by the French before the battle began. Wolfe was instantly by his side, praised his services, promised him promotion. He sent a message to Monckton at once, begging him to remember this if he (Wolfe) fell. That promise was faithfully kept.

When the French had begun to retreat, with Wolfe dead and Monckton wounded, the command devolved upon Townshend. It was a critical moment. There is every evidence that Townshend discharged his duties with ability, courage and promptness. Here, if anywhere, he showed himself to advantage, and the praise of his biographer for his conduct at this juncture seems fair and well-earned. "Townshend at once showed himself a cool, prompt and energetic leader, the three best qualities a general can possess." The measures he took were successful, and his share in preserving the advantage which Wolfe had gained entitle his memory to ungrudging admiration. To Townshend, therefore, fell the duty of announcing the glorious news to Pitt. His despatch, unfortunately, contains no generous word of Wolfe, nothing beyond the bare recital of facts. Townshend explains and defends his own line of action after suceeeding to the command, and pays a tribute to the fleet. Concerning Wolfe's services he says no word. This was subsequently repaired in a private letter to a friend, but the impression must remain that he failed in generosity at the critical moment. When the official news reached England, and the people went mad with joy, it was left to others to tell of the part which the gallant Wolfe had played, and how signally he accomplished the task Pitt sent him out to do.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

ORDINARILY disturbances in South or Central America, whether of a domestic or interstate character, have attracted but little attention outside the immediate scene of the difficulty. The hostile position into which the relations between Venezuela and Colombia have recently drifted, chiefly owing to civil disorder in the latter country, are not regarded with the same indifference. The United States have evinced a most active interest in the troubles, and France also has not been slow to assert her more than platonic concern in the threatened conflict.

The interest of these two great Powers in the misunderstandings of two States which are not usually considered of much consequence in the world is easily discerned. The Panama canal route lies across Colombian territory and both France and the United States would like to figure as the good kind friend of the Colombians with any concessions or privileges that might be allowed on that account.

Those who have studied the Isthmian canal problem in the United States have slowly and perhaps unwillingly come round to the opinion that the Panama route possesses many advantages over the Nicaraguan or any rival route. For a time they have tried to dispose of the facts by ignoring them, but this attitude is being abandoned. Unfortunately France, or at least the French Company, stands in the way at Panama. It is probable that the latter would be quite willing to dispose of its franchises and the work that has been done for a good round figure, but this figure the American promoters or even the Government, should it undertake the work directly, would be unwilling to pay. It is highly improbable that the Frenchmen have any real hopes of ever completing the canal. So much French money has already been sunk in it, so flagrant was the corruption connected with its promotion, that the project has rather an ancient and fish-like smell to French nostrils. While not prepared to go on they are equally unprepared to let others inherit without remuneration the work that has already been done there, together with the credit and prestige and perhaps the profit of ultimately completing it.

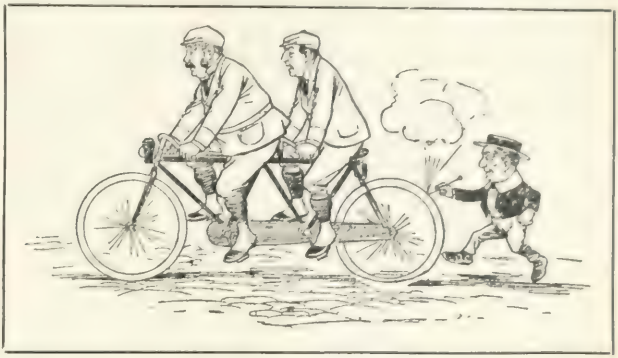
It has been suggested that Colombia should notify the holders of the privileges to proceed with the work on the canal or prepare to forego their concessions and stand out of the way of those who would set energetically to work to finish the vast project. France would take such a notification in ill part and would certainly refuse to accept it unless there was a prospect that the little South American republic had the backing of a much greater republic. It is significant therefore that on the first indications of trouble a French man-of-war immediately appeared at Colon and that an American vessel in those seas received instructions to at once proceed to the same point.

The two interested Powers are fortunately old and firm friends and everything is therefore favourable to a calm consideration of the position. Were it an English company that stood in the way the tail-twisters would have been at work long ere this. It is possible, however, that Mr. McKinley may see a "manifest destiny" for his country in the ample field of South America. It is a prize calculated to stir jingoism to its depths. No great stretch of meanings would be required to turn the Monroe doctrine into a much more spectacular and aggressive creed. He is a very dull observer who

cannot see that a great change seems impending in the United States. It is curious to read the glee with which in some quarters it is announced that the judgment of the Supreme Court in the case of Porto Rico clears up all difficulties. The United States, they say, is entitled to hold possessions without actually including them within the privileged territory of the United States.

PUNCTURED!

Lord Rosebery, in his remarkable letter to the members of the City Liberal Club, completely dispels the illusion of Liberal unity which it was supposed was created by the party meeting of last week.—*Daily Paper.*



CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN AND ASQUITH (on the Liberal Unity tandem):—"Great Scott! That wicked Rosebery youth has punctured our tyre—and just as we were spinning along so splendidly, too!"—*London Express.*

The significance of this political discovery, when we consider the relation which the United States have assumed towards South American and Central American countries, will be readily appreciated. If it is deemed necessary to hold a portion of Colombian or Nicaraguan territory in connection with the canal, why, the new powers discovered in the Constitution will permit that to be done. Once possessed of a portion, how easy it will be to convince people that additions are necessary. The Colombians adjacent to the canal territory will occasionally show a disregard for keeping the peace, and it will be deemed necessary in the interest of internal quiet to extend United States jurisdiction over a greater area. That process once having been commenced, where will it stop? It will be the beginning of the unavoidable revolution which Mr. Benjamin Kidd, in his "Control of the Tropics," prophesies as a certain occurrence in the near future. It will be remembered that Mr. Kidd argues in his convincing way that the coloured or half-caste races do not possess the organizing and governing genius needed to develop the fertile lands which have fallen to their lot in the West Indies, and Central and South America, and any one who has observed the mixed races of the West Indies will agree that at present they are wholly unfitted for self-government. What education and responsibility might do, one is not definitely prepared to say, but it can at least be seen that their operation would be a slow process. All the facts in our possession, moreover, do not encourage us to believe that either influence would be of much effect. Can it be honestly said that the equatorial states of South America show signs of improvement? Hayti, which is a purely negro state, is said to be going back to barbarism. It may smack of white arrogance, but the facts do seem to point to Mr. Kidd's conclusion that these states, whose inhabitants are mainly of mixed coloured races require white direction in their governmental, social and commercial affairs.

If this be true, who is to give them this direction? The United States has already assumed a heavy paternal attitude towards them. They have assured them that they will not permit the hand of the spoiler to be laid on them, and as an earnest of their words President Cleveland sailed up to the very red edge of war in his Venezuela message. There are not wanting indications that the protected Powers have an inclination to chafe under this gratuitous fatherhood. The singular thing about it is that they have never asked for the appointment of a guardian,

although Venezuela accepted the relationship eagerly enough when its weight was thrown on her side in the boundary dispute. She has since, when it served her whim, seen fit to resent it, or, at least, to look at it critically. It is the sort of relationship of the superintendent of the charity home to his wards, quite philanthropic but also firm and ruthless, and accompanied by no effusive illusions on the side from which the guardian naturally looks for gratitude and even affection.

Will this develop into a still closer connection? No one can read popular United States prints these days without seeing how deeply the people are bitten with the Imperial idea. Is it a permanent passion or a passing emotion? The classes opposed to it are undoubtedly the steadfast, influential classes of the community, in the real sense of the word influential, although it would appear that they are at present in the minority. Which section will prevail in the long run? If our neighbours take up a territorial position in Central or South America in connection with their canal interests, the expansionists will have established another outpost of their idea. It will be so easy later on to discover that owing to the incapacity of the neighbouring Governments and the turmoil consequent thereon, it has been found necessary to assume full control.

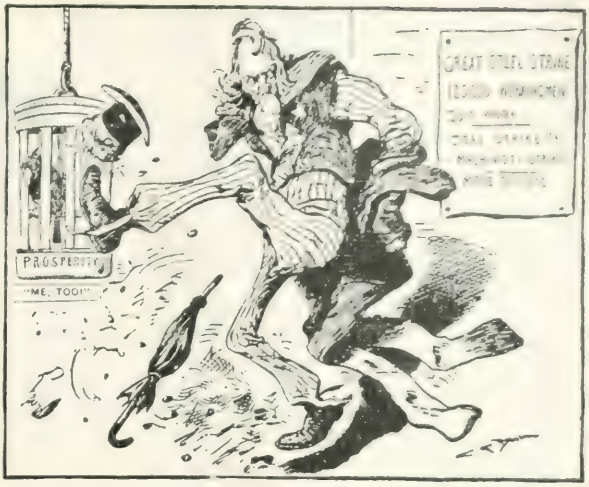
When this stage of the drama is reached how will the other great Powers feel about it? They are religiously keeping off the grass at present, but that is on the understanding that everybody is to keep off. They will scarcely agree that the United States alone is exempt from the rule which they themselves have established. France already has a colony in South America; Germany would like to have. In this Venezuela-Colombian trouble the French are watching their fellow-republicans somewhat suspiciously. The Chauvinist Parisian papers are saying unpleasant things. Our friends across the border can scarcely expect to increase their lead to the south therefore without encountering opposition, and that is doubtless why the expansionists are urging vast additions to the navy. It is to be feared that whatever else democracy may lead us in, it will not lead us into the ways of peace. The sentiment in these northern regions is doubtless comprised in the hope that the imperial hunger of our good friends and neighbours will be so fully satiated to the south that they will have no inclination to turn their esurient eyes in this direction.



J. Bull.—"If she accepts the ring, the first thing I know she'll be accepting him." *The St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

By the death of Crispi, Italy lost her most conspicuous public man. His death, indeed, leaves the country of Cavour, Mazzini and Garibaldi without a single political personality known to the intelligent man in the

street. In the mind of the general reader the Italian Minister seemed to move in the same sphere as Bismarck, Von Beust, Gortschakoff, Gambetta, Thiers, Gen. Prim or Castelar. No successor of equal rank has as yet, at least, caught the public attention. Discriminating criticism will assign him a much lower rank than the bearers of some of these names, notably Bismarck and Gambetta, and compared with Cavour, even in the matter of Machiavellian statesmanship, he is, of course, a pigmy. He seems, however, to have been a student in the Cavour school and no doubt believed he was carrying out Cavour's programme. Whether he did or not is open to question. Cavour's life-passion was the unity and glory of Italy. To this end he sacrificed everything else. He worked for it occasionally with almost devilish ingenuity, but when accomplished we may well believe that he would have turned his really great and benevolent spirit to raising and ameliorating the condition of his countrymen. Crispi pursued Cavour's ambitious foreign programme when it was no longer needed. It may be questioned, for example, whether the creator of modern Italy would have committed his country to the withering cost of membership in the triple alliance. Once Italy was unified would he not have trusted to the mutual jealousies of his neighbours as a guarantee for the integrity of Italian soil? No one can answer such questions with certainty, but we may well believe that that high spirit with its mixture of caution and vast daring would have found a less thorny path for the country he created than his showy and "smart" successor was able to discover.



UNCLE SAM—"B'gosh, let's all strike!"
—*The New York World.*

Sir Harry Johnston, Governor of Uganda, is not only an able administrator, but is, moreover, an adept with his pen. Sir Harry defends the protectorate over Uganda on philanthropic as well as upon political grounds. Uganda contains the head waters of the Nile, and if it were in possession of any other Power there would be nothing to prevent the diversion of the waters, and thus rob Egypt of those fructifying annual overflows which make the lower Nile habitable at all. As to the progress of the country, Sir Harry says: "Since I have been in the protectorate the railway has come to within ninety miles of the Victoria Nyanza, and the intervening strip has been covered by an excellent road. The steamship *William Mackinnon* has been put together on the lake, and accomplishes easily in two days what the earlier 'daus' often took ten days, and native canoes twenty days to accomplish. The telegraph has reached Entebbe, and is rapidly being carried on towards Lake Albert Nyanza. Reuter's telegrams are delivered daily at every telegraph station. Mails from England from a precarious 'once a month' are now distributed three times a month, and often reach the heart of Uganda in less than twenty-eight days." This, in the region for piercing which and finding Livingstone, Stanley won fame and fortune! The world does move.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited by Mrs. Willoughby Gummings

BLUE Monday is known to numbers of people who have passed the time of their school-days. To them the first days after the holidays are often like the Blue Mondays of our chidhood. Nearly every person knows the difficulty of taking up one's usual avocation again after the holiday is over. We are rested, and have had no end of pleasure and amusement during our absence from home and familiar scenes, but still we feel strangely disinclined to begin again the daily round, and with the children we feel tempted to wish that the holidays could last forever.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

Heigh-ho! Well, after all, it is best for us that we cannot carry out our wishes sometimes, for if it be true that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull lad," certainly it is equally true that all play and no work would prove equally disastrous. Yet if the holiday has been spent wisely, it should mean much fresh energy and zeal, clearer thought, and greater enthusiasm. "Work while you work, and play while you play," as the old school-song used to run, is a piece of wholesome advice which contains more wisdom than is seen with a passing glance.

"I call her a very dissipated woman," said an elderly physician to me one day, speaking of a mutual acquaintance. As he knew her more intimately than I did, the remark was rather startling. I had never seen or heard anything of the woman in question that would prepare me for such a statement.

ON TEA DRINKING.

"You don't mean that she drinks?" I queried in shocked tones.

"Yes I do," he said indignantly. "She drinks strong unwholesome tea to excess. And not only is she injuring her own health by so doing, but she is making her children puny anæmic creatures. You women ought to start a crusade against excessive tea-drinking."

Excessive tea-drinking is a custom that is steadily growing upon society, and this woman is by no means a singular illustration of the evil. There are those who drink strong tea three or four times a day, and who feel quite miserable if for any reason their five o'clock cup of tea has to be omitted. And as in the drawing-room so it is in the kitchen, only with a still more unfortunate difference. There too often the teapot stands on the stove for a long time, and it is stewed tea that is drunk. It is tea containing all the tannin that may be extracted from the leaves, and is therefore most injurious to the system. That this is done in ignorance of results very often is quite true.

At the risk of being considered "close" and "mean," it would be well for mistresses by precept and example to try to put an end to this evil. As to the drinking of strong green tea, as is the all but universal custom of a large number of people in country places, that I hold should be absolutely prohibited by Act of Parliament in the interests of future generations. Medicine and chemistry have shown clearly to all who wish to learn that green tea is decidedly harmful except in the very slightest quantities.

The details of every-day life at Court are of necessity little known to the world outside. Any glimpses of the daily routine of our Sovereigns are always matters of interest to their subjects. Those who have had such glimpses tell us that Queen Alexandra

OUR QUEEN.

has always been very methodical and regular in the arrangements for her household. She breakfasts at nine o'clock. Afterwards she sends for some of her guests to chat with her in her boudoir or to accompany her on her morning visits to her own stables, or to the aviary, or the kennels. Her Majesty is a skilful whip, and is also a graceful rider, though she has seldom been seen on horseback during the last few years. The horses and dogs all know their gentle mistress and are sure of many treats from her gracious hands. When at Sandringham, the morning visits include a peep at the dairy and the schools which she established many years ago. There the young girls of the district receive a most thorough training in domestic science and art, in addition to their ordinary education. The gardens and conservatories at Sandringham have always received much personal supervision from the Queen, so it is said, for Her Majesty dearly loves flowers; her favourites are lilies of the valley.



LADY LAURIER, WIFE OF SIR WILFRID LAURIER, PREMIER OF CANADA

The Queen's dinner-hour, except on ceremonial occasions, is at half-past seven o'clock, and dinner is served with as little state as possible, by Her Majesty's express desire.

Among the women workers in many associations and societies in England none is more prominent than Mrs. Creighton, wife of the late Bishop of London. She is a clever thinker and writer and a fluent speaker, and what she has to say is always listened to or read with interest. Writing recently of the girls of the present day she said:—

A GIRL'S PURPOSE IN LIFE.

"Men and women alike, as a rule, reach their fullest development through married life, but it does not follow from this that marriage should be the object of a woman's life, while it is only an accident in a man's life. A man is something else besides a husband, and a woman would be all the better wife if she were something else besides a wife. Hence it is a great pity to make marriage the sole object of a girl's life, though on the whole it seems to me almost a better object than the modern one of having a good time. Is it unfair to her to say that the object of most girls is to have a good time? I hope that a good many of them feel that it is unfair, and are conscious of a thread of purpose running through their lives.

"What does the modern young woman wish to make of her life? She has gained liberty, but does she remember how it was won for her? There are those still living who bore the brunt of the battle, and fought to get that higher education for women which is the real cause of the freedom of the modern girl. The young people of the present day do not realize how hard that struggle was. They did not struggle to make the lives of women freer in order that they may have a good time. Girls' lives are their own now, and they have to make something worth having out of them. Why do they value liberty? Not because it enables them to do as they like—that would be mere license—but because it enables them to become what they might be, and they can only do that by effort, by self-discipline, by self-denial. They must lose themselves before they can find themselves."

A series of very interesting and wholly informal conferences concerning women's work have been held each Wednesday in August, and will be continued on the first two Wednesdays in September, in the Woman's Building at the Pan-American Exposition, under the direction of

WOMEN WORKERS

Mrs. Mary Wright Sewell, President of the International Council of Women. Addresses have been given by many prominent women concerning the benefits to be derived from International co-operation and International organization among women-workers, as exemplified in that world-wide federation of societies and organizations known as the "International Council of Women." These addresses have been followed by discussions, in which much practical information has been gained. It is probable that some national councils may be formed in South America and Mexico as a consequence of these meetings.

The visitors in Muskoka have noted with much pleasure this season the improvement that is shown in the work done by the Indian women and offered for sale to the tourists. Instead of the harsh colouring and uncouth designs which have been familiar to us as a part of "Indian work," a great change has taken place. In the porcupine quill embroidery no dyes are used, the quills being pure white, or tinged with pale grey, as is their natural condition. In the basket work the shapes and designs are much more artistic and the colouring much better. It would be interesting to find out how these women have learned this better way. Although I visited their camp near Port Carling recently with this especial object in view, I failed to gain the information I desired.

I found out, however, that many of the men and women have come up from the neighbourhood of Montreal to dispose of the work which they have made during the long winter. One of them somewhat surprised me with the information that they do basket work of many kinds, including those woven of sweet grass, but they do not embroider with porcupine quills. The Indians who live near Rama in Muskoka do the latter style of work almost exclusively. The camp was an interesting place to visit and the many white tents looked extremely picturesque in the gloaming, as they stood under the tall pine trees. Here and there small fires were burning outside the tent, and the evening meal was being got ready. A peep into some of the tents showed neat-looking camp beds, trunks, a few chairs and other belongings that were unknown in an Indian home in the old time. I asked a pretty little Indian girl her name, and when she said "Victoria," I asked her whether she was called after the Queen, and her quick smile and emphatic answer "Oh, yes," showed me that to her the name of the late Queen meant much.

The committee in charge of the programme for the annual meeting of the National Household Economic Association of the United States, which will be held in Buffalo October 15th, 16th, 17th, have already arranged for a number of short addresses by prominent men and women, who are specialists in their various departments, all of which closely concern the home. The work of the association has spread wonderfully, and the president Mrs. Linda Hull Larned, is being urged to address women's clubs and other organizations in all parts of the United States with a view to co-operation. All women who are going over to the Pan-American Exposition in October should try to time their visit so as to be present at some of these meetings if possible.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK

On Monday, August 5th, the Empress Frederick of Germany died at Friedrichshof.

Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen Victoria's eldest child, who was to become the Crown Princess of Prussia and the Empress Frederick of Germany, was born at Buckingham Palace on November 21st, 1840. At a very early age, says *Public Opinion*, she showed premonitory signs of the remarkable intelligence and varied accomplishments which distinguished her in later years, for at her christening, according to the testimony of Lord Melbourne, "she looked about her,

quite conscious that the stir was all about herself," and at the age of three, according to the testimony of her father, "she speaks English and French with great fluency and choice of phrase." She was betrothed to Prince Frederick William of Prussia when in her fifteenth year. It was on May 22nd, 1857, that the Queen's Message to Parliament was taken into consideration, when an annuity of £8,000 a year and a marriage portion of £40,000 were—though not without some opposition—settled on the Princess. The Princess Royal of England is, by the ancient feudal law, the only daughter of the Sovereign for whom he is entitled "to levy an aid." The wedding took place on January 25th, 1858, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, where so many Royal marriages have been solemnized. Here the last Stuart who sat upon the English Throne was united to George of Denmark. Here, too, George III, George IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria were married. The original idea of a wedding in Westminster Abbey was abandoned on the ground that it would cost £60,000. In 1858 crinoline was at its most extravagant moment, and a door through which the bridal procession passed had to be widened. As the Princess was led up to the altar by Prince Albert it was observed that she had thrown her veil off her face, which looked pale even next to her white dress, and that she seemed very nervous and agitated.



EMPRESS FREDERICK

The newly married pair sailed from Gravesend for Berlin on February 2nd, after a parting which has been touchingly described in Queen Victoria's diary, and made their State entry into Berlin on the 8th. The Princess seems to have created a most favourable impression in Prussia.

The official position of the Princess was changed at the beginning of 1861 by the death of King Frederick William IV on January 2nd. Her father-in-law, the Prince of Prussia, who, on account of his father's illness, had been Regent since October 7th, 1858, became King, and her husband became Crown Prince. At the Coronation ceremony, which took place in October of that year, the Princess was present, and Lord Clarendon remarks in a letter to the Queen, that "the great feature of the ceremony was the manner in which the Princess Royal did homage to the King." Her influence over her husband was known to be considerable, and was viewed with the utmost distrust by the feudal *noblesse* and the official classes, who suspected her of importing into her adopted country the spirit of English liberalism in which she had been brought up. In the following January (1859) the Princess became the mother of the present German Emperor, and in May she paid a visit to England to keep the Queen's birthday, and a second one in November to celebrate that of the Prince of Wales.

E. C.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

SALARIES in all walks of life show a tendency to increase. The reason of this is tolerably clear. The keenness and speed of modern business, in which a few men do the thinking and the rest do the labouring, requires young men. Everything in business is changing quickly. The young man changes quickly with the industrial conditions, and his youth enables him to bear a prolonged strain under which an older man would break down. Youth gives pliability and endurance. After a man reaches forty-five years of age he is unfitted for the modern struggle, and thus the working period of life is being appreciably shortened. That is why salaries are increasing.

LARGER SALARIES.

If a man is to be laid on the shelf at forty-five, it is reasonable to suppose that he will endeavour to secure a competence before he reaches that point in his life. He must save enough to secure him from poverty and beggary in his old age. He must demand a higher salary or wage than in the days when it was considered improper to discharge employees because of approaching old age. Because of this change, many large corporations are adopting life-insurance schemes for their employees. The Bank of Montreal has done this. The railway companies have done it. Many others recognize the necessity and are developing various plans to meet it. The individual recognizes it and is taking life insurance readily on such plans as enable him to pay all his premiums before he is forty-five or fifty. The "twenty-pay life" is very popular.

There is an increase in the general belief that a young man must, from the very outset of his career, commence to lay away for the future. It is now common-sense that a young man who at thirty is earning only a bare living is weak or a fool. He must be amassing capital. It may be in the form of a bank account, paid-up life insurance policies, stock in the company with which he is connected or some other, or a profit-paying interest in some business. Salaries are increasing to give the individual this necessary margin which he may save or invest.

The young man starting out in life must recognize this point. If he can make but a bare living where he is, he must change. He must get the margin, or face an old age of poverty. Old men are not drawing salaries, and the old-age pension system has not yet been adopted in Canada. The young man must fight for a large salary. He is fighting for it; hence salaries have risen and must continue to rise.

From some standpoints we are a nation of stay-at-homes—so few of us recognize that our education is incomplete without some travel. A young man goes away from home to the university town—perhaps a hundred miles away—stays his four years, puts his sheepskin under his arm and decides that he is educated. If he lives in Toronto, he never visits Montreal or Ottawa, and has just barely heard of Halifax and Victoria. If he lives in the neighbourhood of Montreal, Toronto is as familiar to him as the Klondike—he has seen both names in the newspaper. And so one may go on and describe us all.

A NATION OF STAY-AT-HOMES.

Canadian young men should travel more. British Columbia and Nova Scotia should mean as much to them as Ontario and Quebec or vice versa. The business of Canada is being done on national lines. The conditions in Nova Scotia and British Columbia affect the conditions in Ontario and Que-

bec. The man who would make a success of his life in one province must have a tolerably fair knowledge of the conditions in the other provinces.

There is an even greater reason. Travelling makes a broad mind. The Canadian who has not seen the whole of Canada is narrow-minded. He cannot view national development and national problems with a seeing eye. The great success of English business men during the nineteenth century was due in a considerable measure to the fact that they travelled. They knew their own country thoroughly, which was an easy matter as the distances are short ; and they also knew something of the countries of the continent, where they were sent to have their minds broadened. Their minds were broadened by travel. They recognized that what suited one district might not suit another, and that what did not please one district might please another. They saw that business methods differed in different countries and different districts. They learned that local eccentricities were of little moment, but that certain broad principles formed the basis of universal trade. As they broadened themselves, they broadened the intellectual and business life of their country.

Canadians must learn the lesson. The young business man who spends his whole life in the study of business in his own town or city has far less chance of success than the man who has seen business done in a dozen cities. The narrow-mindedness, meanness and bigotry of the country town is due to its lack of knowledge of the outside world. The narrowness and picayuneness of the individual is due to his lack of knowledge of the widely differing classes of men in his own profession. Travel gives breadth of view and quickens the powers of observation. The man who has seen six cities has seen six civilizations. Having seen six civilizations he is better able to understand and estimate the one in which he has elected to spend his life.

This nation of stay-at-homes must change its methods. It must shake off its provincialism and take on nationalism. It must estimate every movement on the basis of national rather than provincial value, and on cosmopolitan rather than rural estimates. Large views make large people and large people make a large nation. Canada is too narrow-gauge. National administration and national railways must be followed up by national estimates, national understandings and national views. Interprovincial travel is very necessary, and this must be done by the young men—the men who are to become the leaders in professional, industrial, commercial and political development.

FOREIGN FICTION.

A young man took to a Canadian editor a short time ago, a story in manuscript. The editor said that it was not Canadian in scene and sentiment and that he could not use it. The young man opened his eyes wide. He answered that if his story were Canadian, the people would not read it even if he found an editor willing to print it. The young man was right. The story, long or short, with a Canadian theme and a Canadian setting is not appreciated in this country—Kirby's "Chien D'Or" and Parker's "Pierre and His People" to the contrary notwithstanding.

Canadians to-day are surfeiting themselves on foreign fiction. A tale of Maryland, Kentucky or New York fills them with a glow of satisfaction. An historical romance of the time of Henry VIII or Louis XIV, written by a United States sensational scribbler, is a delight to the Canadian reading public. The sales of novels by fourth-rate Americans is greater in Canada, populations compared, than in the United States itself. Canadian publishers who job out these novels as the department store jobs out tea, talk about the growing literary tastes of the people and about the wonderful growth of the publishing trade. Last year Canadians imported from the



THE LATE ANDREW ALLAN.

United States over three million periodicals—mostly ten-cent magazines, illustrated weeklies and fashion journals. Talk of patriotism—there isn't enough patriotism in the literary tastes of Canada to keep one good novelist from starvation. Talk of patriotism—and the whole nation fattens its literary flesh on paper-covered trash and subscription books, all the work of literary hacks who never had an ideal in their lives

If any one thinks this but the plaintive bleat of a disappointed individual, let that one examine the book-stalls and see what is for sale there. Let him examine the lists published in the literary journals and publishers' advertisements and see what are the "great sellers" among books. Let him go into the houses of those who read and find out what books and periodicals are on the tables and chairs.

Let him go farther. Let him visit the libraries of the professors in our colleges, the studies of our judges, barristers, doctors and legislators and see what he will find. Let him take up the leading Canadian dailies and read their scissored short stories and their twenty-five dollar serials, see what the theme is and ask where they are secured.

After all this investigation, let him go back and read Robert Barr's articles on Canadian Whiskey versus Canadian Books and he will say "Barr was right." And since Barr's articles were published in December, 1899, matters have not improved one whit. There is more United States fiction consumed in Canada to-day than there ever was before. Even British fiction and British books which once had some following in this country are losing ground. We prate of the Empire and of Imperialism—when the Duke of York visits Canada he will see a country which says one thing and does another.

These be black words, perhaps too black. But, let them go. Other men have said these things and lived. The writer of these lines but repeats, and does so with the assurance that no howling mob is likely to disturb his peaceful existence. People do not care enough about these things to be angry, and yet they are vital to our national development.

SQUEEZED.

The word "squeezed" has a commercial meaning. When a large operator in stocks has been outmanœuvred and beaten by a larger operator, the former is said to be squeezed. For a long time the United States of America, a country situated between Mexico and Canada, has been endeavouring to squeeze the latter. Not to go too far back in history, they tried the squeezing process on us when they withdrew from the Reciprocity Treaty some thirty-five years ago. They have tried it several times since by means of high tariffs. No doubt there was a certain fairness in their actions, judged by modern business standards, but it certainly was not the kind of fairness which appealed to the people of Canada. Canada has steadily refused to be squeezed, and the more the trade of the continent to which we belong was denied us by our neighbours, the more we sought for a place in the markets of the world.

Gradually, however, light is perme-

ating the regions of darkest America and a few journalistic voices in the United States are calling for a new policy toward the Land of the Maple. The squeezing policy is not generally approved. A number of the best newspapers in New York, Washington and Philadelphia are pleading for a new policy—reciprocity on fair terms. They point out that Canada is the third best customer which the United States possesses, and that the Canadian market is worth more than all the South American markets combined. This is a more sensible view.

Just as a suggestion, I desire to intimate that this would be an excellent time for Sir Wilfried Laurier to decide that the Joint High Commission be abandoned. There is nothing to be gained by keeping it alive. Let it die and give it a respectable funeral. Such a course of conduct on our part would do much to help along the education of the United States people concerning the amount of stability and independence possessed by the six million people of this northern land. The Maritime Provinces are not anxious for reciprocity so long as the United States Government does not put an export duty on tourists. Nor does British Columbia desire reciprocity. The merchants of Vancouver and Victoria have difficult work to hold their own with the sellers of goods in Seattle, Tacoma and San Francisco. Reciprocity would injure Vancouver and Victoria. The Northwest is getting along nicely because the United States does not put an export duty on settlers ; like tourists they pay no tax when they leave the country. And the Northwest wants settlers. Ontario and Quebec are prospering without reciprocity, and it is questionable if in the long run it would be beneficial to these Provinces.



ANDREW ALLAN

The late Andrew Allan's father brought a vessel from Glasgow to Montreal when the latter city had no wharves. Andrew Allan did not come to Canada on that voyage, although his brother Hugh (afterwards Sir Hugh) did. At the age of 17, however, he came over to Montreal to join his brother, and together they built up the firm of H. & A. Allan, as it was ultimately called. For nearly sixty years these men led in the navigation between Great Britain to Canada, and, during most of that time their boats, small and large, carried the mails. They saw prosperity and hard times, but were always progressive. While they amassed wealth, they assisted nobly in the development of Canadian trade, and Canada owes much to their sturdy enterprise.

THE CENSUS

Canada's population has not grown during the past decade as fast as her wealth and her trade. This may seem unsatisfactory to the many and satisfactory to the few. It is doubtful if there is much in the census results to justify the somewhat pessimistic view taken of them. Ontario the Great has declined in population, but increased in families. This was to be expected. Our families are not so large as they once were, because many of our sons go west, and because it is not fashionable to have a large family table. The following summary indicates the general result :

CANADA'S PRESENT POPULATION.

The following is a comparative statement of the population by Provinces, showing increases or decreases during the past decade :—

Province.	1901.	1891.	Increase
Ontario,.	2,167,978	2,114,321	53,657
Quebec.	1,620,974	1,488,535	132,439
Nova Scotia.	459,116	450,396	8,720
New Brunswick.	331,093	321,263	9,830
Manitoba.	246,464	152,506	93,958
British Columbia.	190,000	98,173	91,827
Northwest Territories.	145,000	66,799	78,201
Prince Edward Island.	103,258	109,078	5,820
Total.	5,338,883	4,833,239	505,644



THE CANADIAN ARCHIVES.

THE day is not distant when copies of the "Canadian Archives" will be as precious as some of the rare old volumes of the book collector. Already sets are scarce and hard to get. The report of the archivist prefixed to each volume is a careful piece of work enriched by Dr. Douglas Brymner's own stores of knowledge, and students of Canadian history look each year for it with pleasure. The report for 1900 appeared last month.* The volume is chiefly taken up with the calendar of state papers for Upper and Lower Canada. These papers are now brought down to 1835, which is a date within the memory of persons now living, and there is much detailed material in them which Canadian historians will utilize when they write the history of the period more fully than fell within the scope of Dr. Kingsford's plan. Besides the state papers there are some valuable documents relating to education and emigration. Among these is correspondence between Bishop Strachan (then Archdeacon), Sir John Colborne and the Colonial Office, and also the full text of the bill of 1835, making King's College a Church of England institution with the vote in the Legislature upon it. The charter of Cobourg Seminary is likewise given. So, too, is a list of the schools and colleges in Quebec Province, showing that 60 schools were maintained by grants from the Royal Institution. This was the board of trustees administering the money of Hon. James McGill. The college was at that date in a chrysalis condition, but the money even then was doing good work. Dr. Brymner has an interesting note upon the state of affairs about Quebec after the battle of the Plains of Abraham, which may be read with advantage in connection with General Townshend's memoirs reviewed by Mr. Colquhoun in this number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

* Report on Canadian Archives. By Douglas Brymner LL.D., F.R.S.C. Ottawa: S. E. Dawson. Price 25c.

THE ACADIANS.*

Overthrown in war, the French of North America have conquered in peace. The Acadians, like their brothers in Canada, cling to the language, literature and traditions of their ancestors. Their tenacity may not be the most practical policy in a continent dominated by a language and institutions of another race, but the sentiment is a worthy one, and does credit to their hearts. M. Joubêrt has reprinted the historical essay he wrote a few months ago for *La Revue Britannique*, and it forms a useful compendium of information regarding the varying fortunes of these early French colonists now to be found in Quebec, in our Maritime Provinces and in the State of Louisiana. Of course, M. Joubêrt writes from the standpoint of admirer and friend. He quotes from the leading authorities, but always to the advantage of the Acadians. We need hardly quarrel with him on this account, seeing that the purpose of his essay is to praise and not to inquire critically into disputed points. He is especially severe on the expulsion of 1755:

"Ce dur exode, que les Anglais, par un doux (!) euphémisme, appellent *the removal of the Acadians*, a conservé dans les annales de l'histoire d'Amérique le nom du *Grand Dérangement* et fait penser au *Grand Trek* des

* L'Ancienne Acadie: Les Acadiens de la Louisiane. Par le Chevalier Joseph Joûbert. Paris: Bureaux de la Revue Britannique.

Boers, en 1838. Ainsi donc, à un siècle d'intervalle environ, au nord du continent Américain comme au sud de l'Afrique, une impitoyable politique condamnait à l'exil et à de cruelles souffrances des populations entières, parmi lesquelles se trouvaient, hélas! tant d'innocentes victimes."

By citing the Boers the author does not help his case much, and if the Acadians gave the same provocation to the British authorities as the South African Boers, small wonder that heroic measures were carried out. Looking back now one deplores the hard necessities of war. But the English are not the only race to engage in military conquest, and the sword of the conqueror leaves many a tragedy behind it. Despite its manifest bias the essay of M. Joubêrt will form a practical addition to the literature of the subject. His treatment of the Acadians in Louisiana is not the least interesting part of it.

GEOGRAPHY IN HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT.

It is at least a pertinent question to ask concerning the latest historian of Canada,* what are his claims to deal with the subject? That Mr. Lucas is an Oxford scholar, and that he is connected with the Colonial Office are not in themselves evidences of special qualification. The work under review being one of a series intended to form a complete historical geography of the British Colonies, it may not be unreasonable to contend that the author should possess a marked insight into the conditions which he proposes to discuss as the basis of his whole thesis. To write upon geograpy as elucidating history one must surely indicate some more authoritative quality than an intimate knowledge of the maps. There may seem to be something ungracious in saying this about a book which from the literary standpoint is really a creditable performance. Mr. Lucas, it is true, writes with point and fluency. His book is easily read, and as far as a critic can tell—without turning up authorities—it is accurate in detail and founded upon familiarity with the best sources of information. But it bears too close a resemblance to a one-volume history of Canada down to the year 1759 to be hailed as a work of special value. One-volume summaries of Canadian history are plentiful. Some are good, some bad, most of them indifferent. Its literary quality apart, we find it hard to ascribe to this one any remarkable merit. Its "general summary" of the influence of geography in determining the respective fates of the French and English colonies in North America is plausible, but not profound. Mr. Lucas lays most stress upon the system of government as the chief cause of the ultimate downfall of New France. From this we might conclude that geography played but a small part in the business, were it not that the author dwells upon the closing of the St. Lawrence to ocean vessels for several months in the year (he has evidently heard unfavourable reports of the Canadian climate), as another factor in the result. But this argument can hardly be sound since Acadia, with open ports in winter, fell first into the hands of the English. From this the author might, according to his own line of argument, have proved that the closing of the St. Lawrence in winter retained Canada longer under the French Crown than would otherwise have been the case. We do not undertake, in a paragraph, to expound with any thoroughness the exact relation between geography and history in tracing the development of the European colonies in North America. But then we have not written (and published) a treatise on the subject, and are not bound to disclose the depths of our knowledge. It is difficult, in short, to see why Mr. Lucas called his work historical geography, unless he was asked to undertake a labour for which he has manifest qualifications—an agreeable précis of well-known historical facts—and good naturedly permitted it to be called by another name. In the century that has

*History of Canada. Part I. (New France). By C. P. Lucas, C.B. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

passed since the English colonies were allowed to break away from the parent state, England has acquired much valuable wisdom in the treatment of distant possessions. But we fear that a similar advance has not been made in the preparation of text-books relating to the colonies. The maps accompanying the volume should have indicated more clearly the line dividing the French from the English sphere of influence and exploration. In failing to do this they miss, it appears to us, the essential feature of the case.

PROBING INTO MYSTERIES.

The gentle reader who is weary of historical romances, who turns away with a yawn—alas !—from love stories, who can no longer be beguiled with the problem novel, should read "Etidorhpa, or the End of the Earth," by Mr. Lloyd.* It is called a scientific romance. It certainly is scientific in the sense that a great deal of what we call science nowadays is scattered through its pages. But the main interest, we imagine, to the average reader will be found to consist in the narrative of a strange being, who has returned from "the undiscovered country," which Hamlet speaks of. In fact, all who wish to peer into the future, and believe with Horatio that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy, will be instructed by the remarkable story of "I-am-the-Man." Briefly, for betraying the secrets of a brotherhood of alchemists to which he belongs he is conveyed by strange guides into the bowels of the earth, is made to investigate the most extraordinary physical and moral conditions and himself undergoes a complete metamorphosis. He returns to earth to unburden himself, like the Ancient Mariner and buttonholes the impatient teller of the story, actually reading it to him in manuscript. This gives rise to many disputes, seeing that the tale of his experiences involves contradiction of some of the laws of nature as presently interpreted by men of science and accepted as established truths. This weird book has a somewhat curious history. It has been through eleven editions, most of them published at $3 and $4. This was probably due to the idea that it would appeal only to the limited circle of the *literati*. Its qualities as a romance for popular reading have resulted in the present cheap edition, and while we would be extremely averse to intervening between Mr. Lloyd and his scientific critics, it must be confessed that he gives them some nuts to crack, and to the general public a singular and entrancing tale.

* Etidorhpa, or the End of the Earth. By John Uri Lloyd. Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.

AN ENGLISH TEXT BOOK.

A school History of England, the work of "several teachers of experience," has lately appeared.* It is worth the study of those who know something about the preparation of text books as that business is done in this country. The art of condensing into graphic comprehensive paragraphs nearly 2,000 years of history, and presenting an intelligent, and in places even a brilliant, survey of it in 350 printed pages is no slight achievement. Perhaps it is not possible to have such a work perfect, and here and there one notices the influence of the gorgeous generalizations of Macaulay and other Whig historians, and occasionally strict accuracy is sacrificed to rhetorical phraseology. For instance, "through the summer Wolfe watched from the river, where the English fleet lay, the town perched on its steep heights," and, "the elder Pitt was a hero-statesman; the younger, the greatest of party leaders." To declare that Lord Durham "saved Canada for England" is rather a strong phrase, to say the least, since the vast majority of Canadians in 1837 were perfectly loyal to British connection. There is a rather more impartial summary of the

* A School History of England. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

war with the North American colonies than is usual in English histories.

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS.

The British Columbia Government has issued a year book containing the record of the Province from 1897 to 1901. It contains in 200 pages the most valuable of the information contained in the larger volume issued in 1897. The illustrations and map are exceedingly valuable. The work has been performed by R. E. Gosnell, whose name is a guarantee that the information is unbiased and reliable.

The Ontario Department of Agriculture has issued a new edition of "The Birds of Ontario," by C. W. Nash. The first edition was eagerly sought after, and the demand amply justifies a second and revised edition.

To the journalist and student of affairs, no Government blue-book is so valuable as "The Statistical Year Book," edited by George Johnson, and issued by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa. The year book for 1900, just issued, brings everything up to date—the history of Canada, the physical features, the constitution, the lists of Governors and Lieutenant-Governors, the Privy Council, the cabinets, treaties, land regulations, agricultural statistics, trade returns, mineral production, railways and canals, post-office, finance, insurance, education and criminal statistics. It is an invaluable compendium, containing, in compact form, all the information concerning Canada which the ordinary citizen could require. This year's volume contains a valuable folding map.

DR. DRUMMOND'S VOLUME.

Dr. Drummond, author of "The Habitant," that famous collection of French-Canadian verse, has a new volume in Putnam's hands. It will be entitled "Johnnie Corteau" and will be illustrated by Coburn. None of the poems in "The Habitant" will be duplicated in the new volume which will be even bulkier than the first. There are, no doubt, people who will condemn this dialect verse as they have condemned it before; but in spite of the critics, it will be eagerly sought after by those who love the musical and the picturesque. "The Habitant" was undoubtedly the most popular volume of verse ever issued in Canada, and its popularity is threatened only by "Johnnie Corteau." And after all popularity is one of the greatest tests.



I AM THE MAN

Frontispiece of Etidorhpa. By John Uri Lloyd—(Gage.)

IDLE MOMENTS

AN ALLEGORY.

THE Lover of Beauty passed by where the Rose grew. He bent above the tree and plucked from its branches the rarest and best of its blossoms—a beautiful, pure, White Rose.

The Lover of Beauty delighted in his flower, caressed its petals, and wore it where the world might see it and know it to be his. Into the heart of a great city he bore it, into a room that was his studio; and placing it where his gaze might most easily rest upon it he drank again of its loveliness.

The Lover of Beauty took palette and brush and reproduced the Rose; tint for tint, petal for petal, curve for curve; till the rose on canvas looked as pluckable as the real flower had done when he gathered it to himself.

But for want of care the gathered Rose drooped its head and wilted. The Lover of Beauty beholding this, exclaimed:

"The thing is faded, its beauty has departed. I have used it as I desired, I no longer want it, why should I keep it? I will cast it away."

Opening a window he threw far out into the street below the Rose once pure, once beautiful, once his. And it fell where was sin and the dirt. The Lover of Beauty found another Rose with crimson tints and a deeper fragrance.

The Man passed by where the White Rose fell. And he who loved flowers not alone for their beauty, but because God had made them flowers, saw a Rose crushed to earth, bruised and broken.

Stooping down, the Man lifted from the mud the stained and battered blossom, wiped it carefully clean, and hid it away against his heart, where he lovingly and shelteringly wore it forever and ever more.

Jean Lyall.

TATTOO.

Once a mealy-bug sedate—
On a rose bush lingered late,
And her giddy little heart was blithe and gay
For an impudent red spider
Had actually eyed her
As he jauntily had swaggered past that way.

"Will you come and do the rose,
Till the half-past-nine gun goes?
(Oh, this blooming bush is just too jolly slow;)
Around a leaf we'll promenade
Across the glacis and parade,"
Said the gallant little red-coat, don't you know.

Near a dew-drop there they sat—
In the moon-light, and all that;
And they tried to think which loved the other most;
But the Gardener drew nigh—
There was murder in his eye—
And his insect-gun blew out for them "Last Post."

So the bugle-call will sound,
And the Sergeant go the round,
And "Lights Out" will come when all the tunes are played;
But "Reveille" at the dawn
Will make the slumbering trenches yawn,
When we fall in for "Inspection" on parade.

H. Percy Blanchard.

WHAT WAS IT, THEN?

A good story is told by Sir Harry Poland in a lecture that has just been published. On one occasion the bailiff of a court over which Mr. Justice Maule was presiding had been sworn to keep the jury locked up "without meat, drink, or fire, candles only excepted." One of the jurymen, being thirsty, asked for a glass of water, and the bailiff

* The contributions to this Department are original unless credited to some other journal.

asked the judge if it could be allowed. "Yes," said the latter. "It certainly isn't meat, and I shouldn't call it drink."—*Belfast News.*

PROVING HIS CASE.

"Are you aware, sir, what you are doing?"

The stout, florid-faced man in the restaurant, who was about to help himself to a generous portion of mince pie, looked up in astonishment at the nervous, thin, little individual opposite.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I have been watching you," said the nervous man, "eating your dinner, and impelled as I am by a love of humanity, I cannot see you leave this table without a protest at the diet which you are killing yourself with. First, you had fish chowder. No protein but slight hydrocarbonates. Then you had corned beef and cabbage, containing fully eighty per cent. of deleterious matter. Then you had pie, with a mountain of sugar. Are you aware, sir, that this can only be digested by the duodenum? Think of it! You'll be a wreck in a few years."

The stout man he addressed gazed at him compassionately for a moment.

"You don't look as if your diet was doing you much good," he said, quietly.

"That, sir," replied the thin man, "is no argument at all. You were healthy to start with, and I wasn't. You'll go to pieces in a short time, and I'll live to be an old man because I know the percentage of fruit salts the human system can stand."

"You'll live for years beyond your allotted time, will you?" said the stout man.

"Yes, sir, I will."

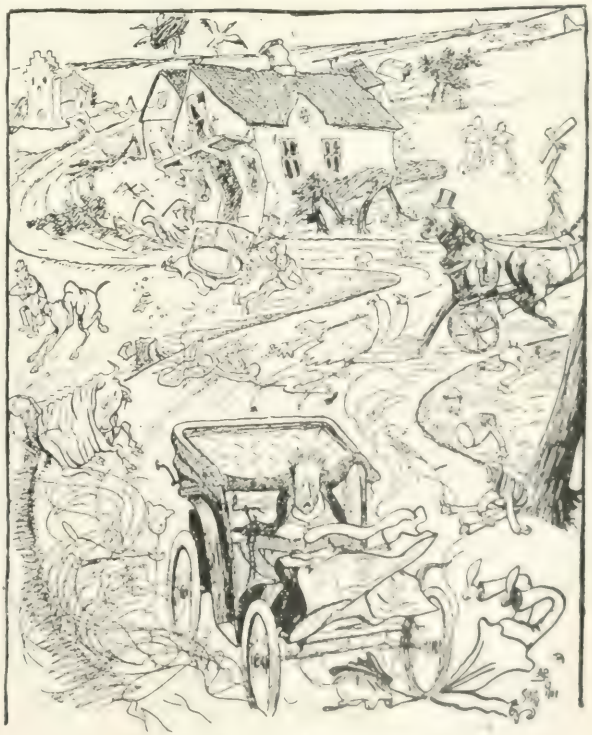
"Then," said the stout man as he rose and paid his check, "that only bears me out. It only shows what harm can be done to humanity by a fool diet."—*Life.*

A RACE AFFAIR IN THE U.S.

"Yes," remarked the grocer, in the sleepy southern town; we did have a little excitement yesterday afternoon for a spell. We had a foot-race between Hank Spudds, our local sprinter, and a nigger champion from Pin Hook."

"Indeed?" replied the affable drummer. "I should hardly think such an affair would create much commotion."

"It wouldn't ordinarily; but, you see, it was this way: Hank heard the nigger braggin' about his speed and challenged him to a friendly little contest, to take place as soon as the parties could get ready. Well, in a few minutes, before many folks knew of it,



The Pleasures of Automobiling.



"What a fuss they make about it, Grandpa!"

"About what, Sally?"

"About Daniel going into the lions' den. I guess it must have been the first circus they ever saw."

—*Life.*

they was all ready to start. They was goin' to run down the road east for one mile. I gave the signal to start, and both of them jumped ahead like like scared tomcats. The nigger flew like the wind—left Hank 'way behind. The nigger had purty near finished the mile when he met some fellers leadin' a hoss. They didn't know what was goin' on, but, seein' a nigger runnin' like that, with a white man sixty rods behind him, looked suspicious, to say the least. They at once concluded the nigger was wanted. So they stopped him and took the halter off the hoss and actually strung the fellow up to a tree. Hank finally came up and informed them of their error, and, of course, bein' chivalrous men, they let the man down and he speedily recovered. But, sir, it hain't hardly judicious for a nigger to be seen runnin' very fast in these days when American chivalry is pertectin' itself against the inferior race."—*Puck's Library.*

A CLUB STORY.

The members of the Athenæum Club in London represent the higher spheres of literature, art and diplomacy, and particularly the Established Church, inasmuch as nearly all the bench of bishops may be found upon its list. The United Service Club, on the other hand, is made up of officers of the army and navy. One day last summer, while the Athenæum was closed for repairs and its members were temporarily enjoying the hospitality of the other club, there came down into the hall a retired admiral, a man of portly build and violent temper.

"Where's my umbrella!" he demanded of the hall porter.

Search was made, and the umbrella was not forthcoming. The admiral began to fume. A dozen flunkies immediately swarmed into the hall.

"My umbrella!" cried the Admiral; "an umbrella with a silver knob—where is it, sir?"

The bustle continued for a few moments, and then one of the attendants timorously informed the Admiral that it could not be found.

"What, sir—what, sir? Not to be found, sir? Why not, sir?"

"I am afraid, sir," replied the hall porter, "that some gentleman has taken it by mistake."

"Taken it! Taken it!" roared the Admiral, now fairly apoplectic with rage; "you mean stolen it—yes, sir, stolen it! I might have known what would happen when we let in all those d——d bishops!"—*Argonaut.*



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK

PHOTO BY THOMSON, LONDON

THE

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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ROYAL VISIT.

By Arthur H. U. Colquhoun.

CANADA is not new ground to the Duke of Cornwall and York. When a lad of eighteen he was midshipman on board a ship attached to the North American station. In 1883, and on subsequent occasions, he visited several of the chief cities of the Dominion, journeying as far west as Niagara. He has not before seen the Great West, which will be to him, as it has been to many others, at once an inspiration and a revelation. Few men of our time, except the most confirmed globe-trotters, have seen so much of the British Empire. Certainly no Prince of a reigning monarchy has had, to anything like the same extent, the education which travel affords.

Other modern Empires have not the world-wide dimensions of ours. Their Princes would waste time in tours to colonial possessions which are either unsettled wastes or military camps. It was once the custom to describe the setting up of self-governing units within this Empire as so many "sucking republics." Time has falsified the apprehension. The rule of Britain is "broad-based upon the people's will." The people desire to see their kings face to face, and to further this object the policy of royal tours has been systematically carried out with excellent results. The tie between Crown and democracy is stronger than in the days of "divine right." Something has replaced the mediæval idea. What that something is cannot easily be defined. The personal element was developed to an extraordinary degree by Queen Victoria. The innate respect for law and authority, which is part of the British character, is another element. Racial pride in the illustrious family which traces its descent back to the Saxon kings cannot be ignored. A feeling thus compounded of different sentiments has produced the modern attachment to the throne, so that the British monarchy has evoked that most subtle and telling influence—the willing allegiance of a free people.

"You British," said an observant Frenchman, "change the form but you leave the substance untouched. You pose in Europe as the most democratic of states; in reality you have the most aristocratic of governments." The explanation is often ignored by the foreign critic: fitness to govern continues to the British aristocracy its unchallenged ascendency in the national councils, and in the same sense the royal house has adapted itself to the new conditions, and created for itself a distinct place in the constitutional system. Its authority is unquestioned. A new nationality sprang into shape in Australia the other day, and the chiefs of state courted the presence of the King's son at the opening of their first Parliament. No country in the world

has advanced so far in democratic and socialistic experiment as Australia, but no hesitation was shown in registering the closest alliance with the Crown. The Australians are doubtless intelligently informed upon the breakdown of republics everywhere. The most distinguished of republics, the only one from which a comparison could be drawn, has lately become an empire.

There was political meaning in the Australian visit which has no parallel in the presence of the royal pair here. The Duke and Duchess are primarily our guests, and it chances that no political significance attaches to any of the state functions which they discharge. But it would be unsafe to predict that the fruits of the visit will, on that account, be less real and less lasting. By ceasing to exercise many of his political functions the British monarch has increased the possibilities of his personal influence. Can we set a limit to that influence? Intangible are many of the most potent factors in modern life. Many working maxims and practices of our government are unrecorded in the constitution. Behind the formal civilities and homage which Canada, as in duty bound, will pay the Royal guests, is the sentiment that will crystallize in the minds of men. This will be passed on from father to son. The tradition of monarchy will be revivified,



H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD OF CORNWALL AND YORK—ELDEST SON OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK

and if it is found good in the eyes of a practical age, and if its representative proves himself a worthy embodiment of what we expect in a prince, bold is that prophet who will foretell for us the fruits that a generation hence will witness. Familiar in politics is the influence of a strong party leader. Equally striking is the far-reaching power of a king and a king's son. It is hard to analyze these things; the prudent historian records them, leaving to others the task of deciding how far they represent the weakness or the strength of mankind, and whether they are permanent or evanescent factors in national life. But no man questions their existence. All the way down our history, from the time when the wise statesmanship and strong personality of William the Norman played as effective a part in over-throwing Saxon rule as his army, to the time when the virtuous character of George III lent to his policy a popular authority that proved injurious to his Empire, the personality of the monarch has been in evidence. The influence of kingly power and kingly attributes is, in fact, scarcely ever absent. The mistakes, like the triumphs, of kings stand out in bold relief. When Henry sent Prince John to Ireland it was assuredly not intended that the idle profligate should pluck the beards of the Celtic chieftains, as



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK

PHOTO BY THOMSON, LONDON



S.S. OPHIR, ON WHICH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK ARE MAKING THEIR COLONIAL TOUR

he did, making enemies instead of friends for his father's cause. So much depends upon the man, so little, after all, upon the circumstances.

There was a Duke of York of whom his brother said: "James, they will never kill me to make you king," and whose subsequent career justified the gibe. But, if we can believe history, this same James, who afterwards threw away three kingdoms, governed himself with wisdom when sent to reside in Scotland and keep court at Holyrood. His dignity and courtesy made an impression so deep upon the nobles and Highland chiefs of the north that for two generations they followed the fortunes of his ill-fated family, at last paying the supreme forfeit of life upon the field of Culloden. The personal attachment of their followers to the Stuarts was one of the most romantic features of their melancholy career.

We cannot doubt that even under the changed conditions of to-day the personal loyalty of high-spirited men survives in every community and with every race having noble traditions and centuries of history behind it. Burke thought that the age of chivalry had gone when the French guillotined Marie Antoinette, but Napoleon soon evoked from the same race a passionate devotion which amazed the philosophers and economists who dreamed of the dawn of a hard commercial era. And the legend is still living in our own time. The opportunity of kingship must always survive until the very nature of man is radically modified.

By drawing closer the ties that now unite the Mother Country and her Colonies, the House of Guelph, therefore, establishes itself on a broader and a firmer basis. There was a time when such a policy would have been watched with a jealous eye. The loss of England's Norman possessions is counted



S.S. OPHIR—THE DRAWING ROOM

as one of the most fortunate strokes in English history because it confined the English kings to their island dominion. The momentary revival of Continental power by the conquests of Henry V is not included in the list of Britain's lasting victories. Edward, as the "Hammer of the Scots," is a more potent name to conjure with amongst English people than the conqueror at Agincourt. The partiality of the first two Georges for their Hanoverian possessions was ever a cause of offence. When Hanover was cut off the nation was pleased. But in modern England the strength of the Crown in India, Australia, Africa and Canada is hailed with satisfaction. The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to the three greatest colonies has been followed with interest and pleasure by the people of Great Britain. No fear betrays itself that the political development of the Colonies, by sensibly increasing the prestige of the Crown—as it inevitably will do—may revive the latent powers, as it enhances the splendour of the monarchy.

The Duke comes to Canada, therefore, with universal acceptance as the representative of his father, and also in his own capacity to view the dominions which, in the natural course of human events, must one day owe him allegiance. In either case he is sure of a cordial welcome, not merely manufactured by interests which often ally themselves to courtly ceremonial, but a spontaneous heartiness springing, there is every reason for assuming, from the friendly feelings of the mass of the people.

The life of the Prince is an open book to the whole world. His career has been a busy, if not an eventful one. All the qualities he has displayed are such as to arouse in his behalf the kindest sentiments. His connection with the Navy, that branch of the service so gloriously associated with the achievements of the British name,



S.S. OPHIR — THE DINING SALOON

would of itself secure him a warm welcome. His marriage to an English Princess, whose charming domestic life is a reflex of the homes of British people in whatever corner of the world their lot is cast, was not the least of many wise actions attributed by public opinion to the sound judgment of King Edward. The Duke was an affectionate brother, and he is a good son. The four little children, three sons and a daughter, who form the family circle with their parents, exhibit in their happy faces the simplicity of life and training which is the rule in the households of British royalty.

More than thirty years have passed away since the Prince of Wales, then in the first flush and ardour of manhood, came to visit the British Provinces in North America. Political unity and material progress have wrought many changes. Instead of official welcomes from four separated provinces the heir to the Crown now receives one. The west in 1860 was a sealed book. Now it forms half of the Dominion and establishes British power firmly upon the Pacific Ocean. We are all conscious of the vast possibilities of a country so rich and so extensive. The present may disappoint those whose whole minds are taken up with the interests of to-day. But to men who reflect, and most of all to the future Sovereign, the ultimate destiny of Canada is indissolubly linked with the strength of the Empire. The Crown could not lose the second half of the North American continent and regain its place among the nations. There are no new worlds to conquer and to colonize. In 1860 interests the most diverse, and phases of opinion the most distinct united in cordial greeting to the father. In 1901 we shall witness the same unanimity toward the son. The older branch of the Canadian people, those who speak French, have the same reason to display their attachment to their Sovereign as their fathers had before them. The think-

ing French Canadian knows right well what his race and church owe to the magnanimity and justice of the British Crown. A century at least of British history appeals to them, for they are the living evidences of the freedom and liberality its pages record.

Men of every opinion find their way to a free country. In Canada all are not Imperialists, in the strict sense, or even Monarchists as the doctrine is expounded by its advocates. But the best members of the community love order and respect authority. They have not yet discarded as servile the injunction to "Fear God and honour the King." The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York embody legitimate sovereignty, free government, sound principles, and lofty traditions. To all, or to some of these, every Canadian will doff his hat.



A SONG IN OCTOBER.

COME home, Tired Heart, with the closing day,
The swallows depart, and the woods are grey.

And the last gold falls down into the West,
And the night wind calls, Home, Home is best!

You have longed to roam, and you had your way;
Wild Heart, come home with the closing day.

To-night the rime is on the hill,
But your roses climb and await you still.

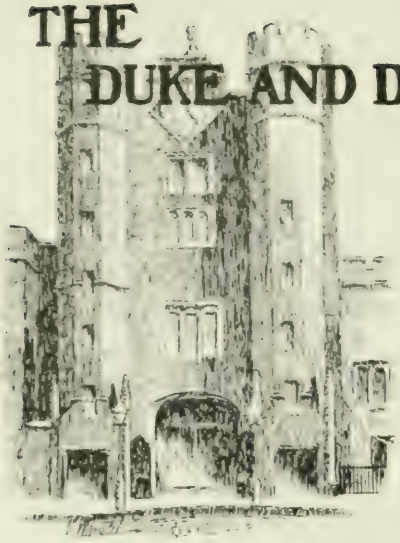
Yes, withered they climb at your window-pane,
And await the time you shall come again.

And about the eaves the wind grows cold,
And whines and grieves that the year is old.

But come, once more, come home to rest,
As the sail to the shore, and the bird to the nest.

Arthur Stringer.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT HOME



By Claude Bryan

AN article on the Duke and Duchess of York at home must necessarily be very short, and to be of any length at all it must wander somewhat from the point; that is to say, up to this time the Duke of York has taken almost no part in British political life.

There have been two reasons for this: first, his youth (albeit this is the country of youthful public men), and second, the large place which his father, as Prince of Wales, has taken in public affairs. Everyone knows that her late Majesty Queen Victoria leaned complacently upon her competent and tactful son, who on his part was so equal to the situation that there seemed no need to enlist the help of the third generation in affairs of State.

Time and recent events, however, have changed all that, and the Royal Colonial tour marks the first large commission that has been entrusted to H. R. H. the Duke of Cornwall and York. How admirably he is achieving that Imperial work everyone knows; and Canadians are soon to take for themselves the measure of the heir-apparent.

This, however, is not the first time the Duke of York has visited Canada. Twenty years ago he and his older brother, the Duke of Clarence, were there as princely midshipmites; and staunch little seamen they were.

The present colonial tour recalls somewhat the royal progresses of old-time monarchs throughout their domains. The difference is largely one of space, for since the world began no empire but ours has occupied so much of the earth's surface or the waters that cover the sea. The Duke of York's commission to these world-encircling dominions is a declaration of visible sovereignty, a pageant-progress that in time to come will enable Britons beyond the seas to say, "With our own eyes we have seen the King."

Standing on the platform of Victoria station the day when the royal travellers left London for their empire tour, I was much impressed by the look of sad anxiety upon the countenance of the King. Amid the flaunting of banners and the *maestoso* music of the bands, the heir-apparent was setting out upon the most magnificent voyage it has been in the heart of man to conceive—yet, in spite of the *éclat*, parental sadness seemed to be the feeling uppermost in the royal mind.

This strong affection between father and son is also evident from circumstances quite apart from that above mentioned. Their London residences, for instance, are side by side—for both Marlborough House and St. James's Palace stand at the Pall Mall entrance to St. James's Park. The country seat of the heir-apparent, York Cottage, is situated on his father's estate of Sandringham in Norfolk. To these pleasant retreats two or three generations of the Royal Family withdraw when London is in the doldrums; and for the autumn shooting they fly away together to the moors of Balmoral.

And now to say something of the London residence of the Duke and Duchess of York. Their address is,

Ambassadors' Court, St. James's Palace, a beautiful suite of rooms, so named because it is situated at the palace entrance through which the *Corps Diplomatique*, and others whom the Lord Chamberlain has upon his list, make their way to the State apartments. Ambassadors' Court is reached through a passage just beyond the Chapel Royal. Passing through the Gothic doorway one enters through a vestibule into a spacious waiting-room; the library and dining-rooms are also upon the ground floor. Upstairs are the beautiful drawing-rooms where the Duke and Duchess privately entertain.

This suite of apartments has had some distinguished occupants during the last hundred years. The Duke of Cumberland vacated Ambassadors' Court to sit upon the throne of Hanover; and the Duchess of Cambridge lived here from 1851 till her death in 1889. Then the apartments were allotted to the Duke of Clarence, and they were being put in order under his own supervision at the time of the melancholy death of that Prince in 1892.

It is a singular thing that the Duchess of York (*née* Princess May of Teck) succeeds her own grandmother in the occupation of this suite; and perhaps more singular still is the fact that but for his death she would have lived there as the consort of the Duke of Clarence, to whom she was once betrothed.



PHOTO BY RALPH DERSINGHAM

PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF YORK PRINCE ALBERT OF YORK

PRINCE HENRY OF YORK

St. James's Palace itself is one of the most historic castles of England. Away back beyond the Norman Conquest the site was occupied by an "ancient spittel for mayden lepers." In the sixteenth century this convent still stood alone on the borders of the City of Westminster; and as he looked across the park, Henry VIII was struck with the sylvan beauty of its situation. He forthwith acquired the convent. By extensive rebuilding it was transform-



THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK—FROM THEIR MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS, NOW PUBLISHED IN CANADA FOR THE FIRST TIME

ed into a royal palace, and from the year 1532 down to the present time the subscription "Given at our Court of St. James's" has been a legend of authority throughout the length and breadth of Christendom.

Since the Tudor period the green fields of Pall Mall have been transformed into the finest street in all London, and the stately mansions of clubland now surround the ancient palace instead of the cow pastures of the middle ages.

Time has dealt gently with the quaintest of the royal castles, and the grim walls of St. James's are fairly steeped in historic memories. Both brilliant and sombre are its annals, and the ancient clock over "the brick gateway" still ticks out the history of England. Charles the Second, Queen Mary the wife of William the Third, James the Second, Queen Anne, and George the Fourth were born within the palace. In it died that Mary whose reign deluged England with blood. Charles the



YORK COTTAGE AT SANDRINGHAM THE DUKE OF YORK'S COUNTRY SEAT

First spent the last days of his life a prisoner in St. James's before he was led forth to Whitehall for execution. Here also died Queen Caroline the consort of George the Second. Of the royal marriages which the palace has



ST. JAMES'S PALACE BESIDE MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, FROM PALL MALL. JUST BEYOND THE MIDDLE TOWER IS THE WINDOW OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL, AND FURTHER TO THE RIGHT IS THE ARCHED GATEWAY LEADING INTO AMBASSADORS' COURT

witnessed, the most noteworthy are those of William the Third and Mary, Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and, within everyone's recollection, that of the present Duke and Duchess of York.

A part of its ancient brilliance, however, has now departed from St. James's. Since 1865 the State drawing-rooms have been transferred to Buckingham Palace. During Queen Victoria's reign State *levées* were held at St. James's, most often by the Prince and Princess of Wales acting on behalf of Her Majesty. A few times also this royal duty was deputed to the Duke and Duchess of York. The official life of their Royal Highnesses up to this time, however, has been confined to these infrequent occasions; but when the royal travellers return to England, beyond a doubt they will be distinguished as the Prince and Princess of Wales, thenceforth to undertake more varied and more important duties of State than have hitherto been placed upon their shoulders.

It is also probable that with the King's removal to Buckingham Palace the Duke of York will take up his residence at Marlborough House, the palatial structure which Queen Anne erected for the hero of Malplaquet. In the transfer the heir-apparent will be forsaking the precincts of a royal palace for a mansion unhallowed by the birth, death, and divine right of kings; but behind the high walls of Marlborough Gardens there is a peaceful privacy which is entirely wanting in the thronging palace of St. James's.

PRESENTATION AT COURT

By

Joanna E. Mood

THE question of presentation at the Court of St. James's is of much greater interest to colonial girls now than formerly. Indeed it is of interest to smart society everywhere. The United States mother planning eagerly for the social career of her daughter remembers, perhaps with relief, that all the daughters of the greatest republic are eligible—under favour of their Ambassador—whilst British girls are so by virtue of lineage, or upon their marriage—for wives take the rank of their husbands, high or low, whatever titular rank they may by courtesy retain.

To be eligible for a privilege, however, does not necessarily confer it. The *débutante's* name must be sent in to the Lord Chamberlain's office—the sooner the better, after the drawing-room is announced, for the list is limited to two hundred.

If the invitation (or rather "command to be present") is happily received, the *débutante* gets two cards, of which she must be most careful, as she requires them at the drawing-room. Upon these cards, in certain spaces indicated, must be the *débutante's* name and that of the lady presenting her. On the obverse of each card the *débutante's* address is written, and this should be done with particularity, as in the flattering event of the Lord Chamberlain being "directed by the Queen" to invite the *débutante* to any Court function, the *débutante's* card will be referred to for her address.

These prosaic preliminaries being successfully accomplished, the *débutante* devotes herself to her white gown—her "presentation frock"—which in the imagination of the young English girl outranks the visionary "wedding-gown" in interest. There

are certain stringent rules and regulations about these frocks—so that individuality must be shown in detail rather than in the *ensemble.* There must be a court train (mantle it was once called) depending from one or both shoulders. The train of a court gown is its very special feature, for it gives the gown its *cachet.* It must be specially arranged with regard to the fact that, after the actual presentation is over, upon retiring from the throne room, the train is carried over the left arm ; thus the left corner of the train should be specially adorned with a large and elaborate display of artificial flowers, bunch of feathers, or other effective decoration. Formerly, trains were made exclusively of heavy silk, brocade, or gold and silver damascene, but last year, at the last drawing-rooms held by the late Queen Victoria, there were a number of exquisite trains worn contrived of tulle, chiffon, and other gauzy and perishable materials.

The hair is dressed with three white feathers and a graceful white veil. Formerly, real lace lappets were worn, but these are now the very rare exception.

White shoes, gloves and stockings are absolutely *en règle*, even for those who, having been presented previously, are wearing coloured dresses.

The *débutante's* bouquet is an important accessory of her toilet. It is as elaborate, as simple, as artistic as possible, and the great effort is to achieve distinction. The "shower" bouquets are much the most effective, their long sprays falling into graceful garlands when the "curtsies" are made, lending a poetic grace unattainable by those carrying the "flower-pot" style of bouquet. Flowers form quite a feature in drawing-room preparations. Smart people see that their coachman wears a nosegay of white flowers about five inches long by three broad, and that the footman's left lapel is similarly adorned.

One of the most interesting questions in British social life to-day is whether the "evening" drawing-rooms will be revived or not. It is eagerly hoped that they will be, for artificial light lends infinitely to any scene where jewels play a part—and they play a most important *rôle* at the drawing-room, when each great lady wears her finest gems and each *débutante* disports herself in pearls. In some countries the worth of a woman is reckoned by her anklets of silver and necklaces of cowry shells. We shall hardly say it is thus the English girl is appraised upon her first appearance at court, but—a *débutante's* pearls are always much remarked.

Since the far-off days of her happy gracious youth, when Queen Victoria descended two steps of her throne to meet the aged Lord Rolles, whose faltering steps were embarrassed by his peer's robes, until those later days, when she was too feeble to remain more than a very short time after receiving the *Corps Diplomatique* and the *entrée* people, Queen Victoria had always a charming kindliness at a drawing-room. She had her preferences, one of the most marked being that she liked *débutantes* when they curtsied to look at her, the view of feathers, veil or lappets, however beautifully arranged, not satisfying the gracious sovereign. Moreover, being herself the social law upon such occasions, she did not hesitate to murmur a word of kindliness to any *débutante* who appealed to her in any special way. It is confidently hoped that after the coronation of King Edward VII and Queen Consort Alexandra, there will be a repetition of the splendid court functions which starred the first years of Queen Victoria's wedded life—such balls as the one at which Prince Esterhazy appeared in such a prodigality of jewels that it was said he lost thousands of pounds' worth and never observed it.

Nothing of its kind can be more amusing than the *finesse* of old and experienced London coachmen as they manœuvre for a good place on the "rank" on a drawing-room day.

It is, of course, understood that none but private carriages are allowed to "rank," that is "line up." Some



A DEBUTANTE DRESSED FOR PRESENTATION AT THE BRITISH COURT

few British families who believe in suitably supporting the pomp and circumstance of their great names, still use magnificent state carriages; but these are the too rare exceptions. The utilitarianism of the present vanquishes, even in detail, the picturesque past, and the gorgeous "chariot" is rapidly falling into desuetude. Alas! the decadence of "the times and the manners."

In the time of good Queen Victoria it was very desirable to "rank" as early as possible, for of late years she stayed but a short time, and naturally any "nice" girl—no matter of what nationality—desired specially to do homage to the best queen of modern times, a woman who was the typification of what is best in her sex—the beauty of gentle maidenhood, wifehood, and motherhood.

One feature of a drawing-room day is specially interesting to those born, not with the proverbial silver spoon of wealth, but with the golden bells of the natural jester—that is the wait in the "rank," when one has the full benefit of cockney wit in its choicest expression—the measure heaped up and running over. It is wit which embraces every phraseology from the sporting slang in which a bechecked coster acquaints his 'Arriet with the fact that in his opinion such or such a dowager (indicated by personal description which admits of no doubt as to identity) should be "scratched because she carries too much weight" to the poetic panegyric which describes a blonde *débutante* as a "primrose a-floatin' in yer pot o' beer, *if you loike.*" The London *mot* is nothing if not sophisticated.

The carriages approach Buckingham Palace either from the Mall or Buckingham Palace Road, and "rank" at one o'clock. The Palace gates open at two o'clock. After putting down his ladies the coachman gives a name-card to an attendant at the Lodge, so that upon leaving the Palace the name may be telephoned from the Palace hall to the Lodge (where the footman waits).

In the Palace there is now luckily a room where one may leave her cloak—then comes the hall. From the hall a few steps lead to a long gallery; upon entering the *débutante* gives one of her two precious cards to an official. She then finds herself in the hall-room, and (if among the first) proceeds at once through a little ante-room and a second drawing-room, in each of which there are chairs arranged as if for a concert. One must keep in view the desirability of getting as near the door as possible, so as to get through the barrier as soon as may be and thus avoid the perhaps disastrous effect of crushing upon one's gown.

From the second drawing-room the ladies go in single file, the *débutante* following her *chaperon*, through a room where there are no chairs. Here the trains, which have hitherto been carried, are put down and arranged by two attendants.

The *débutante* now runs the preliminary gauntlet of passing along the roped-off end of the picture gallery, in the body of which the *entrée* people and those who have already passed through the throne-room, stand, observing the newcomers.

At the door of the throne-room the *débutante* presents her other card to an attendant, who hands it to the Lord Chamberlain, who announces the name in a loud voice, together with the name of the lady by whom she is presented.

If the Queen is present the *débutante* will by this time have removed her right-hand glove; this, because when at last before the Queen, she must put her ungloved hand (back uppermost) under Her Majesty's outstretched hand, which she gently touches with her lips.

The Queen only is seated; the Princesses and Princes receiving stand in a row according to their order of precedence.

They all have curtsies accorded to them. After saluting His and Her Majesty you pass to the right. An attendant at the door of the throne-room will have told you how many curtsies are to be made; these you

will accomplish, taking care in curtsying not to *recede* from the line of royalties, for immediately facing them are the ambassadors and gentlemen of the *Corps Diplomatique* in a semi-circle.

When the obligatory curtsies are made the *débutante* must back as gracefully as she may out of the throne-room. An attendant, equipped with a rod, lifts her train and puts it over her left arm; the *débutante* should keep her wits about her, and have her left arm ready to receive the train, as unwary and unfortunate *débutantes* have before now literally received their trains over their beplumed heads.

To American girls presentation at the Court of St. James's is the *accolade* of social distinction in Britain; to a British-born girl it is the official recognition of the beginning of her social career—and to the latter it is something more. When one's mother teaches us lovingly the *nuances* of the curtsy, in which she is to express for the first time her loyalty to her sovereign; when upon her virginal bosom the pearls rise and fall which were stirred by the beating of her mother's heart upon such an occasion; when one stands and bends before the man or woman who represents the flag for which one's nearest and dearest through a long line of pure, unsullied blood have bled and died, then there enters into the formal homage a sense of passionate fealty which raises the pageant far above the level of a mere picturesque ceremony.

After the throne-room the *débutante* may, if she wishes, linger in the picture gallery, playing in her turn the rôle of critic, where so lately she was the criticized. But she will not stay long here, for we will assume that she is giving a drawing-room tea, so very presently she will hear the stentorian announcement, "Lady ———'s carriage stops the way."

The *débutante* now takes one of two courses: she either goes directly from the drawing-room to a fashionable photographer's, or she betakes herself home to her tea, or, mayhap, to the tea of a sister *débutante*. All smart photographers hold their studios in readiness for drawing-room photographs, but of course your *chaperon* (who has a serpent-like wisdom) has made a definite appointment. Many of the best photographers (whose *clichés* rank with "studies in crayon") object to photographing the drawing-room bouquet, knowing that its beautiful blossoms and pendent sprays usually resolve themselves into an undecided blur in the picture.

Drawing-room teas are now recognized as a separate function in fashionable London's life. Friends are always good-naturedly eager to approve the *débutante's* appearance upon this the official inauguration of her social and individual career.

Cards for this afternoon read:

"*From 4:30 to 6:30 P.M.,*
Drawing-Room Tea."

The wily *débutante* and her yet more wily and wise *chaperon* will have endeavoured to entice as many more "trains" as possible to put in an appearance, for, of course, the more "trains" the more brilliant the scene.

The whole duty of the *débutante* at her drawing-room tea is to look as pretty as possible, speak to each guest, and last, but not least, display her court train, her bouquet, feathers and veil, to the best advantage; to some one else are delegated the receiving of the guests, and the hospitable task of seeing that each of them is refreshed.

Cups of tea, and accidents which arrive with ices, are not to be thought of in the same room as drawing-room trains without a shudder; the tea is usually served in a separate room, and the high office of bringing the *débutante* a cup may be fittingly performed by a favoured relative or friend.

It must be remembered that to be "presented" renders one eligible for an invitation to other court festivities, but does *not entitle* one *de faire part.* Therefore, it is wise as soon as a court ball or garden is announced to apply at the Lord Chamberlain's, or to some "friend at court" for the invitation coveted.



The Perils of the Red Box

By Headon Hill

PERIL VI.—THE MORGANATIC BRIDE.

ONE evening in July I had dined early at the Junior Carlton, intending to go on later to the Italian Opera; and finding Anstruther of the War Office in the billiard-room I invited him to a "fifty-up," which would just about pass the time till it would be necessary to start for Covent Garden. But I had hardly finished chalking my cue, when a waiter came and said that I was wanted at the telephone.

As a general rule diplomatic intercourse slackens with the advent of the dog-days, and the political outlook had not indicated that a call to service was at all probable. I was therefore surprised, and in view of the arrangement I had made for the evening, annoyed, when I found that my man, Simmonds, was at the other end of the instrument. An urgent summons had come to my chambers, he informed me, requesting that I would at once repair to the Foreign Office, where I should receive instructions which would entail my leaving London for the Continent by the night mail.

There was nothing for it but to obey, and with many apologies to Anstruther I abandoned the game, and jumping into a hansom was soon closeted with the Under-Secretary of State in Downing Street. The absence of the Prime Minister and the curious smile on the Under-Secretary's expressive countenance rather discounted the idea which I had preconceived as to the importance of the business in hand.

"Come, Melgund, don't look so cross," said my official superior. "I can assure you that we are not sending you off at such short notice without sufficient cause. As a bachelor and man of the world you ought to like your job, for it is neither more nor less than to prevent a wedding."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, becoming interested. "And is it permitted to inquire whose wedding it is that I am to put a stopper on—though that will probably become apparent when you tell me to whom I am to convey despatches."

"To a man with your knowledge of affairs it may, but I doubt it," said the Under-Secretary, smiling. "Here is the despatch, which by the way is more in the nature of a private letter than an official document. You will see that it is addressed to his Serene Highness, the reigning Duke of Lippe-Steinfurth. Now whose romance are you about to interfere in?"

"In the romance—I might say one of the romances—of the heir-apparent to the Grand Ducal tomfoolery of Lippe-Steinfurth," I answered promptly.

The Under-Secretary had sharp white teeth, which he was fond of showing, and he grinned again. "Correct, so far," he said. "But, my dear Melgund, a man of your attainments knows that it takes two to make a romance. Who is the lady?"

There I was hopelessly nonplussed, and my face must have confessed defeat, for the Under-Secretary went on —"I thought that would stump you. What do you say to Mademoiselle Ilma Fejervary, the opera singer?"

In all good truth I had very little to say, and a good deal to think, for as it happened Mademoiselle Ilma Fejervary was the attraction which but for

this interruption would have taken me to Covent Garden that night. Those who have followed these reminiscences will be aware that, though not a marrying man, I have always had a soft spot in my heart for a pretty woman, and ever since I had been introduced to the brilliant young singer, at a reception a month before, I had been more or less under the spell of her glorious voice and wondrous eyes. I had not spoken with her again, but I had spent many sovereigns on stalls at the opera to hear her sing and watch her face; and it came as a shock to find that her name was matrimonially coupled with that of one of the worst young blackguards in Europe.

For Prince Adolphus of Lippe-Steinfurth had succeeded, as the Americans say, in painting the town red during the season that was now waning. As a distant relative of our own Royalty he might have enjoyed an *entrée* into the most exalted circles, but he had chiefly spent the three months of his stay in London behind the scenes of variety theatres, with the result that he had been the hero of as many scandals. Heir though he was to a royal duchy, he was the last person in the world whom I should have expected to hear mentioned in the same breath with the peerless young queen of song, matrimonially or otherwise. For no taint had ever fallen on Ilma Fejervary's fair fame, and, if my knowledge of women went for anything, her reputation for virtuous refinement did her but simple justice. To me, I say, it was impossible to imagine her as receiving the addresses, however honourable, of the roystering German boor. Yet the communication which the Under-Secretary went on to make seemed to leave the matter beyond all doubt.

"I can see that you are surprised, and no wonder," he said. "Of course, I have only an official knowledge of the affair, but such as it is I am instructed to impart it to you, so that when you deliver the despatch to the Grand Duke of Lippe-Steinfurth you may be able to answer any questions he may put to you. The despatch, as I have already hinted, is really a letter from a very exalted personage indeed, who cannot write as fully as she would wish, and she therefore desires the messenger to be in a position to confidentially supplement the letter. The purport of it is to request the Duke to recall his son to the paternal castle before he degrades himself—save the mark—by contracting a morganatic marriage with Mdlle. Fejervary."

"Degrades himself!" I burst out. "I should have thought that any woman would degrade herself by marrying such a young beast as Prince Adolphus."

"Ah, you are smitten, I see," said the Under-Secretary, with one of his exasperating grins. "Well, my dear Melgund, if it is any consolation to you I may say that the word degrade is only used diplomatically—with a view to not hurting the feelings of the Grand Duke, and getting him to do what we want as quickly as possible. As a matter of fact I may tell you in strict confidence that the writer of the letter, while taking this step ostensibly in the interest of the Lippe-Steinfurths, is really actuated by a wish to save the girl from ending her brilliant public career in private misery. Mdlle. Fejervary has been, as you are aware, a *persona grata* in the royal circle, and they cannot understand her infatuation any more than you and I."

"She is really infatuated, then?" I said incredulously. "My mission is not based on the gossip of the town—gossip which, by the way, has not reached me."

"The fact that it has not reached you, my dear Melgund, should surely be evidence that there is no such gossip," replied the Under-Secretary, firing off what I believe was a hit at my clubable tendencies. "Yes, we have ample proof that the marriage is intended, and with the full consent of the bride. Briefly, this is the position which we want you to confirm for the old Duke's benefit if he asks for particulars. A day or two ago the registrar of marriages for the Western District felt it his duty to report to the Foreign

Office, that he had received the usual statutory notice of a marriage to be performed before him between Prince Adolphus of Lippe-Steinfurth and Mdlle. Ilma Fejervary. Knowing both the contracting parties by repute, and thinking that a marriage before him betokened a desire for secrecy, he very properly gave us the particulars.

"From these it appears that the formal demand for a certificate was made by the lady herself. She came accompanied by an elderly man, whom the registrar understood to be her father, Count Fejervary, late of the Austro-Hungarian cavalry. The count seems at first to have impressed the registrar unfavourably, having a peculiarly forbidding demeanour, though he had cause to modify his opinion almost immediately. For to the last Count Fejervary strove to dissuade his daughter from the marriage upon which she was bent, and even after the formalities had been completed pleaded with her, none too gently, to cancel her signature to the notice. It was only when the fair *prima donna* sharply threatened to stop his allowance that he desisted, thereby forfeiting some of the regard that he had won from the registrar.

"With this pretty kettle of fish brought under his nose of course there was only one thing for my respected chief to do. Lord Selhirst had some private enquiries made, which tended to show that Prince Adolphus had been to supper several times lately at the Fejervarys' rooms, and then he took train to Windsor and craved audience. The result is the letter which you are taking out to Lippe-Steinfurth to-night."

"And which I shall not take anywhere further than my own rooms if I do not hurry," I said. "It is nearly half-past eight now, and it will take me all my time to catch the nine o'clock boat-express from Charing Cross. You may rely on my doing my level best, as always on a matter of duty, Cursitor, though this is something more. I would lose a hand to stop this iniquitous marriage."

"If you feel like that wouldn't it be better to win the lady's hand yourself?" said the Under-Secretary with one of his superior smiles.

I wanted no chaff from him, as I could not quite answer it on an equal footing, and taking the letter I hastily quitted the room. From the Foreign Office to the Albany is not a far cry, but in calculating my time I had forgotten that I was in evening dress and should have to change into travelling clothes before I could start for the station. My man was expecting me and did all in his power, but by the time the letter had been locked up in the red box and I had made the necessary alteration in my dress, I knew that I was cutting it very fine. When my cab turned into the station-yard the hands of the clock were pointing to a minute past the hour, and as I leapt out at the steps the head-porter came forward with a shake of his head.

"Missed her, sir, by thirty seconds," he said. "She's just gone out. If you'd let us know as usual we'd have kept her."

When one has lost a train one's first instinct is to revile the cabman and make insulting remarks about his horse, and having done this to my satisfaction, I set myself to face the exigencies of the situation. I soon saw that, short of engaging a special train and a special boat, which I had no authority to do, there was nothing for it but to postpone my journey till the next morning.

To say that I was annoyed would be to put it mildly. I was not only deeply grieved, but much concerned lest the twelve hours' delay should make all the difference between success and failure to the purpose of my errand. The day's notice necessary for marriage by licence before a registrar had already expired, and the ceremony might take place at any time. My only hope lay in the fact that Mdlle. Fejervary was in the bill at the opera for the next night but one, which was a Saturday. That was announced as her last appearance for the

season, and it was not probable, I told myself, that an artiste so favoured by the public would disappoint her patrons by breaking her engagement. Registrars' offices are not open on Sundays, and Monday was, therefore, the earliest day on which the marriage was likely to take place. In which case, by a great effort, I might still reach Lippe-Steinfurth in time to place the Grand Duke in a position to take effectual action against the marriage.

Deriving what consolation I could from figuring the business out this way, I drove back to my rooms and found my man not at all surprised at my return. Simmonds knows my habits, and when he had locked the red box with its august contents into my safe he pointed significantly to the dress-clothes, which he had been brushing during my brief absence.

"No need to be putting them away now, sir?" he said. "Your honour will be going out again now for the rest of the evening, I expect?"

I had been so busy brooding over my failure to catch the train that I had as yet given my own plans no thought. But the sight of the dress-clothes recalled to my mind my previous intention to go to the opera; and feeling that it would be unbearable to remain in my rooms alone, and equally so to be bored with the petty babble of the club, I saw no reason why I should not use my stall-ticket at Covent Garden after all. I should be very late certainly, but there was nothing that I could do that night towards furthering the service on which I was debarred from starting till the morrow, and what better send-off could I have than the music of Ilma Fejervary's noble voice. At any time there was inspiration for me in those swelling tones, and if the purpose of my journey failed, it might be the last time I should hear them. The idea took hold of me and possessed me. My journey shall *not* fail of its object, and Ilma, herself unconscious, should speed me on my way.

"Yes, Simmonds," I said. "Help me into those things again, and call another cab. I shall not be late, but," I added as an afterthought, "you need not wait up for me."

When I arrived at the theatre the third act of *Don Giovanni* was nearing its close, and Ilma, who was the Zerlina, was singing with the Leporello. From the moment of my entrance I noticed a change in her—a change so subtle that any ordinary observer would have failed to discern it. Her voice was as full and rich as ever, her beauty was undimmed, and her singing disclosed no fault to the keenest critic. It was rather in her acting that I, who had studied her every graceful movement for weeks past, found, or thought that I had found, less freedom and less spontaneous intuition of her part than of old. If it had been any other artiste I should have been tempted to apply the term "mechanical" to the more dramatic side of her performance.

And then as I settled into my seat I began to be aware that her eyes wandered often from those of her stage companion to a box in the grand-tier, and I raised my glass to more narrowly scan the occupants. The jealous thrill which had run through me as I turned to follow the direction of her glance was not belied. There sat Prince Adolphus of Lippe-Steinfurth. His handsome, dissipated face thrust forward for a better view of the stage, while now and again he would turn and address a remark to a man who stood in the shadow of the curtain behind him. The features of this individual I could not at first make out, but presently he stepped into the fuller light, and from the familiarity with which he occasionally allowed his hand to rest on the prince's shoulder, I guessed him to be the Count Fejervary who had accompanied Ilma to the registrar's office.

His appearance was certainly peculiar, and in it I could detect no resemblance which would have led a stranger to suppose that he was Ilma's father. His lithe, erect form, and well-squared chest, tended to confirm the description he had given of himself as "late of the Austro-Hungarian caval-

ry"; indeed there was a supple motion in his limbs which to my trained eye suggested the good swordsman. But of Ilma Fejervary's fair young face not the faintest hint could I trace in the extraordinary countenance that seemed to be playing a sort of "bo-peep"—now dodging forward, now darting back—from behind the curtains of the box. And all the time he kept talking to the prince and patting him on the shoulder. Watching keenly I noticed that his hand was always thus busied when Ilma's gaze wandered that way.

The man's countenance was more than extraordinary, it was simply devilish. He had coal-black eyebrows, moustache, and goatee-beard, but his hair, worn brushed back from the forehead as Henri Rochefort wears his, was snow-white. The head, too, was curiously shaped, protuberant at the temples, but tapering to a diminutive jowl and chin. And the eyes of the man! They seemed to burn with the steady radiance of an electric searchlight, and always with one object for their focus—the beautiful woman singing on the stage. There was no admiration, no paternal pride or fondness in the dull glare of those smouldering orbs; the unwavering gaze was rather that of a snake that is bent on fascinating its prey, and for that reason my jealous pangs lost something of their poignancy. It seemed possible that Ilma's frequent glances to the box were not for the prince, but were the result of magnetic attraction exercised by her father.

I was confirmed in this view by Count Fejervary's demeanour when Ilma was not upon the stage. At such times his eyes lost their fixed stare, and altering his position he ceased his strange fondling of the prince's shoulder. The conversation of the two men in the box became more disjointed and natural, and the elder yawned occasionally, as though temporarily relieved from some state of tension. But the moment Ilma swept on to the stage again he would resume his old position, and his hand would recommence its paternal caresses of the princely broadcloth, while his gaze would once more fix itself rigidly on the *prima donna's* face.

So engrossed was I in watching the occupants of the box that I paid little heed to the opera, and the fall of the curtain on the final scene took me by surprise. It also brought home to me the fact that unless my delayed journey of the morrow were crowned with success, the next time I saw Ilma she would be a married woman—married, so my instincts told me, by some piece of jugglery that for the present I could not understand, to a semi-royal boor, for whom it would be an insult to her to believe that she could feel the slightest affection. And those men up in the box now helping each other on with their overcoats, I felt that there was a mystery about them that I was in a fair way to divine if only I were given further opportunity.

As I rose from my seat a sudden impulse seized me to gain this opportunity by, as the police say, keeping observation on Prince Adolphus and his companion when they left the theatre. At any rate that would be better than dropping in at the club or going tamely home to bed, and there were ten good hours at my disposal before I should have to be in the train for Dover. Was it not possible that in that interval I might fortify myself with information which should enable me to enlighten the Grand Duke of Lippe-Steinfurth with something more startling than the dry outlines of my official message? And still more, was it not possible that if I dogged the steps of these two men I might, before I left London, be led into Ilma's gracious presence again?

The latter contingency decided me, and quickly procuring my Inverness cape from the cloak-room, I hurried into the crowded vestibule. I had not been there a minute when I saw the prince and the count in the midst of the crush descending the staircase. To my great satisfaction, instead of waiting for a carriage, which would have made it extremely difficult for me to follow them, they left the theatre on

foot, and so gave me the chance to slip out in their wake. As I had more than half expected, they only went slowly round the corner to the private door used by the chief professionals, and disappeared within.

I walked quickly by the doorway, looking in as I passed, and saw the pair standing at a glass sentry-box in conversation with the janitor. I went on to the end of the building, turned, and came back again ; but as I glanced into the doorway this time a change had taken place in the position of the men. The prince was still talking unconcernedly to the doorkeeper, but Count Fejervary had left them, and was standing in the entrance, looking out into the street. Brief second though it was that I took to pass the door, his eyes ablaze with that wonderful latent fire, met mine, and seemed to pierce my brain with red-hot gimlets. I swerved like a frightened colt, and staggered towards the curb. Directly I had gone by I recovered from the strange shock, and proceeded at my former pace along the pavement, much annoyed with myself. Was I, who had many times looked into men's eyes with the light of battle in them as my red sword went home, to be startled by a glance from a foreign count lurking in a theatre doorway? Not much. Fighting Joe Melgund's nerves had not come to that pass yet.

And yet, when I had gone on fifty yards, and the question arose whether to turn and pass the door a third time, to be quite frank with my readers I hesitated. There were several good reasons why I should not do so, and I confess that in considering them I took longer than was absolutely necessary. At this distance of time I do not mind saying that if the choice had been put to me to walk up to a battery of quick-firing nine-pounders or to face those fiendish eyes again, I should have chosen the nine-pounders. Fortunately for my self-respect the question was decided for me by a brougham which was driven rapidly round the corner to the private door. At the same time the Count and Prince Adolphus appeared, escorting Ilma to the carriage. If I was to follow the party the situation could only be saved by prompt action on my part, aided by luck, and the latter was forthcoming in the shape of a crawling hansom that came round the opposite corner at that moment. I supplied the promptness by engaging the cabman, and instructing him to follow the brougham wherever it went.

I very soon guessed by the direction taken by the cab the brougham was bound for Victoria Street, Westminster, where I had long since learned that Ilma occupied a flat. Sitting forward in the cab, so as not to lose sight of the chase as it threaded its way through the traffic, I hastily threw together the rough germs of a plan. From what I had seen in the theatre, and from the sensations I had experienced outside, I had come to the conclusion that the count possessed some kind of mesmeric influence which he was practising on Ilma for his own purposes. It struck me that if I could remove her from that influence, explain to her the nature of it, and substitute another stronger, or as strong, I might break the chain which I felt certain bound her against her will. At all hazards I determined to follow the party into the flat.

This proved easier than I anticipated. As soon as the brougham stopped before the main entrance of the huge mansions I left the cab and advanced cautiously on foot, noting that, whereas Prince Adolphus handed Ilma out and led her straight into the building, Count Fejervary loitered for half a minute on the pavement, glancing suspiciously about him, as though apprehensive of having been followed. But I managed to conceal myself by darting into an entry, and he soon went up the steps after the others. When I reached the door of the mansions the hall was empty save for the porter in his box; but the lift was running, and it was evident that all three were ascending to the floor on which Ilma's flat was situated.

Not wishing to appear to the hall-

porter to be a total stranger, I refrained from asking him the way to Mdlle. Fejervary's rooms; and having reason for doing so in the fact that the lift was in use, made my way quickly to the first floor by the stairs. It was nearly certain that I should have to go no higher to find the apartments of an artiste of Ilma's celebrity, and when I arrived on the landing all doubt as to this was set at rest. Some way down a corridor Ilma, the prince and the count were stepping from the lift, and the luck being on my side, turned, without any of them looking to the stair-head, towards the door of a suite a little further down the passage.

Descending a few stairs I waited, peering through the banisters with my head on a level with the landing floor, so that I could watch them with the least risk of discovery. Advancing to the door of the suite Ilma unlocked it with a latch-key and motioned to the two men to enter. Then she followed them in, and to my joy, whether intentionally or not, pushed the door to so feebly that the latch did not "bite."

In an instant I gained the landing, and running, thanks to my dress-shoes, noiselessly along the corridor, paused for a moment at the door to listen. I heard voices, but so faintly as to suggest that no one was in the hall of the flat. So, bracing myself for any emergency, I pushed the door open and slipped in.

The hall in which I found myself was about fourteen feet square, and was separated by a curtained archway from an inner passage on either side of which were the rooms of the flat. Those nearest the entrance would, as usual in such places, be the reception-rooms, while beyond would be the bedrooms and offices. I had not been ten seconds in the hall before I was confirmed in this view by hearing voices quite plainly in an apartment on the left, the door of which was only just the other side of the archway.

"I hope she won't be long changing her clothes, count. I am uncommonly hungry, and that supper-table looks tempting," came in a man's tones.

"She will return, my prince, almost immediately, for so I willed it," was the reply. There was a sound of a yawn, and then the prince spoke again —as before in German.

"All goes well?" he said. "You are sure of bringing her to the scratch to-morrow?"

"I would stake my reputation—nay, my life upon it," replied the count. "Have I not convinced your Highness of my powers by what I have already done? There is only one thing that could prevent you from making Ilma Fejervary your bride to-morrow, and I shall take good care that the contingency does not arise."

"And that?" said the prince.

"Her removal beyond the sphere of my influence," returned the other. "As you know, it is only by sticking so close to her during the last fortnight, and never allowing her when awake to be more than an hour out of range of my eyes that I have kept her under control. She is not a very good subject for hypnotic suggestion, and would soon kick over the traces if I gave her the chance. I shall not be sorry when to-morrow's ceremony at the registrar's finishes my responsibility in the matter. And, prince, I do not envy you when the effect of my influence has passed away from her."

"That is my affair, and I doubt not that I shall be able to tame her," said the hope of the Lippe-Steinfurths brutally.

After this there was a pause in their vile talk, and I set myself to master the new situation revealed by it. Two paramount facts stood out beyond all others. In the first place, my journey to Lippe-Steinfurth would have been abortive, even if I had caught that night's boat; as, contrary to all calculations, the marriage was to take place on the morrow; in the second, Ilma's consent had been gained by unlawful means to a horrid union which she would loathe almost from the moment of its inception. The count had pointed out the only remedy, and, unless I could apply it in the next few hours, an outrage unparalleled and yet

impossible of proof would have been perpetrated. For who would believe Ilma's story that she was forced to wed the prince, when the registrar would prove that she had not only given notice of the marriage herself, but had overruled the count's sham opposition. How was she to show that she had done all this in a waking trance induced by that scoundrel with the ugly eyes?

"Yah. I wish she would come," yawned the prince in the dining-room. "I am desperately hungry and thirsty."

"Your Highness must recollect that she has to do without the service of her maid," the count replied. "It has been a little inconvenient, but it has been wiser to send the servants to bed early on these occasions."

The information thus conveyed was useful, for it told me that there was no one about but the two wretches in the dining-room and Ilma herself. I began to examine my surroundings more closely, and could derive but little comfort from them. There was the life-size figure of a knight in armour behind which I could hide and listen to what was said in the supper-room with but little fear of discovery, but eavesdropping, even in such a cause, was not much to my liking, nor could I see how it was to further my purpose of separating Ilma from the influence of the count's eyes. However, concealment in the event of any one coming out into the hall was something, and I slipped behind the mailed figure.

I had hardly done so when the rustle of silk beyond the curtain signified that Ilma was coming down the passage from her room to join the two men. For a moment I feared that she would shut the door of the dining-room and that I should hear no more; but her first words on entering reassured me.

"It is so hot," she said, "and the outer door of the flat is shut. I will leave this one open."

I heard them gather round the table, and as the meal progressed it made my blood boil to listen to the fulsome compliments which the prince showered on his hostess. It galled me, too, that she should accept them without resentment, couched in such florid terms; though there was a crumb of comfort in the entire absence of warmth in the tones in which she answered him. The *words* were complacent enough, but her voice betokened a cold carelessness, the discrepancy being accounted for doubtless by her speaking words put into her mouth by the black art of the count.

The figure of the knight in armour, behind which I stood, formed the pedestal of the electric lamp lighting the hall, the arc being set in the crest of the helmet. After awhile, the tension of my mind being relieved by a pause in the conversation, I found that my eyes had been unconsciously dwelling on the wire that ran up the back of the figure to the arc, and suddenly my unseeing gaze crystallized into an inspiration. If I could only trace this branch wire to the main one, and cut the latter with the nippers in my sportsman's knife, I should throw the installation out of gear and plunge the flat into darkness. In the confusion that would ensue anything might happen, and anything would be better than inaction. Darkness, too, would mean the extinction, or at any rate the weakening, of the power of the count's eyes over Ilma.

At the outset I was confounded by seeing that the wire ran down into the floor, which suggested that to get at the main it would he necessary to raise a plank. Even had I possessed tools that would have been impossible without disturbing those in the dining-room, and without tools it was impossible altogether. But I chanced to look upwards, and there, sure enough, was the main wire running along the cornice about a foot below the ceiling. I knew that it "fed" the arc in the mailed figure, and also those in the inner rooms, because a branch from it led down an angle of the hall into the floor, and the main portion went on into the central corridor through the curtained archway.

By standing on a chair I saw that I

could reach the wire, and I took out my knife and opened the nippers. Then, stealing from behind the knight, I mounted the chair and raised my hand—only to pause irresolute. What on earth was I going to do when the lights went out !

"And so, my Ilma, this is the last night for cold farewells ; I look forward to the rising of to-morrow's sun, which is to shine upon the happiest of men," came the voice of Prince Adolphus from the supper-room.

That gave me nerve. I wanted to hear no more mechanical replies, inspired by the white-headed rascal who, I felt sure, was working his wicked eyes on his victim. I raised my hand again and clipped the wire. In an instant all was darkness, and from the room beyond the curtain came the sound of exclamations and the shuffling of chairs. A moment later and the count and the prince hurried past me and out of the flat to get some one to find and remedy the failure of the electric light, and I—well I went on into the dining-room.

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"*Wouldn't it be better to win the lady's hand yourself*"? The chaffing words of the Under-Secretary recurred to me as I sat opposite to Ilma Fejervary in my chambers in the Albany. After persuading her to leave the mansions with me by another exit I had taken her to my own rooms, as the only place where she would be safe from her father's influence. And now that for two short hours she had been free from the bidding of those baleful eyes she had just told me that he was not her father at all. The "Count" was no more, no less, than a professional hypnotist whom Prince Adolphus of Lippe-Steinfurth had hired for his purpose. He had appeared on the scene a fortnight before, and since then Ilma, brought to believe by his mesmeric skill that he was her father, had not been her own mistress. To a great extent her memory was a blank as to the events of the last fourteen days, but by the aid of my explanation and her own restored faculties, we were able to piece together the links of the vile plot, which was to make her the unwilling bride of a man whom she had previously, it appeared, repulsed with scorn.

I will not weary the reader with the details of my brief wooing, but those who have followed my former narratives will smile, perhaps, when they hear that at first my tongue halted and my knees shook over a simple bit of love-making. It made all the difference, I suppose, that my other adventures had been but flitting episodes, whereas nothing would satisfy me but that at the end of this one I should surrender myself a willing victim on the altar of matrimony. But however great a fool I made of myself over the job I could not have bungled it very badly. In a day or two it was all over the town that Joe Melgund had been laid by the heels at last, having been "caught"—mark that word, please—by Mdlle. Fejervary of the Italian Opera.

And a very good catch it has been for me, too, although as an Irishman I may be allowed to perpetrate the bull that that last journey which I failed to take with the red box was the last I ever took with it.

"After this you are impossible as a Queen's Messenger, Melgund, and had better resign," the Under-Secretary said at our next interview. "We like red tape at the Foreign Office, and you ought to have gone to Lippe-Steinfurth."

THE END.

THE GAME LAWS OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

By A. C. Shaw.

THE game laws of Ontario, as enforced, are certainly better than no laws at all. Perhaps it is just as easy to damn them with faint praise as to go through the performance in the ordinary way. The laws themselves are not perfect, but after changing them nearly every year for a quarter of a century the Legislature has succeeded in improving them somewhat. After a few more changes are made and the laws enforced, we may hope for more tangible results in the future.

No matter how good a law may be, if its observance is not supported by the community at large it is an exceedingly difficult matter to properly enforce it.

The laws are not being thoroughly enforced, partly through the indifference of the public, partly through want of proper machinery and enough funds, and partly because of the absurdity of some of the provisions introduced into the laws themselves, which it was practically impossible to enforce. For example, it was forbidden to kill deer in the water although dogs could be used to "run" them. The absurdity of this provision became apparent after one season's trial and it was struck out.

The Legislature passes these game laws, but with all respect to that body it is safe to say that nine-tenths of the members from their own knowledge and experience know nothing about hunting game. The commissioners, of course, can report and advise, but upon the question of deer-hunting alone it is understood that there is not more than one of them, if there is one, who can speak from practical experience. Some of the wardens, particularly the one for the Eastern District, know something of deer and deer-hunting, but they do not make the laws and are handicapped for want of funds and proper deputies. As to other game the commissioners are no doubt posted, but deer are probably the most important game, and their habits the least understood.

Neither the man who hunts for sport, the sportsman, nor the man who hunts for meat, the pot-hunter, nor the settler, who may be one or the other or a little of both, wants the open season at the same time of the year. The sportsman, with some exceptions, wants hunting to begin earlier. The others prefer it later when with snow on the ground they can track the deer with ease. The settlers too, as a rule, do not want outside sportsmen upon the hunting grounds. The sportsmen are scattered over the land, while in every deer-hunting county the settlers are consolidated and their influence and misleading representations brought to bear upon those very members who are looked to as authorities upon the subject of deer. Whether this is correct or not the fact remains that the open season for deer is a month later than it used to be and than it should be. The bucks in November are "running," and it does not need a medical man to point out that many barren does will be the result of vigorous hunting at that time. Game should be protected when it is mating. If the hunter must have the game protected until he can go out for meat, then make the season later still and there won't be any need of that cold storage for game for which the Act so carefully provides. If a man goes for sport he can usually preserve his two deer even in October. Although the early part of November, 1900, was very mild, and for that reason it was thought by some that the season should be still later, yet deer killed in the early part of that season, properly hung up, but treated with no special care, came out of the woods in good condition.

The open season has been shortened with the laudable intention of better protecting the game, but with the result that all the sportsmen are in the woods at once. Few take an outing of more than a couple of weeks, and many kill their legal number in a shorter time. Spread the open season over a month and some hunters will go at one time and some at another. With every lake watched, as is practically the case now, and the runways alive with men, a deer hunted by one party of hunters and escaping them, frequently falls into the hands of another party. The deer's chances of escape are greatly lessened, and consequently the shortening of the season is having the opposite effect to that which was intended. In Quebec the open season for deer, except in Ottawa and Pontiac counties, extends from 1st Sept. to 1st Jan., and from the 1st Oct. to 1st Jan. in these counties. This is going to the other extreme, and certainly in this, as in several other respects, the Ontario laws are more stringent and better than those of Quebec.

Notwithstanding much that has been said and written, the use of hounds in hunting deer is lawful both in Ontario and for a part of the open season in Quebec. The settlers do not want dogs used. They want the game themselves. It is said that the use of dogs is unsportsmanlike. True, deer can be overtaken and killed more readily when in the water than on the land. No doubt, also, deer have been killed from a boat at very close range. But put a green hunter on a lake to watch for deer, and the odds are he loses five out of six. It requires both skill and work to kill a deer after it has been "watered," though there are undoubtedly cases where neither much skill nor much work is required. If the object of the game laws is to protect the game and still give sportsmen a chance to hunt, then dogs should be allowed. If dogs are not allowed to be used, fewer deer will be killed. If "still hunting" is stopped, fewer still will die. If all hunting is stopped, the deer will be still better protected. Protection, however, does not mean that hunting shall be stopped entirely.

By a man of endurance and moderate skill, with a knowledge of the country, more deer can be killed in a week than most parties of hunters with dogs can kill in two. One party of five in 1900, in Ontario killed eight deer, four of them in the water, three by still hunting after four hours of hunting, and one on a runway. As many deer were killed by "still hunting" in four hours as were killed in the water in six days. Experiences of this kind are common, yet few people from the towns and cities can be successful still hunters. The effect then of doing away with dogs would be to throw most of the hunting into the hands of pot-hunters and those living in the immediate vicinity of the hunting grounds, while less efficient supervision could be exercised. The proportion of wounded deer getting away is infinitely greater when the game is "still hunted" than when run to water. Killing in the water is by all odds the most merciful mode. Sportsmen in Europe are still sportsmen after a battue where hundreds of half-tame birds are killed. Owing to misapprehension and want of knowledge many intelligent people imagine that a deer run to water has no chance for its life. The contrary is the case. Of six deer run by dogs it is safe to say that from four to five will escape scot free, at any rate from the party using the dogs. Of course, as has already been pointed out, if the woods are crowded with men, owing to a short open season, then another party miles distant may bring the game to bay.

A law may be as stringent as you like, but if it is not supported by public sentiment its proper enforcement is almost impossible. Time will educate the people in this respect, and already there are signs of improvement. Some day, no doubt, offenders against the game laws will be classed with the English poacher.

A rigid, uncompromising course would soon open people's eyes. The game laws are undoubtedly continually

broken and the people living in the vicinity of the game, if they do not aid and abet, at least are well aware of what is going on.

The game wardens appear to be active in following up cases which come to their notice, but the deputy game wardens, as a class, are comparatively useless—they are worse than useless in many cases, for many of them are offenders themselves.

It is, in fact, difficult to get men to act in earnest as deputies, and to bear the odium of informing upon their neighbours. They get nothing in default of a conviction, and except in a sure case can hardly be expected to risk being saddled with costs by instituting proceedings.

A few men accustomed to the woods should be paid by salary, the deputy wardens weeded out, and the poor ones replaced by men, who, if they would not take the initiative, at least could be of great service to the salaried deputies. The latter could cover much ground and by keeping in touch with the unsalaried deputies, the game clubs, and sportsmen generally they ought to improve matters very much. As it is now, the deer are hunted throughout the summer and after the open season closes. With snow on the ground, and a stiff breeze blowing, the still hunter is at his best.

The ducks, too, are banged at a month before the season opens. The partridge, somewhat protected by the leaves, runs a better chance from the small boy going for the cows, as it is a bit too soon to shoot for the underground market, through which many of these fine birds find their way to the tables of the wealthy.

It is amusing to notice that in the Ontario Act hunting or killing deer by what is known as "crusting," or while they are "yarding," is declared to be unlawful. It is unlawful to kill deer except between the first and fifteenth of November. Whoever heard of "crusting" being possible during this period, and what did the framer of this section know about the habits of deer, when "yarding" in the first half of November is gravely referred to? If the deer "yard" then, why have the open season at that time? Quebec has a similar statute, but there is some sense in it, as the season there extends to 1st January. In Quebec there are two zones or districts with some difference as to the length of the season in each. In Ontario the Western and Eastern sportsmen differ upon many essential points, and the feasibility of creating two zones might well be taken into consideration. They differ on the deer and duck question. Hares are protected, and this is probably advisable so far as the West is concerned. In the East no attention is paid to the law at all and few people seem to care whether they are protected or not. They are little hunted.

The Quebec laws are too lax. Three deer are allowed per man and three more on a special permit and the payment of a fee of $5.00. The two allowed to each man in Ontario are enough. The excessive length of the open season for deer in Quebec has already been alluded to. Spring duck shooting, a very questionable practice, is sanctioned. Then, too, a club of five or more can get a lease for a comparatively nominal sum of a large tract of land for shooting over. It may work in Quebec, but would not be tolerated in Ontario. There are, it is true, several preserves in Ontario, but a comparatively indiscriminate leasing of the shooting rights has not been, and presumably will not be, seriously thought of.

Although not strictly within the scope of this article, mention may be made of the absurd, unfair, and unreasonable practice in Ontario of issuing fishing licenses to persons to catch bull pouts or cat-fish and ling, upon the theory that these being predatory fish they should be destroyed. The simple effect of these leases is to lend cover to the indiscriminate capture of large numbers of game fish which are shipped to the most convenient market.

There are a number of other minor points in connection with the game laws which have not been alluded to. Every-

one who knows anything about the matter at all, and many who know practically nothing, have opinions which vary according to locality.

The open seasons in Ontario for the different game birds are reasonable. Snipe, woodcock, quail and partridge cannot be bought or sold before 1905, but it would be a sensible move to prohibit the sale of these birds altogether. Notwithstanding such prohibition great numbers are still bought and sold, and will be so long as they are good to eat.

Although the Government in Ontario in recent years seems to have awakened to the importance of enforcing the game laws, yet both eyes are not fairly open, and certainly the pockets are closed. It seems that practically all that is spent is the revenue derived from the sportsmen themselves as license fees. The outside sportsmen too are the men who pay the greater portion at the rate of $2.00 per head for a deer license, while the man on the hunting ground can hunt for twenty-five cents. The statute provides for the payment of deputy wardens, and funds should be provided for that purpose, unless the department is content to allow the continued decrease in the numbers of game of all kinds to continue, and to so decrease at a greater rate than is inevitably necessary as the country becomes more thickly populated. The reservation of large districts which cannot be hunted over is a wise and statesmanlike move, but there are many kinds of game which, well protected, will continue to frequent more settled districts for many years.

THE ALIEN'S FAREWELL.

IF I should die, Love, here to-night,
An alien, under unknown skies,
It would not be the heathen's cries
That press the anguish on my sight,

Or any doubt in Him who gave
The faith that made the human soul;
But somehow, e'er the deeps unroll,
I want your hand to make me brave.

One parting more! not all the past
Farewells and greetings were as sweet,
As the near music of your feet
That came to see me at the last.

One kiss! but I would not awake,
But bear the seal to Paradise:
The imprint of your lips and eyes,
That I would treasure for your sake.

Your hand! that I, across the dark,
May know the path you chose of eld,
When some affinity had held
Us kindled by a kindred spark.

It cannot be you will forget!
And so I will not say farewell;
I loved you more than I can tell,
And waited till the last star set.

Hong Kong, China. *J. Stuart Thomson.*

Wild-Goose Shooting

In New Brunswick

By Arthur P. Silver.



TABISUNTAC is one of those significant Indian names which, lingering on many a headland, river, and bay of New Brunswick, will perpetuate the memory of the Red Man long after his feeble race has melted into oblivion. The word is said to stand for "haven" or "retreat." Very happily is it conferred on a peaceful bay shielded from the tumbling ocean by a long strip of sand undulating in picturesque drifts. This sand beach fends off the long rolling breakers racing to its strand, and separates the quiet waters of the bay from the angry surf of the Atlantic.

Inside there stretches for fifteen miles a tranquil lagoon of an average breadth of three miles.

At ebb tide Tabisuntac Bay looks like a veritable prairie of bronze sea grasses. Here and there the sea winds in deep narrow sluices; through these waterways the tide streams boiling and raging. The waters keep forever eating away the sand banks and constructing new channels as they pass and repass in their mad gambols.

Here amidst luxuriant sea-pastures thousands of geese and brant love to hold high revel and make a prolonged bivouac while in the course of their semi-annual migrations.

Hence Tabisuntac Bay affords the sportsman a rare chance of noting the ways of these wary birds and by means of approved bay shooting tactics, from sink boat, and blind near the water, obtaining excellent sport.

The shooting itself may not be better than is to be had from tubs in any of the little harbours along the Atlantic sea board. In this case, however, after one has bagged his bunch of heralds, eiders and scoters they are apt to prove an unsavoury mess at table, however skilfully prepared; whereas the flavour of the birds which luxuriate among the grasses at Tabisuntac Bay is hardly excelled even by celery-eating "canvas backs," or Lake Erie teal fed on wild rice.

The date could not have been better chosen—it was the middle day of October, when the writer arrived at Newcastle in the grey of the morning, and embarked in a tiny little steamboat which plies down the picturesque Miramichi estuary towards Tabisuntac Bay.

On the morning following, incased in several layers of flannels, I found myself "while the pale dawn was fading from the sky," gliding over the placid waters of the bay, in a "pirogue" propelled by my trusty guide Colin; I wore a homespun blouse of the grey neutral colour it is well to select for sea-fowl shooting.

Arrived within about five hundred yards of the sand barrier our "sink boat" was put overboard. Outside we could see white ocean breakers. Grand and wildly beautiful looked the long swell of the Atlantic surging irresistibly in as if moved by some unseen power. How quiet by comparison seemed the calm water whereon floated our coffin-shaped little "sink boat." It is in reality a floating blind;

nothing more than an anchored box furnished with flaps on hinges which serve to steady it ; weighted well down to lie level with the water by bars of steel-rail for which there is a receptacle running all around the outer edge.

Some fifty painted decoys floated around it. The decoys are manufactured with remarkable ingenuity. They are made of pine and spruce neatly modelled into a variety of attitudes. They are attached to each other by bits of cod line of various lengths so that on the water they are distributed exactly after the manner of their living patterns. At a little distance they may deceive any eye.

A few gulls were the first birds seen on the wing printing their grey slender forms against the blue as they poised on motionless pinions in the freshening breeze. As I took my position in the sink boat while Colin withdrew to the sands, a welcome sound came from far up the bay—nothing less than the complaining notes of myriads of geese and brant finding their feeding interfered with by the advancing tide. There were notes of distress, notes of doubt, notes of inquiry, quite easy to distinguish.

Well I knew that the rising water would soon drive the breakfasters to take wing on a search for shallower waters. Then my chance would come—of a certainty. Suddenly there was a whistling of quick wings and a bunch of four or five swiftly moving shadowy objects drew my fire. I found I had killed a couple of widgeon. These were good spoil, but not the birds we were in quest of any more than were our next visitors, a bevy of black duck which left two of their number to add to the score.

After much strident clamour, the myriads of birds whose querulous notes had for so long resounded across the bay at length rose in a body. An indescribable rushing noise like the subdued roar of a distant cataract filled the air. Giving vent to shrill calling notes, so different from their "talk" when feeding, they streamed across the sky in the distance looking like a swarm of ants or bees. Right out from their midst bearing directly towards the sink box, came a flock of not less than fifty brant. On, on they came, straight for the decoys till at a distance of some two hundred yards some cautious birds, having doubtless smelt powder before, swerved the whole flock. They veered off provokingly, flashing the white underside of their plump bodies. However, the birds wheeled once more and headed for the decoys. Utterly unconscious of dan-



A CANADA GOOSE AND A PAIR OF BRANT GEESE—STUFFED SPECIMENS



TABISUNTAC BAY AT EBB-TIDE

ger ahead, they lowered to within a few feet of the water, craned their necks and set their wings. The young birds twittered with an indescribable rattling noise. They left two of their number quite dead, and one went away with his body sunk beneath the water, and only the tip of the bill exposed to observation.

A singular proof of the adaptation of instinct to necessity is found in the manner in which a wounded goose or brant often attempts to escape when unable to fly. It will swim long distances just so much below the surface that the end of the bill as far as the nostrils is the only part of the body visible. In this way the wounded often baffle the most careful pursuit. Such tactics would hardly avail against any other enemy save man.

At times the brant were everywhere all at once, arriving from half a dozen different directions. At length the main flight had entirely passed over and "bedded" in a distant cove, but there remained many lone birds, pairs, and trios on the wing. As these frequently flew across the head of the sink-boat from left to right, the awkwardness of the shot over the right shoulder made it impossible to follow their quick flight with the barrels.

Now and then the steady honking of a bunch of geese arrested attention. Their bodies are so large that one is apt to deem them nearer than they actually are, and firing too soon hear the hail of shot rattle harmlessly from their mailed breasts. One must often make clean misses at those birds which, taking no notice of the decoys, pass within fifty or sixty yards at their ordinary gait of forty-five miles an hour, or perhaps even much faster. In very fine weather the shots are sometimes altogether of that character, when three cartridges for every bird bagged is called good shooting. It is difficult to cover the bird going strongly down wind cramped up as one is in the sink-boat.

Colin's vigilant eye had detected that we were not well placed under the "fly line" of the geese coming in from the fresh water ponds of the Black lands. Flight after flight in quick succession was found to be taking exactly the same direction as the first one. This decided us to move the decoys. Making a hurried departure we were obliged to leave two or three wounded birds to be gathered in by

some French lads from Tracadie, who cannot shoot on the wing, but in a "dug out" canoe prowl around the bay looking for "cripples." These hunters are armed with old muskets with queer crooked stocks, and as they load four fingers of powder and three of BB shot it is always an open question which end of the gun will do the most damage. Black eyes and bloody noses are the not uncommon penalties of their day's sport. Yet nothing can daunt them or induce them to load with a lighter hand.

The line of flight was seen to pass directly over a spit of sand running out from Brant Island. Here Colin soon shovelled out a considerable pit in which he buried the sink-boat. The main flight had passed before our preparations were complete. However, before long there came a resounding ah-runk! ah-runk!! ah-runk!!! from four birds who seemed to be lured. On they came, holding their grey necks stretched stiff out, giving out a steady honking. How they sprang in the air when they became aware of their mistake! Up, up, fully ten feet! But it was too late. Two veteran "honkers" tumbled headlong with a mighty splash, displacing hogsheads of water by their fall. To them had come sudden oblivion of Labrador peat lands, where as goslings they had nested among the moss and lichens; of the juicy grass roots which grow in Tabisuntac Bay, where they had feasted long days; of the still ponds of fresh water in the Black lands, where at night they had wended their way to drink and sup and run the gauntlet of the ambushed pot-hunter. My shot had frustrated for two old pilgrims a trip to the sunny shores of the Mexican Gulf. There their luckier mates, laughing at the fierce northern blasts, will feast on the tender grass blades of the luxuriant southern savannahs.

It was interesting to listen to the calling of the captains and commodores of the feathered hosts, and to watch the V-shaped formation of the flights, often varied by an advance in a perfectly straight line. At the slightest deviation from the ranks by some younger goose a single warning honk would come from the leader. Instantly the offender curved into his proper place. If it were necessary to deviate to the right or the left a similar signal was sounded, while other tones conveyed the order to ascend, descend, alight or arise. If thoroughly alarmed half a dozen honks in rapid succession strained every pair of eyes and craned each neck to try and discover some hidden danger, while the whole flock kept rapidly rising into the sky.



"MY TRUSTY GUIDE, COLIN"—ALSO SOME RESULTS OF GOOD SHOOTING



A SINK-BOAT—AN ANCHORED BOX FURNISHED WITH FLAPS OR HINGES WHICH SERVE TO STEADY IT—SOME FIFTY PAINTED DECOYS FLOAT ABOUT

Geese decoy best when worried by stormy weather, or when returning unsuspiciously to some point where they have been feeding on the previous night. Big bags are sometimes killed in November when a snowstorm is raging, especially should there happen to be a lacing of hail to it. This rough weather tames the birds, and makes them utterly reckless of the presence of man.

Shooting into "the brown" of flocks is a mistake. In the long run more birds are got by singling out individuals. Moreover this method is apt to wound birds which one never gets and is therefore cruel. However, the first barrel often kills two birds just as a flock is wheeling outwards, and the second barrel sometimes may be put in with equally telling effect.



A HANDSOME PAIR OF CANADA GEESE

It will be seen that the ordinary methods of hunting wild fowl hardly answer with geese and brant, as they are exceedingly wary. Two flights a day are made by these birds half way between tides. There is room for the exercise of a great deal of judgment in judging distance quickly and accurately as well as in placing the decoys and sink-boat so as to get the kind of shots of which one can make the most.

A skilful imitation of the call of geese when feeding will often bring them straight upon the decoys. A curious fact also is that a fox or a red setter dog will attract them. It is said that a fox is able to call the geese to him. No doubt Reynard is a very cun-

ning animal, and there may be an occasional fool among the geese ready to respond. At all events he and the equally cunning seal purloin a great many wounded birds. I have caught both marauders in the act.

At the approach of very cold weather when the Frost King suddenly lays his iron hand on the waters of the bay, on some raw November evening the birds may be seen in countless numbers massing for their southern flight. They rise to a high altitude and are said to cover prodigious distances in one flight, especially if pursued by a howling north-easter. Some stragglers have been known to remain in this district till after Christmas.



A MIXED BAG

My bag for a week's trip to Tabisuntac Bay was, brant fifty-six; geese twelve; black duck and other varieties twenty-two.



BOUNTY.

A CHILD and a rose,
A rose and a child;
In the heart of the one repose,
And joy in the heart of the other.

A child and a friend,
And the rose changes hands;
In the heart of the man godsend,
Child, rose, and white soul of his mother.

G. Herbert Clarke

CANADA AT THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION

By Frank Yeigh



THE CANADIAN BUILDING

APPROACHING Glasgow at eventide, a blood-red sun shone dully through a mask of cloud and a pall of smoke. From countless chimneys arose the columns of black incense to industry, outlined against the strangely coloured sky; from the great city came the deep note of its united voice. Left behind were the garden of mountain tops above the English lakes, the broad estuary of the Solway, the Scotch farmhouses—white-washed like the quaint homes of the French-Canadians. Only a memory were the flocks and herds browsing on moor and mountain—the stone dykes of the north instead of the hedges of the south—the village communities far afield. One even forgot the fellow traveller who preferred his *Tit-Bits* to drinking in the beautiful landscape stretches of our well-groomed old Motherland, as the express rushed on through the rural environs to the suburbs of the Clyde city, over the river, above the Broomielaw, and into the cavernous terminal.

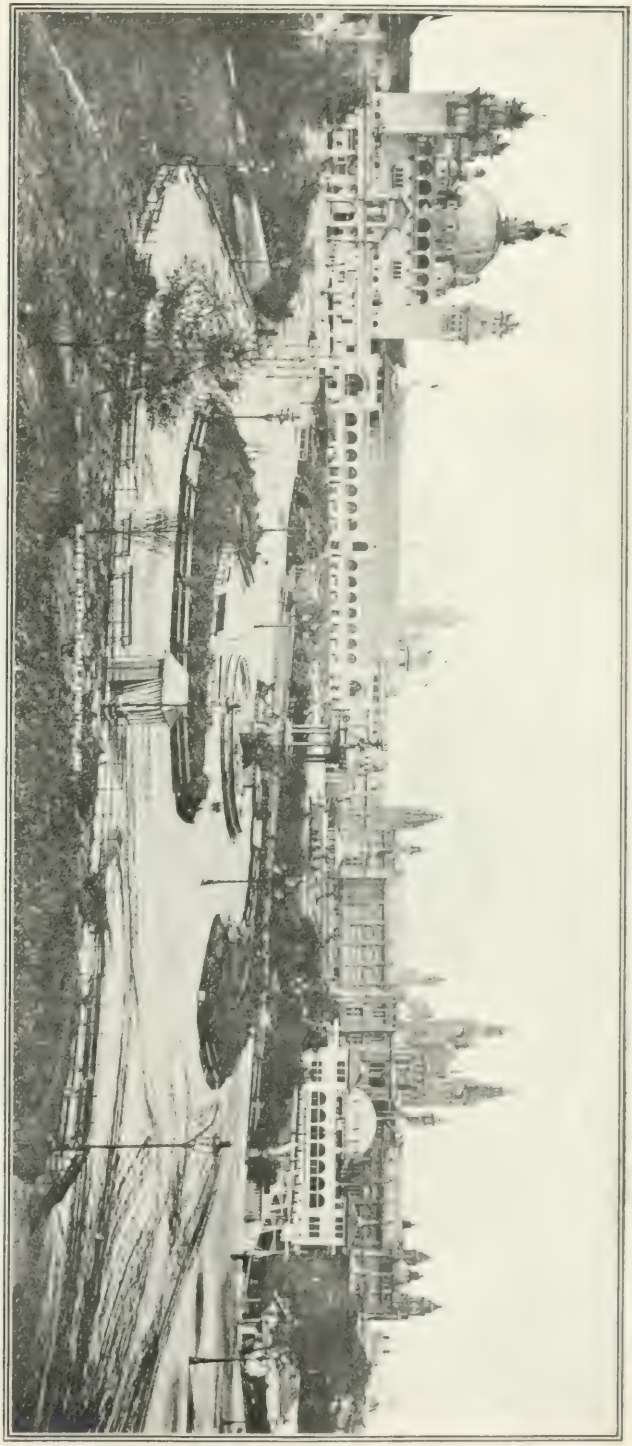
Once in the streets, the senses are distracted by the roar of traffic and the surging waves of men in this human warren. And yet, this old Scotch centre, with its three-quarters of a million of inhabitants, is a leader among cities in many respects, and an example to the world in the successful municipalization of its chief natural monopolies. With cheap gas, cheap water, a profit-making electric tram service, an extensive municipal telephone system, splendid schools and parks, blocks of model houses for artizans, and well-paved streets—Glasgow is entitled to its leadership among cities.

That it is moreover a public-spirited town, is shown in its Industrial Exhibition. It was a bold undertaking, after the achievements of Chicago and Paris, for any country to attempt an exhibition on the colossal scale that these modern times demand, even with substantial government aid; it was a bolder task for a city to essay such a responsibility, and without outside financial backing. This, however, Glasgow has done for itself, and by itself, and within six weeks of the formal opening of its Exhibition, all liabilities had been met and a profit account opened! All

that remains is to meet the daily running expenses, and a credit balance of possibly half-a-million pounds is an almost certain result. A portion of the profits will likely be spent in erecting technical schools, and in completing the new civic art gallery.

Such a degree of success, thus early in the history of the Exhibition, was rendered possible by the loyalty of the citizens to the undertaking. It was estimated that forty thousand would purchase season tickets at a guinea each, whereas nearly a hundred thousand were sold.

The Exhibition occupies a hundred acres in Kelvingrove Park, where the trees and shrubs, the gravelled walks and leafy lanes, and the bridges over the winding Kelvin, make an effective setting for the white and gold structures. The sloping hillside on the north, crowned by Glasgow University, adds



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. THE PERMANENT CHARACTER OF THE BUILDINGS AND THEIR COMPACTNESS ARE THE DISTINCTIVE FEATURES

a necessary note of stability and dignity to the palaces of a day lying at its feet. The area and shape of the available grounds prevented as striking an arrangement of courts and buildings as at the Pan-American, but seen from the University Heights, the panoramic view is an imposing one.

Regarding the Exhibition as a whole, and as largely the product of an individual city, it may be termed an undoubted success. A sufficient number of the British colonies and of central European countries are represented to as if possessed of human intelligence —all these tell a tale of mechanical triumphs. They speak of Glasgow's lead in many lines of manufacture, they tell the world that the industrial supremacy of the United Kingdom is not yet overthrown by foreign genius.

The other varied industries of Scotland are displayed to advantage in the main industrial building, the chief feature being the ship models, revealing the triumphs of the shipbuilders of the Clyde as well as other parts of the British Isles.



CANADA AT GLASGOW—THE FINEST APPLES IN THE EMPIRE

warrant the use of the term International, but the British Isles are most in evidence. The main feature lies in the industrial and mechanical display. The three or four hundred separate exhibits in the immense Machinery Hall are chiefly representative of the vast Glasgow foundries and shipyards, where Vulcan is king, and whose anthem of the anvil voices the song of labour. Machinery of ponderous dimensions, triumphs of strength and noiselessness, are at work. Enormous armour-plates, castings of Titanic size, great machines that operate

Another prominent attraction of the Exhibition is the permanent Art Gallery —a building of rich architectural beauty, filled with a loan collection of paintings claimed to be the finest ever gathered under one roof in Scotland, or indeed in the three kingdoms. No less interesting are the exhibits dealing with the archæology, the history and the clan and racial glories of old Scotia. A visitor does not need Scotch blood in his veins to thrill with interest at the rich treasures here displayed.

But it is of Canada at the Glasgow Exhibition that I am to write. Apart



CANADA AT GLASGOW—DISPLAY OF WOODS



CANADA AT GLASGOW—THE FURNITURE DISPLAY



CANADA AT GLASGOW—THE AGRICULTURAL TROPHY

from Russia, which has erected a group of five buildings of typical Muscovite architecture, Canada is the only country that has erected a separate building. Along with Australia, New Zealand, Rhodesia and other far-distant parts of the King's realm, Canada has large courts in the main industrial hall, but her most effective display is in her own pavilion, of Grecian design, its white fibre-coated walls standing out prominently in front of the highly-coloured domes and minarets of the Czar's village. The large letters that spell C-a-n-a-d-a can be seen from many vantage points, and it is gratifying to a Canadian to see the great proportion of visitors who find their way to our display with little delay. "Where's Canada?" is one of the first questions heard after the turnstile is passed.

The chief object that attracts the eye in the Canadian pavilion is a huge octagonal trophy, thirty feet high, formed of Canadian cereals and grasses. Over two thousand specimens were used in its construction. Beside the one hundred and fifty varieties of grasses shown, the supplies of tobacco, flax and hops are a revelation to many. The total effect of this fine agricultural pyramid is universally admired.

Surrounding this central feature are a series of courts filled with agricultural implements and products, an horticultural display and a collection of carriages and canoes. The forestry and fishery departments have a place here, the former including specimens of all the leading varieties of commercial woods, as well as exhibits connected with the paper and pulp industries. The walls of the pavilion are decorated with fine large photographs



CANADA AT GLASGOW—AN EXHIBIT OF ORES

depicting the scenery along the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways.

The fruit display attracts a large share of attention. It invariably comes as a surprise to one who is ignorant of our climatic conditions. Thanks to the cold-storage system (which of itself forms an exhibit), the shelves are kept supplied with fresh fruits, the apples especially looking as sound and healthy as when picked. No more valuable object lesson can be afforded the Britisher than these perishable fruits, which are supplemented by the specimens preserved in antiseptic fluid.

The dairy and food products are well preserved by the same cold-storage methods, the exhibits being placed in the Canadian court in the main building, where 9,000 square feet of space was allotted to our commission. Here are shown a varied line of manufactured articles and textiles. The Mineral Department—a very comprehensive one—occupies a portion of the area, and is of much comparative interest by reason of the adjoining Australian mines display. Every province of the Dominion is here represented, the long line of glass cases containing the gold nuggets from British Columbia and the Yukon naturally attracting the most notice. Gold, nickel, silver, copper and iron ores in the rough are piled in pyramids, along with excellent displays of mica, corundum and graphite. Blocks and piles of bituminous and anthracite coal are also shown. Building stones, cements and kindred articles assist in completing this exhibit.

The food products are of great variety, including all kinds of canned fruits and vegetables, honey, maple sugar (a production peculiar to Canada) and, of course, cheese and butter. A display of Canadian-made wines should be mentioned in this connection.

A large space, richly decorated with furs, is constantly surrounded by admiring visitors, while neighbouring courts are devoted to musical instruments, household and office furniture,

a wide range of leather goods, granite and enamelled ware, stoves, scales, brass and iron bedsteads, and many other lines of home manufacture. One might criticize certain inequalities and omissions in the Dominion display in its entirety, but these must necessarily exist where exhibitors, to the number of one hundred and fifty, contribute according to their individual ideas. But the exhibit as a whole is undoubtedly a well-arranged display of our natural resources, covering the products of the soil, the forests, the fisheries and mines; and of many of our manufactured lines as well.

The additional interest the Dominion is attracting at the Exhibition is shown in the visit of thousands of school children to the pavilion. Troops of Scottish youth throng the aisles, especially on holidays, and each one carries away a Canadian copy-book, prepared by the Department of the Interior, and containing head lines of Canadian facts. The recent placing of a small text book, dealing with Canada, in hundreds of the old country schools, will also be sure to bear good fruit. Lord Strathcona has rendered Canada no greater service than the presentation of hundreds of medals and diplomas to those who passed the proper examination based upon a study of the book in question.

Apart from the good seed sown in an immigration sense, the value of the trade opportunities presented by the Canadian exhibit cannot well be computed. Inquiries among the members of the Dominion staff and many of the exhibitors produced evidence that a highly satisfactory amount of business was being done, that substantial orders were being taken, and that many new channels of trade were being opened up. As an illustration, a representative of an Ontario firm spoke of having booked scores of sales of an article new to Great Britain, including orders from countries as remote as Natal, Australia and India. One is justified in the conclusion that this Canadian display at Glasgow will amply repay the Government and the assisting firms; in a word, that it is an excellent advertisement. When in Glasgow we are, as one has well said, not among strangers as at Paris, but among our most promising customers, the very people with whom we are anxious to trade and desirous of attracting to our shores, and the very people who are in a mood to trade with Canada if their tastes are studied and their needs met.

In conclusion, a word of commendation is due to the Canadian representatives at Glasgow: to Mr. W. D. Scott, upon whom the chief responsibility has rested for the installation of the various exhibits; to his assistants in the several departments, to Mr. James Brodie, the secretary, and to Col. W. E. O'Brien, of Shanty Bay, who is also in daily attendance as one of the commissioners. Canadian visitors to the pavilion and courts have met with uniform courtesy from the staff, and, what is perhaps of more importance, the same degree of attention is being paid by them to the constant stream of inquirers in the Canadian pavilion and courts.

MAN.

MAN is but a labourer
'Mid the shadows past;
A soul that dreams of beauty
While days of time last.

Inglis Morse.



THE ROYAL TRAIN.

By Norman Patterson.

IF Queen Victoria had visited Canada when she was first crowned Queen, she would have had to travel through the country by stage-coach. Her son, the present King, in 1860, travelled from Montreal to Toronto by train, but he could not get the same privilege when going from Halifax to Quebec, for the Intercolonial was then only a visionary project. When he reached Sarnia he had passed to the westerly limits of train transportation in this country. The Canadian Pacific transcontinental railway was not even projected, for Canada did not even possess the territory west of Lake Superior.

The Queen's grandson will, however, be able to travel from Quebec to Vancouver, and from Vancouver to Halifax by Canadian trains. For this purpose special cars have been made and furnished. The Canadian Pacific Railway has constructed in Montreal "a Royal Train," which is something beyond the dreams of twenty years ago. The train will be 730 feet in length, and will weigh 595 tons. It will consist of the day coach Cornwall and the night coach York, for the especial use of their Royal Highnesses; the compartment car, Canada; the sleeping cars, Australia, India and South Africa; and the dining car, Sandringham—together with cars for the baggage, and for the railway employees—nine coaches in all. This long, heavy train will be hauled by locomotives of the Atlantic and Consolidation types of passenger engines of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

This train is truly a marvel of elegance. It is finished outside in natural mahogany. At either end of each car, and on both sides of the long train are the armorial bearings of the Duke of Cornwall and York. The train is vestibuled throughout, and the interior is a revelation of the possibilities of luxury and comfort of modern railway travel.

The lamps are all placed behind shades of cut glass, set in the ornamental work of the ceilings, an ample, but soft light flooding the whole interior of the train through the great opal hemispheres. But even more wonderful, perhaps, than the lighting is the perfection of the telephone service. Telephones of a new pattern have been installed in every coach—one novelty being an arrangement by which all the instruments may be in use at the same moment, without any one of them interfering with any other.

The Cornwall will be the rearmost coach of the train, so that their Royal Highnesses may have an uninterrupted



CAR "CANADA" — RECEPTION ROOM

view of the superb scenery through which the train will pass. This sheltered observation platform will be a delightful point of vantage from which to view the charming bays and bold headlands of the northern shore of Lake Superior ; the seemingly illimitable stretch of plain through which the train will journey for 900 miles between Winnipeg and the Rockies ; and the wonderful mountains, which make one long, enchanting panorama of the closing 600 miles of the trip.

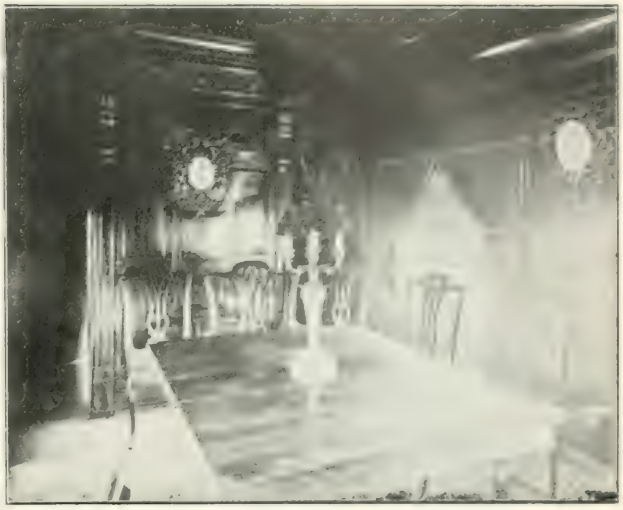
The Cornwall is 78 feet 6½ inches in length, with a width of 10 feet 3 inches, an extreme height of 14 feet, and a weight of almost 60 tons. It contains reception-room, boudoir, dining-room and kitchen. The reception-room opens directly on to the observation platform, and is the largest room of the suite. It is panelled in Circassian walnut, and while it is undecorated save for a few ornamental mouldings, it gives the effect of extreme richness, and is in admirable taste. The ceilings are finished in dead gold, and the mouldings and ornaments are just touched with gold and blue, the decorations being of the Louis XV style. The hangings and drapings are of dark blue velvet, while the floor is carpeted with a heavy Wilton of a quiet, grey-green shade, into whose heavy texture the foot sinks without making a sound. The sofa, arm chairs, table, escritoire and other articles of furniture are upholstered in blue velvet to match the draperies. The piano is of Canadian manufacture and a very perfect instrument. One feature of the car is its admirable light and airy appearance, this being due to the eight large plate glass windows of the side, together with the glass panels of the door and rear wall.



CAR "YORK" — DUCHESS' BEDROOM

The Duchess' boudoir is between the reception and dining rooms, half way along the corridor adjoining them. Its prevailing shade is a pearl grey. The panels are painted à la Watteau. The lattice work of the

ceiling, by which ventilation is secured, as well as the ornaments of the panels, are touched lightly with gold. The draperies are of light blue moire silk, and divans, chairs and table are gilt to match the panels. This little boudoir on wheels will be the envy of every woman who sees it; nothing more perfect of its size could be imagined.



CAR "CORNWALL"—PRIVATE DINING-ROOM

The perfection of the arrangements is as conspicuous in the kitchen and pantry of the Royal car as in any part of the train. It is in reality a model kitchen that is found here, smaller in size, indeed, than those found in palaces, but not a whit less complete.

The night coach York is 78 feet 2 inches in length, and weighs 57¼ tons, its other dimensions being the same as those of the Cornwall. A corridor extends throughout the length of the car. The central portion of the York is occupied by two bedrooms with servants' sleeping-rooms adjacent. These Royal bedrooms are finished in pearl-grey enamel; being panelled in silk to match the draperies. The draperies of the Duke's room are of crimson silk armure, and those of the Duchess' of pale blue moire.

The Canada, which is the third coach from the rear of the train, is a compartment car, finished in prima vera or white mahogany, and upholstered in terra cotta and olive green plush. The Canada contains six state rooms fitted with every convenience; in the centre of the car is a commodious smoking-room, with a large writing table, lounge and luxurious easy chairs. There is also a bath at one end of the car, and at the other a large lavatory and shower bath. This is the latest novelty, even in Royal trains. The shower bath is installed in a small chamber which is upholstered in grey waterproof cloth.





F. H. TORRINGTON

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XXVIII.—F. H. TORRINGTON, CHORUS LEADER.

MUSIC is usually a prominent feature on all occasions of public rejoicing, and the reception of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York will be no exception to the rule. The City Council of Toronto have voted funds for the purpose and appointed Mr. F. H. Torrington conductor of the principal, or adult, chorus. This chorus will comprise about two thousand picked voices, accompanied by a large and efficient orchestra. The numbers rendered will be of a high class, including Handel's Hallelujah Chorus, and a special patriotic song, written for the occasion by Mr. Torrington.

Mr. F. H. Torrington is a landmark in Canadian musical history. The length of his public service is only excelled by its quality. He came to Canada, from England, many years ago,

and was soon chosen organist of the Great St. James St. Methodist Church in Montreal, a position which he held for twelve years. He then removed to Boston to assume the position of organist of King's Chapel, leaving shortly afterwards to assume his present position of organist and choirmaster of the Metropolitan Church of Toronto. Mr. Torrington is an accomplished organist, choirmaster, violinist, pianist; an excellent teacher of all branches of musical art; and a forceful and inspiring orchestral conductor. His chief claim to fame, however, is that he has done more than any other man to cultivate in Canada a taste for and familiarity with the best choral and orchestral works of the greatest masters. His activity in this direction has been phenomenal; a mere record of the works performed would fill some pages of this magazine. Few laymen (even if possessed of some musical knowledge) can even approximately estimate the labour involved in producing such works as Gounod's "Redemption," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Handel's "Messiah," or Haydn's "Creation." This labour was, moreover, much greater when Mr. Torrington commenced his pioneer work, for at that time musical knowledge was much rarer than it is to-day in Canada; he was not only a builder, but he practically had to make his own musical material: this is a fact too often forgotten in estimating the value of Mr. Torrington's services to music. Another cause for public gratitude to Mr. Torrington is that such services, as have been specially mentioned, have almost invariably been performed gratuitously; there is little financial reward in the production of Oratorio—nothing but the artist's pride in work well done.

Mr. Torrington's manner is one of rugged brusqueness, such as is indispensable to a conductor, but his outward brusqueness covers a kindly, helpful nature; he has freely aided aspiring talent to take its place, and many a now prominent musician admits owing his success to the inspiration of "F. H. T.," as his intimates call him. Mr. Torrington is the Musical Director of the Toronto College of Music, an institution which he founded, and which has a recognized status, not only in Canada, but with the musical leaders of Great Britain.

Forty years is a long time to look back upon, but Mr. Torrington recalls with pleasure the fact that when the then Prince of Wales (now His Majesty Edward VII) visited Canada, in 1860, he (Mr. Torrington) was joint conductor of the great musical festivals given in his honour in Montreal. Mr. Torrington conducted the orchestra, and Mr. Fowler the chorus. The programme included several of the great choruses from Haydn's "Creation" and Mozart's 12th Mass, a special cantata written by Chas. Wugck Sabatier, an eminent but eccentric musician of that period, and a miscellaneous selection of operatic music. A point worthy of remark is the great eminence of some of the associated artists who took part: among them were Madame Adelina Patti, the Strakosches, Barili, Susini, and others whose names may be unknown to the present generation, but whose rank in the musical world was then of the highest.

While no artists of a similar rank are likely to take part in the reception to the Duke and Duchess of York, Mr. Torrington looks back with pleasure over the forty years of Canadian musical history, and notes the immense advance which has been made in musical culture. Then music was the accomplishment of the favoured few, now its practice is almost universal. Instrumental players were scarce then, now they are comparatively plentiful. Thirty or forty years ago the average pianist confined himself to the veriest trash, now no one is considered a pianist who is without a fair knowledge of the works of Beethoven, Chopin and Mendelssohn: now the vast majority of the public take a keen personal interest in the rendering of the great oratorios; then they regarded them as almost as unmitigated musical nuisances. All has changed for the better.

H. H. Godfrey.

A Maid of Many Moods



By Virna Sheard

CHAPTER X.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—The story opens at the One Tree Inn, halfway between Stratford and Shottery. Master Thornbury has two children, Debora and Darby. Darby is a play-actor in London and, with his father and his sister, is a friend of William Shakespeare. Darby is expected home for Christmas. He arrives, and for some days there is much festivity and much talk of London and its ways. Judith Shakespeare is present at some of these gatherings and chats. Debora wants to go to London, but Darby and her father think it no place for young maids. She has her way, however, and is lodged with her brother at the house of Dame Blossom in Bankside, on the south side of the Thames. She pleads to be taken to the theatre, but it is neither the fashion for women to act nor to attend. Darby, however, promises to take her secretly to a rehearsal. There she is accidentally discovered by Don Sherwood, who is playing the part of Romeo, Darby being the Juliet. Sherwood escorts her home and secures permission to call again. Meanwhile, Darby comes home intoxicated and disfigured. It was clear that when the great play was put on for the public he would be unable to appear. Debora, his other self, comes to the rescue, secretly dons his clothes and plays the part of Juliet for three evenings. Sherwood and Nick Berwick, her two admirers, are the only persons to suspect that Debora is masquerading as Darby. Then Darby resumes the part, but the acting of Juliet is the talk of the taverns. Sherwood, whose real name is Dorien North, acknowledges his love for Debora, but is rejected because of a sin committed by a cousin of the same name.

IT was early morning of the next day and Debora Thornbury was in the upper room at Mistress Blossom's house. She folded one garment after another and laid them away in the little trunk that had come with her from home.

Darby entered the room before she had finished and threw himself wearily into a chair.

"Thou hast brought news," she said, eagerly; "he is better—or—"

"Nay, there is no great change. The Leech is still with him and makes no sign; yet I fancy he hath a shade of hope, for no further hemorrhage hath occurred. Nick sent me back to thee; he would not be denied."

"Ah!" she cried, "I am afraid to take heart. I dare not hope." Then, after a moment's pause, "Tell me, Darby; I must know. Who was it that struck him?"

"'Twas a player I know well by name," replied Darby, "yet never saw before yesternight. He is one Dorien North, and hath the same name that Sherwood discarded, with reason if tales of this fellow be true. Moreover, they be first cousins, so report doth say; but while Don Sherwood is a rare good fellow, this other is the greatest

scamp out of Newgate to-day. Of late, I hear, he hath been with the Lord High Admiral's men at 'The Rose.'"

The girl moved unsteadily across to her brother. She grasped the velvet sleeve of his tabard and gazed into his face with eyes great and darkening.

"One thing follows on another o'er fast. I am bewildered. Is't true what thou hast just said, Darby?"

"Egad, yes!" he replied, wonderingly. "I would have told thee of North the day thou swooned, but 't went out o' my mind. Dost not remember asking me why Sherwood had changed his name on the bills o' the play? Yet what odds can it make?"

"Only this," she cried, "that this Dorien North, who has so painted the name black, and who but last night struck Nicholas Berwick, is in very truth little Dorien's father. So goes the man's name the Puritan maid told me. Moreover, he was a player also. Oh! Darby, dost not see? I thought 'twas the other—Don Sherwood."

"'Twas like a woman to hit so wide o' the mark," answered Darby. "Did'st not think there might chance to be two of the name? In any case what is't to thee, Deb?"

"Oh!" she said, laying her face against his arm, "I cannot tell thee; ask no more, but go thou and find him and tell him the story of Nell Quinten, and how I thought that Dorien North she told me of was he; and afterwards if he wilt come with thee, bring him here to me. Perchance he may be at Blackfriars, or—or, 'The Tabard Inn,' or even abroad upon the streets. In any case, find him quickly, dear heart, for the time is short and I must away to Shottery, as I promised Nick, — poor Nick, — poor Nick." So she fell to sobbing and crying.

The young fellow gazed at her in that distress which overtakes a man when a woman weeps.

"Marry," he said, "I wish thou would'st give over thy tears. I weary of them and they will mend naught. There, cheer up, sweet. I will surely find Sherwood and at once, as 'tis thy wish."

It was high noon when Darby Thornbury returned. With him came the player Sherwood and another. The three entered Master Blossom's house, and Darby sought his sister.

"Don Sherwood waits below," he said, simply. "I met him on London Bridge. He hath brought his cousin Dorien North with him."

"I thank thee, dear heart," the girl answered. "I will go to them."

Presently she entered Dame Blossom's little parlour where the two men awaited her.

She stood a moment, looking from one to the other. Neither spoke nor stirred.

Then Debora turned to Don Sherwood; her lips trembled a little, and her eyes were full of tears.

"I wronged thee," she said softly. "I wronged thee greatly. I ask thy pardon."

"Nay," he said, going to her. "Ask it not, 'twas but a mistake. I blame thee not for it. This," motioning to the other, "this is my kinsman, Dorien North. He is my father's brother's son, and we bear the same name, or rather did so in the past."

The girl looked at the man before her coldly, yet half-curiously.

"I would," went on Sherwood, steadily, "that he might hear the tale Darby told me." To-morrow he sails for the Indies, as I have taken passage for him on an outward-bound ship. He came to me for money to escape last night, after having stabbed one Master Berwick in a brawl at 'The Mermaid.' It may be thou hast already heard of this?"

"Ay!" she answered, whitening, "I have heard."

"I gave him the passage money," continued Sherwood, "for I would not either have him swing on Tyburn or rot in Newgate. Yet I will even now tell the Captain under whom he was to sail, that he is an escaping felon—a possible murderer—if he lies to thee in aught—and I shall know if he lies."

The man they both watched threw back his handsome blonde head at this and laughed a short, hard laugh. His

dazzling white teeth glittered, and in the depths of his blue eyes was a smouldering fire.

"By St. George!" he broke out, "you have me this time, Don. Hang me! If I'm not betwixt the devil and the deep sea." Then, with a low bow to Debora, raising his hand against his heart in courtly fashion, "I am thy servant, fair lady," he said. "Ask me what thou dost desire. I will answer."

"I would have asked thee—Art thou that Dorien North who deceived and betrayed one Nell Quinten, daughter of Makepeace Quinten, the Puritan, who lives near Kenilworth," said Debora, gravely; "but indeed I need not to ask thee. The child who was in her arms when we found her—hath thy face."

"Doth not like it, fair lady?" he questioned with bold effrontery, raising his smiling, dare-devil eyes to hers.

"Ay!" she said gently, "I love little Dorien's face, and 'tis truly thine in miniature—thine when it was small and fair and innocent. Oh! I am sorry for thee, Master Dorien North, more sorry than I was for thy child's mother, for she had done no evil, save it be evil to love."

A change went over the man's face and for a moment it softened.

"Waste not thy pity," he said; "I am not worth it. I confess to all my sins. I wronged Nell Quinten, and the child is mine. Yet I would be altogether graceless did I not thank thee for giving him shelter, Mistress Thornbury."

Sherwood, who had been listening in silence, suddenly spoke.

"That is all I needed of thee, Dorien," he said. "You may go. I do not think from here to the docks there will be danger of arrest; the heavy cloak and drooping hat so far disguise thee; while once on ship-board thou art safe."

"I am in danger enough," said the other, with a shrug, "but it troubles me little. I bid thee farewell, Mistress Thornbury." And so saying he turned to go.

"Wait," she cried, impulsively, touching his arm. "I would not have thee depart so; thou art going into a far country, Master North, and surely need some fair wishes to take with thee. Oh! I know thou hast been i' the wrong, many, many times over. Perchance, hitherto thou hast feared neither God nor the law. But last night—Nicholas Berwick was sorely wounded by thee, and this because he defended my name."

"Yet 'twas thou who played at Blackfriars?" he questioned, hesitatingly. "I saw thee; it could have been no other."

"'Twas I," she answered. "I played in my brother's place—of necessity—but speak no more of that, 'tis over, and as that is past for me, so would I have thee leave all thy unhappy past. Take not thy sins with thee into the new country. Ah! no. Neither go with bitterness in thy heart towards any, but try to live through the days that are to come as any gentleman should who bears thy name. Moreover," she ended, looking up at him sweetly, "I would bid thee godspeed."

The man stood irresolute a moment, then stooped, lifted Debora's hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Thou hast preached me a homily," he said in low voice; "yet, 'fore Heaven, from such a priest I mind it not." And opening the door, he went swiftly away.

Then Don Sherwood drew Debora to him. "Nothing shall ever take thee from me," he said, passionately. "I would not live, sweetheart, to suffer what I suffered yesternight."

"Nor I," she answered.

"When may I to Shottery to wed thee?" he asked.

"Oh! I will not leave my father for many a day," she said, smiling tremulously. "Yet I would have thee come to Shottery by-and-by—peradventure, when the summer comes, and the great rosebush beneath the south window is ablow."

"Beshrew me! 'tis ages away, the summer," he returned, with impatience.

"The days till then will be as long for me as for thee," she said tenderly; and with this sweet assurance and because he would fain be pleasing her in all things, he tried to make himself content.

CHAPTER XI.

It is Christmas eve once more and all the diamond window panes of One Tree Inn are aglitter with light from the Yule log fire in the front room chimney-place and the many candles Mistress Debora placed in their brass candlesticks.

Little Dorien had followed her joyously from room to room, and many times she had lifted him in her strong young arms and let him touch the wick with the lighted spill and start the fairy flame. Then his merry laugh rang through the old house, and John Sevenoaks and Master Thornbury, sitting by the hearth below, smiled as they listened, for it is so good a thing to hear, the merry, whole-hearted, innocent laughter of a child.

Even the leathery, grim, old face of Ned Saddler relaxed into a pleasant expression at the sound of it, though 'twas against his will to allow himself to show anything of happiness he felt; for he was much like a small tart winter apple, wholesome and sound at heart, yet sour enough to set one's teeth on edge.

And they talked together, these three ancient cronies, while now and then Master Thornbury leaned over and stirred the contents of the big copper pot on the crane, sorely scorching his kindly old face in the operation.

Presently Nick Berwick came in, stamping the snow off his long boots, and he crossed to the hearth and turned his broad back to the fire even as he had done a year before on Christmas eve. His face was graver than it had been, for his soul had had a wide outlook since then, but his mouth smiled in the old-time sweet and friendly fashion, and if he had any ache of the heart, he made no sign.

"Hast come over from Stratford, lad?" asked Thornbury.

"Ay!" he answered, "an' I just met little Judith Shakespeare hastening away from grand dame Hathaway's. She tells me her father is coming home for Christmas. Never saw I one in a greater flutter of excitement. 'Oh! Nick,' she cried out, ere I made sure who it was in the dusk, 'Hast heard the news?' 'What news, gossip?' I answered. 'Why, that my father will be home to-night,' she called back. ''Tis more than I dreamed or dared to hope, but 'tis true.' I could see the shining of her eyes as she spoke, and she tripped onward as though the road were covered witn rose-leaves instead of snow."

"She is a giddy wench," said Saddler, "and doth lead Deb into half her pranks. If I had a daughter now—"

Thornbury broke into a great laugh and clapped the old fellow soundly on the shoulder.

"Hark to him!" he cried. "If he had a daughter! Marry and amen, I would we could see what kind of a maid she would be."

"I gainsay," put in Sevenoaks, thinking to shift the subject, "Will Shakespeare comes home as much for Deb's wedding as aught else."

A shade went over Berwick's face. "The church hath been pranked out most gaily, Master Thornbury," he said.

"'Twill be gay enough," said Saddler, "but there'll be little comfort in it and small rest for a man's hand or elbow anywhere for the holly they've strung up. I have two lame thumbs with the prickles that have run into them."

Thornbury smiled. "Then 'twas thou who helped the lads and lasses so greatly this afternoon, Ned," he said, "and I doubt nothing 'twas no one else who hung the great bunch of mistletoe in the chancel! I marvel at thee."

At this they all laughed so loudly that they did not hear Deb and little Dorien enter the room and come over to the hearth.

"What art making so merry over, Dad?" she questioned, looking from one to another.

"Nay, ask me not. Ask Saddler."

"He doth not like maids who art curious," she said, shaking her head. "Nay, I am content to be in the dark."

Then she cried, listening, "There, dost not hear the coach? I' faith I caught the rumble of the wheels, and she is on time for once! Come Dorien. Come, Dad, we will to the door to meet them."

Soon the lumbering coach swung up the road and the tired horses stopped under the oak.

And it was a welcome of the best the two travellers got, for Darby Thornbury and Don Sherwood had journeyed from London together, ay! and Master Shakespeare had borne them company though he had left them half a mile off. And as the merry group drew their chairs about the fireplace, Darby had many a jest and happy story to repeat that the master had told them on the homeward way, for he was ever the best company to make a long road seem short.

Deb sat in her old seat in the inglenook and Master Sherwood stood beside her, where he could best see the ruddy light play over her wondrous hair and in the tender depths of her eyes. They seemed to listen, these two, as Darby went lightly from one London topic to another, for now and then Don Sherwood put in a word or so in that mellow voice of his, and Deb smiled often—yet it may be they did not follow him over closely, for they were dreaming a dream of their own and the day after the morrow was their wedding day.

The child Dorien lay upon the great sheepskin rug at Deb's feet and watched Darby. His eager, beautiful little face lit up with joy, for were they not all there together, those out of the whole world he loved the best, and it would be Christmas in the morning. What more could any child desire?

"When I look at the little lad, Don," said Debora softly, "my thoughts go back to his mother. 'Twas on such a night as this, as I have told thee, that Darby found her in the snow."

"Think not of it, sweetheart," he answered; "the child, at least, has missed naught that thou could'st give."

"I know, I know," she said in a passionate low tone, "but it troubles me when I think of all that I have had of care and life's blessings, and of her woe and desolation, and through no sin, save that of loving too well. I see not why it should be."

"Ah! dear," he said, bending towards her, "there are some 'Why's' that must wait for their answer for 'twill not come this side o' heaven." Then in lighter tone, "When I look at the little lad, I see but that scapegrace kinsman of mine; but although he is so marvellous like him, thou wilt be his guide. I fear nothing for his future, for who could be aught but good with thee, my heart-love, beside them."

And presently there was a stir amongst them as Nicholas Berwick rose and bid all goodnight, and this reminded John Sevenoaks and old Ned Saddler that the hour was late. It was then that Berwick went to Deb at a moment when she stood a little apart from the others. He held towards her a small leather-covered box.

"'Tis my wedding gift to thee, Deb," he said, his grave eyes upon her changeful face, "'Tis a pearl collar my mother wore on her wedding-day when she was young and fair as thou art. I will not be here to see how sweet thou dost look in it."

"Thou wilt be in the church, Nick?"

"Nay, I will not. I have not told thee before as I would not plant a thorn in any of thy roses, but I ride to London on the morrow. I have much work there, for later on I sail to America to the new Colonies, in charge of certain stores for Sir Walter Raleigh."

She raised her eyes, tear-filled and tender, to his.

"I wish thee peace, Nick" she said, "wherever thou art—and I have no fear but that gladness will follow. I will miss thee, for thou wert ever my friend."

He lifted her hand to his lips and went away, and in the quiet that fol-

lowed, when old Master Thornbury and Darby talked together, Don Sherwood drew Debora into the shadow by the window-seat.

"I' faith," he said, "if I judge not wrongly by Master Nicholas Berwick's face when he spoke with thee but now, he doth love thee also, Deb."

"Ah!" she answered, "he hath indeed said so in the past and moreover proven it."

"In very truth, yes. But thou," with a flash in his eyes, "dost care? Hast aught of love for him? Nay, I need not ask thee."

She smiled a little, half sadly.

"I love but thee," she said.

He gave a short light laugh, then looked grave.

"'Tis another of life's 'Why's,' sweetheart, that awaiteth an answer. Why!—why in heaven's name, should I have the good fortune to win thee, when he, who I think is far the better gentleman, hath failed?"

And as he spoke, the bells of Stratford rang out their joyous pealing, and the sound came to them on the night wind. Then the child, who had been asleep curled up on the soft rug, opened his wondering eyes.

Deb stooped and lifted him and he laid his curly head against her shoulder.

"Is it Christmas, Deb?" he asked sleepily.

"Yes, my lamb," she answered; "for hark! the bells are ringing it in, and they say, 'Peace, Dorien—Peace and goodwill to men.'"

THE END.

A BEAR AND A PANIC.

By H. Wright.

I HAD been for several years engaged in the lumber business in the East, but, like many other young men, had taken somebody's (I think, Horace Greeley's) advice and "gone West," where I secured a position with a large lumber concern in the north of the Province of British Columbia.

In the month of September, '95, I was sent by my firm up a certain large river to cruise the ground along its banks for new timber limits. A half-breed guide, who had a local reputation as a Nimrod, accompanied me. I thought, as this was a noted game country, it would be too good an opportunity to miss bagging a deer or two, so took along a 30-Winchester (smokeless) rifle. The Breed had an old-fashioned 38-Winchester repeater, as we did not anticipate anything bigger than deer.

We had been out about a week, and I had located several likely-looking patches of timber, and we still had a couple of days' grub left. I decided to have a try for my deer.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a most beautiful day, when, after having secured a couple of deer, we sat down to rest on the side of a small mountain, at the foot of which was a very narrow valley, not more than fifty yards across; on the opposite side rose a larger and steeper mountain. We had just lighted our pipes, and I was listening to one of Dave's stories of old-time hunting trips when I looked across to the mountain opposite and noticed something moving slowly along the side of the hill. I called my companion's attention to it, and then, taking another look, satisfied myself that it was a bear, and a big one. His side was fully exposed to us, and I raised my rifle and was about to take aim when Dave exclaimed, "For God's sake,

don't fire; it's a grizzly." But I was young and green, and did not know the danger in which I would place my companion and myself if I succeeded in only wounding the bear, for we had nothing heavy enough in our armament to warrant stirring up a brute which was apt to take so much killing. After a moment's hot debate as to the wisdom of the step, I decided by firing after taking careful aim.

Mr. Grizzly stopped, and I could see by his actions that I had struck him; but, before I could fire again, he had sighted us and came tearing down the mountain towards us. At this point I must acknowledge that I completely lost my head and fired several times wildly, missing every shot. The bear came on fast, and seemed to grow bigger and more fierce with every step he took. As he reached the bottom of the small hill on which we were (I blush to say it, but I must stick to facts) I dropped my gun and fled up the hill. Anyone who knows the Rocky Mountain grizzly will understand that this was the height of folly, for not even a trained athlete could outstrip one of them on such rough ground.

In the meantime Dave had settled himself in an easy firing position on one knee and opened up a fusilade from his repeater on the advancing animal. As he fired the last shot, the bear grasped the muzzle of the rifle and, wrenching it from the hand of the Breed, dropped dead.

When, in my mad flight, I had gone some distance, I stopped and turned around to see what had become of Dave and the bear. Dave beckoned me back to him. I returned at a very different pace from that which I had left him, thoroughly crestfallen and ashamed. Dave told me that he had done the one thing that could possibly save us; for, had he not stood his ground, it would have meant certain death for one, and perhaps both of us.

It is needless to say that I was not anxious to further continue our hunting expedition; and after exacting a promise from Dave never to mention my cowardice on this occasion, we returned to the village as speedily as possible. I have never been able to account for the panic which seized me at the critical moment, but I am glad to say that I have since made use of more than one opportunity of redeeming myself.

A GREY DAY AND A GOLDEN.

By Jean Blewett.

THERE are two prairie scenes stamped vividly upon my memory. One is that of a grey day—grey at morning, at noon, at night. No flush of rose at dawn to tell of the sun's coming, no hint of glory at sunset to tell of his going, nothing but a grey world creeping out to meet a greyer sky. The hills, away behind, which yesterday were bold glad things with the sun on their heads, and the blue mist about their feet, are nuns, grey-faced, grey-robed, grey-veiled. There is no gleam of life, or colour, or beauty. The small lakes dotting the landscape are but sombre grey eyes staring up into space. The gulls flying over are grey, the wild ducks swimming warily by reeds and rushes are grey. The very rain is grey—no sparkle to its drops, no frolic to its patter.

Nothing breaks the monotony of these vast plains. No rancher's shack, no settler's cot, no man at the plough, no woman at an open door, nothing lessens the weird effect of the greyness. No sound of life, no stroke of hammer, no lowing of cattle, no cry of a child at play lifts the curtain of silence. So grey and desolate the land stretches

itself in the softly falling rain, you feel to wonder if God did not make it, and then forget it, leaving it to its loneliness and virgin strength and silence.

The other is of a golden day. Golden when the dawn signals so loudly that the earth, dewy and dreamy, and fairer than at any other hour, must needs wake and welcome; golden at noon when the languorous heat presses heavily; golden all the long, long day; golden still when the stars creep out in the saffron sky, and night comes lingeringly over the land with a harvest moon to light her way.

East, west, north, south, as far as the eye can reach in any direction are prairie wheat fields ripening for the harvest. As the west wind stirs, mark the faint line of green mingling with the bronze, and the bronze losing itself in the deep yellow. It is a sea of gold, this great stretch of waving grain—a sea of gold stretching away, away into the dim distance, its ripples running to some far-off shore. The beauty of it thrills you, the immensity of it wakes a wondering reverence. The golden sea has a song of its own—"Seed time and harvest shall not fail! seed time and harvest shall not fail!" The whisper grows into a strain so sweet and clear the heavens bend low to listen. There is a glamour in the air. The turbid Assiniboine has golden lights on its bosom, the poplars on its banks glisten and flutter, a boat going slowly round the bend has cloth of gold for sails. There is a golden glory in the heavens above, a golden glory in the earth below, as though:

God with His own right hand did gently lay
Upon a golden world a golden day.

A NORTHERN REVERIE.

HERE where the pale green twilights brood
On snow and silent pine,
With no world but God's solitude
Between His face and mine;

Here where is bared the untempered tooth
Of blast and boreal cold,
I shall hold question with the Truth
Of those strange tales they told.

Yes, tales that lulled my youth away,
And dreams that drowsed my soul,
Here would I know your worth to-day;
Face, unafraid, the whole!

O hills that know man's old despair,
And wastes my feet oft trod,
Facing His night, I ask, "Is there,
Or is there not a God?"

For though He rend me limb from limb,
And stoop to crush me here,
The hunger to know aught of Him
Is stronger far than fear!

See, not by His soft Aprils crooned
Asleep with folded hands;
Not by His summers, golden-nooned,
Drugged reckless of all bands;

No, not of His vast seas afraid,
Nor by His stars o'erawed,
Lost in His night, but undismayed,
I ask, "Who is this God?"

Odin and Asgard are no more;
The old names pass away.
Ymir is gone, and their grim Thor
Has died this many a day.

These ancient iron hills that brood
Beneath dead Balder's sun—
These aching leagues of solitude
Cry out, "There must be One!"

There must be One who dwells above
The change and dust of Time!
Beyond the storm some final Love,
Some Spring beyond the rime!

Deep in the North, I know there are
Dim runic Lights hung out;
And so I dream He dwells afar
Beyond the snows of Doubt.

I spin my fancies, thread by thread,
And weave my web of thought:
The cage still waits untenanted
Of that dread Name I sought.

And yet, would God stand as before
If knowledge drained the grail,
And life swung wide the barrier door,
And rent the mystic veil?

Ah, whence He came, or whither goes,
I know not, being blind;
My soul walks naked in His snows,
And here some fire must find!

But lo, the Norland solace where
The gold-green twilight ends:
The dusk that buffets me to prayer,
The doubt that still befriends!

The voice that deep as Life doth speak:
"O foolish child and blind,
Too far He dwells for ye to seek,
Too near for ye to find!"

Arthur Stringer.

THE STORY OF IM.

By Howard Farrant.

THE dog was no particular beauty to one who judged by outward appearances. The head was large and unshapely, disfigured by an ugly pair of great flapping ears. The body, of a brownish-yellow colour, was rather short and disproportionately lean in comparison with the great head, while the long ungainly legs added in no slight degree to his whole grotesque appearance. The one redeeming feature was the eyes—those great, brown eyes, wistful as a pleading woman's, almost drew tears from my own, as I gazed into his dog's pure soul.

"Will the Sahib have the dog?" asked Nana Din, deferentially.

The Sahib would have the dog and wondered much where his old servant had got him.

"By your Honour's grace, I have a friend. He had a master who had the dog which is now the Sahib's. My friend is going away with his Sahib and asked me to take the dog. He has a soul."

No one could accuse faithful old Nana Din of taking sudden, unfounded fancies to stray dogs. He knew whereof he spoke when he said, "He has a soul." Nana led out the new dog into the verandah; and from the window, I watched the pair as they walked across the lawn to the animals' quarters. The dog with his beautiful eyes had won a place in my heart.

Next day, coming from the office an hour earlier than usual, I became aware of a presence in the dining-room —a yellowish-brown dog. He did not hear my noiseless tread over the heavy carpets and I stood for a moment at the door, gazing at him as he lay outstretched on the rug before my desk.

He had no business in my room, of course, but it did not occur to me to kick him out, as I had kicked the cat the previous day. I stepped into the room and, quick as a flash, he was upon his feet facing me. I instinctively realized that it would be dangerous to meet as an enemy this strange dog with the human eyes. He advanced slowly to meet me, his tail slowly waving like a huge brush, and put up his great head to be patted. I sat down in my chair and he rested his muzzle on my knee while I fondled him.

In three minutes Nana Din was in the room. He looked at me, then at the dog.

"This dog I left here to learn to know his master's rooms. He can now go to his kennel. He is a good dog, Sahib. Come, Im!"

The dog looked at me, licked my hand and then, reluctantly withdrawing from my caress, retired slowly after my old servant.

"He can come to the office with me to-morrow!" I called down the hall to Nana and I smiled as I saw the sudden waving of the dog's tail at the sound of my voice.

From that day dated my acquaintance with Im. He followed me everywhere, watched over me, waking and sleeping, like my own shadow. He was more human than canine. He never acted like other dogs. I never saw Im ravenously gnaw a bone in preference to the careful dish which Nana Din put before him. He slept across the threshold of my door each night. All day he basked in the heat of my office, but regularly as closing hour came would rise from the floor, look at the clock, then at me, quietly open the door and stand expectantly till I should pass out on my way to my bungalow.

Im never had any companions. Dogs were scarce in our district until one day a new clerk came and with him a dog. She was a pretty little black

spaniel, and from the first Im fell in love with her and, I am sure, she with him. They presently set up housekeeping in a secluded part of my garden; and one bright morning, Im's pretty wife presented him with six small pups as a first instalment towards a family. Im was busy now. He came to see me depart in the morning, and usually trotted as far as the office to accompany me home; while during the day he confined himself to domestic duties, of whatever nature they may have been.

I could plainly see that the dog was anxious lest his desertion of me might cause me to entertain any ill feeling towards him, but I soon relieved him on that score and delighted his faithful heart by sundry little attentions to his family. The kennel was at the farther end of my garden and there I often resorted for a pleasant walk. One evening, a stroll through the shrubbery brought me near the dogs' quarters. I was still some distance away when I felt something soft beneath my foot. At the same instant a faint squeal sounded distinctly, but the warning cry came too late and I shuddered as I heard the crunching of tender bones. The next instant up bounded Im and not till I heard his little whine of distress did I realize that I had killed one of the little ones. Next morning, I came upon the dog burying his dead. He had dug a hole beneath a castor-oil bush and beside the grave sat the mother and father, looking for the last time on their little one. Stooping over the dead, Im sadly licked its little black face, and then, gently picking it up in his mouth, placed it tenderly in the grave and replaced the earth as it had been.

For some months the happy family thrived. The little ones passed from puppy days and began to think of maturer things. One by one I parted with them to friends and at last, one day, Im and his wife were left alone. That night he again took for the first time his accustomed position in my room. It was a wet night, and with some concern, I had seen Nana Din search every nook and corner of my room to be certain that no deadly snake had made its way into the bungalow by reason of the heavy rains. I lay long, listening to the pat pat of the rain on the low roof, but by-and-by sleep came and I remembered no more.

I know not how long I slept, but some hours later I awoke with a start. In the darkness I could hear a struggle going on below me, close beside my bed. Hastily striking a match, I threw a gleam of light on the floor, and there not three feet from my bed lay a huge snake, his coils still quivering in death. Close beside him lay Im, licking his flank. When I leaned over to look at him, he raised his head and fixed upon me such a look of doggish love, as I shall never forget. We did all we could for the poor fellow, but the snake's poison was deadly. He died an hour after.

The next morning, in the early light, Nana Din and the little black spaniel followed me to the castor-oil bush, and there, beside his little one, we buried all that was left of my dear old Im.



BABY BUNTING.

By May Austin Low.

"Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap the Baby Bunting in."

NURSERY RHYME.

BABY BUNTING came when all hope had gone of her ever appearing upon the scene. What she thought of the world she had arrived in she kept to herself, accepting also everything done for her comfort in the most matter-of-fact manner.

Daunt had declared he dreaded the disturbance a baby would make in the house. While his wife admonished him for the heresy, she hoped in her heart that the Baby, when it came, would be a *good Baby*. She hastily ran over in her mind the many women of her acquaintance blessed with motherhood; the blessing had never seemed to her to be an unmitigated one. But then her baby might be—would be—so different to the rest. And so it was, for from the first Baby Bunting, as her father christened her, seemed bound to accept, with great placidity, the responsibility of life imposed, unasked, upon her. Even Madame Demers, the monthly nurse, after a time dropped the key-note of her training, letting the "*Shoo-Shoo-Shooee-Shoo*" rest, when she discovered that Baby Bunting had no desire to break the peace.

"She no cry dis baby, 'cos she no got nothing—no pain for the belly—colique. No not'ing. Tak mickle—no cry—no tak mickle jes de same. She is one *ange*.

The happy mother listened to this rhapsody in her child's behalf, and loved the little Frenchwoman for bestowing it, and before a month was over Daunt was inclined to confess that the Baby made no difference.

But it did make a difference.

Laying awake at night Daunt found himself building wonderful castles in the air, second only to those he had builded in his boyhood, and these were all for a little morsel of humanity, swathed in flannel, reposing upon his wife's breast.

He saw her playing by his side in childhood, prattling her thoughts into his ear; and then came a tall and Queen-like creature who would call him "Father," but that is what Baby Bunting never did. He was Daddy from first to last, and he liked it best.

It remained on record that Baby Bunting had never used her lungs for aught but breath, until the day she blurted out "Dad-dee" in Daunt's delighted face.

Mrs. Daunt declared she was jealous of her husband, but it made her very happy, this close union between him and her little daughter.

It would be: "Dora, I am going into the garden; may Baby Bunting come?" or "Dora, the man wants me in the stables, and Baby Bunting delights in the stables." Wherever he went that he could with a possible pretext take Baby Bunting she would be sure to go. Generally her mode of location was on Daunt's shoulder, one chubby arm wound round his neck for safety, and there was always a kiss to be given for payment before she got down.

There was a bay cob in the stables who had given many years to Daunt's service, and to be, for a moment, perched on his broad back was Baby Bunting's highest delight. When she grew older the cob was taken out into the yard, and led slowly up and down with her in the saddle. This was how Baby Bunting learnt to ride. When she was old enough Daunt bought her a horse of her own, and she accompanied him in many a canter up the Montè, and glorious gallop over the common.

After Daddy, her mother and the bay cob, came next in her affections a curly-headed youth, Ballantyne by name, who frequented the Stone House by the lake, listened to Daunt's tales of by-gone adventures, helped Mrs. Daunt wind her worsted, or had games of romps with Baby Bunting under the sumach trees.

Ballantyne had an uncle who lived near by, and with whom he was supposed to spend his time when he had leave of absence sufficient for him to do so. For Ballantyne was a Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards; but without much pretext Ballantyne managed to spend most of his days when at Chambly with the Daunts.

"Daunt is a capital fellow," he would say to his uncle in explanation of these prolonged visits, "and his wife is the right sort too, and as for Baby Bunting ——"

But here Ballantyne would stop, words failed to describe Baby Bunting as she really was—a little living bundle of red roses and white, with soft fair hair just long enough, and curly enough, to form a golden halo round her head.

Old Ballantyne smiled grimly over his nephew's ecstasies.

"You are young," he would say, "and I wouldn't undeceive you at any price. Go on believing in human nature, if you like, but I tell you it is all rot!" Old Ballantyne, alas! had no feminine influences at hand to soften him. As years went by he retired more and more within himself, growing daily, as such people do, more crotchety and suspicious and unsatisfied.

The story was abroad that old Ballantyne's brother had married the woman of his heart. Be that as it may, old Ballantyne was wonderfully kind in his way to this curly-headed lad, who was that brother's son, and the only living being bearing his name.

Time trod its round, and took Baby Bunting's Daddy away from her.

There was no warning, no gradual change, which accustoms the heart in a measure, to its dreariness. Daunt rode out one morning with his head as straight and his heart as light as a boy's, and was brought home—dead.

Baby Bunting could scarce be brought to believe the cruel truth. She cast herself beside him, covering the cold hands with kisses—crying aloud in her anguish the name that meant the world to her—"*Daddy, Daddy.*"

And for the first time "Daddy" could not answer.

. . . .

Ballantyne heard of Daunt's sudden death and lamented his friend and pitied the widow in her bereavement; but for Baby Bunting his whole heart ached. Sorrow had seemed so far away from her glad eyes.

If he could, he would have gone on the instant to Canada, to where his thoughts were, in that village by the lake; but as this could not be done, he wrote, hoping for an answer, and after a time one reached him.

"Dear Bal.—

I thank you so much for all you have said—we are very lonely, mother and I, and we wish we could see you—though it can never be the same again—we want Daddy so much.

Yours—with affection,
BABY BUNTING."

"And we wish we could see you," that sentence kept ringing in Ballantyne's ears until he could have shouted with joy. It was now two years since he had been in Chambly, and Baby Bunting had not forgotten this. Young love is very true and very strong. Among all the temptations of a military life the boy had walked scatheless, with the memory of Baby Bunting's pure eyes ever before him.

. . . .

It was a smoky-grey day in September of the next year when Ballantyne found himself once more in Chambly. The Savanne was on fire. The smell of the smouldering peat in the air pressed pleasantly upon his senses. So often on such a day as this he and Baby Bunting had sailed about by the old fort, or cantered across the common.

He had not told his uncle of the

actual hour of his arrival, so there was no one to meet him at the little station. Turning the corner quickly he almost ran against a slight figure in a black frock, which brought him to a sudden standstill.

"Why," he cried, "it is Baby Bunting!" and then he was holding her hand, and there were tears in her eyes.

"How pale you have grown, sweetheart, he said," and at his words a flame of colour swept into her cheeks, and she looked away to hide the new light that had leaped into her eyes.

When Ballantyne walked back from the Stone House that evening it was all arranged. Baby Bunting had promised to be his wife.

Mrs. Daunt had cried a little, as might be expected, and then they had both told her she was never to leave them, but when Baby Bunting had bid Ballantyne good-night at the door, her voice had broken.

"If I could only tell Daddy," she cried.

And then this sceptical young soldier who never opened a Bible, and seldom went to church, had caught her to him, saying with conviction:

"He knows—he knows!"

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They were happy days that followed. Old Ballantyne received the news of his nephew's engagement without surprise. There was something in the boy's face—perhaps in the boy's evident belief in a happy future that brought back vividly before him his own love-dream so ruthlessly broken—and dreamed so long ago.

"Thank God, my lad, that she loves you," he said, gripping his nephew's hand so hard that it hurt, and Ballantyne, who knew his uncle never made a show of sentiment, was deeply stirred by his words.

Many a ride had he and Baby Bunting over the common in the cool of the early morning, so many sweet idle hours under the shade of the pine trees in the afternoon.

"The course of true love runs too smoothly," quoted an old dame who had had enough bitterness in her own life to make her disbelieve in the joys of others. And sure enough her prophecy, as most evil prophecies do, came true.

One late September day Ballantyne suggested that they should have a row on the lake. Baby Bunting said a paddle would be better, but Ballantyne preferred a boat with such a precious cargo.

There was a stiff breeze blowing from the north as they pushed out from shore—it strengthened to a gale before they were half way across the lake. It had beaten back the smoke from the Savanne and the air was clearer than it had been for days.

Baby Bunting laughed gaily as the spray dashed up over the gunwale, splashing her from head to foot.

"You are not afraid," said Ballantyne with a glance of admiration and affection into her bright young face.

"Afraid. It is glorious! the wind sweeps the smoke from our souls—oh"—she broke off and gave a cry. A *coup de vent* had been sweeping up from the point, and just then it caught and capsized a small green canoe ahead of them, which had only a woman for occupant.

"Take me back to the shore at once," cried Baby Bunting, with a pale and resolute face and something in the depth of her dark eyes Ballantyne had never before seen there.

"Sweetheart," he said, in sorrow and shame—giving heavy strokes onward.

But then she was at his feet in the bottom of the boat, winding her arms about him.

"For love of me," she cried, "won't you do what I ask you? . . . Let us go back. . . . Nothing can save her in such a sea. . . Do not risk your life . . . and oh! I lost Daddy—" What a cry it was, from her very soul.

But all the soldier was awake in Ballantyne's breast in the face of danger. His voice was calm to sternness.

"I will save her."

He stooped down so as to loosen

Baby Bunting's clasp, and in that moment she had wrenched one oar, rowlock and all, from the socket, and cast it into the water, out of reach!

"Oh you horrible little coward," he cried, and had his coat off, and was in the water in a moment.

Baby Bunting said not a word, but her face was like one turned to stone, as she seized the other oar, using it as a paddle in Ballantyne's track. But her progress was slow.

Presently he came back, swimming with one hand, and bringing the woman with him.

Then Baby Bunting came to herself, giving all the help she could; but by the time Ballantyne had clambered in she had fainted.

They had been so secure in their love and regard for each other, these two, it had never come to either of them that aught could divide, and here, suddenly—something had come and caused a coldness.

Even with Baby Bunting lying pale and listless among the cushions, Ballantyne could not bring himself to forgive her, her apparent cowardice—her desire to make him act as one—for Ballantyne was, after all, made of clay, and his dignity was very dear to him.

He did not go to see Baby Bunting that evening, her indisposition was sufficient excuse. He sent over a note to the Stone House instead, and it was a cold little note for an impassioned lover to send.

"Dear Baby"—he wrote—

"As you are under the weather there is no use my calling. I hope by to-morrow you will have quite pulled yourself together again.

Always yours, BAL."

And it brought back such a loving answer.

"Dearest Bal,—

I *must* write for I want you to *understand*. I was afraid—terribly afraid to-day—but it was not for myself—but all for you, because I love you so—and it seemed as if I could not give you up—even for a brave action—oh! I can't explain it properly—but don't you understand? You said you were going to Montreal to-morrow. I shall be at the station to meet you. Always your own,

BABY BUNTING."

Ballantyne did not understand. Happy-hearted, healthy-minded, how could he gauge a woman's fear—a woman's soul, such as this?

She had shown the white feather—so it stood to him.

He went into Montreal the next day, still with the bitter feeling in his heart, but before the day was over his mood had softened.

He longed for the day's close, the evening train bearing him homeward, and Baby Bunting's smile at the end of the journey.

The road had never seemed so long before, as he whirled countryward when the evening came. He could hardly wait for the train to slacken at the station before he jumped off.

There was an excited group on the platform—a woman crying over a little child, "You might have been killed—you might have been killed," as she covered him with kisses.

Apparently an accident had just been averted.

The crowd broke at sight of Ballantyne, and showed him what he could scarce bring himself to look upon—soldier though he was—something he could scarce have known but for the black frock and golden hair, while to his ears came the station-master's excited explanation:

"De mudder mek one big cry—an Mam-selle she mek one big jump—"

Then Ballantyne *understood*.

THE YOUNG MARTINET.

A TALE OF OLD NOVA SCOTIA.

By Percie W. Hart.

IN the autumn of the year 1746 the shattered remnant of the French Armada found a temporary refuge in the sheltered basin adjacent to where the city of Halifax, Nova Scotia, now stands. This great fleet had been sent to reduce the coast of British North America, from Newfoundland to the Virginias, inclusive. A further incursion among the British West Indies was also contemplated by the ambitious projectors. But, somewhat after the fashion of its Spanish predecessor, the sudden raids of the smaller and more readily handled English craft, the lack of discipline resulting from jealousy among the leaders, and the wrath of the storm-winds, had played havoc with these extensive plannings. To add to their troubles a plague of small-pox and scurvy broke out on board the few ships that finally reached the rendezvous. Over a thousand French soldiers and sailors, and several hundred of their Indian allies, were buried upon the shores of the picturesque Bedford Basin.

On a certain morning in October, a little expedition started away from the collection of hastily-improvised hospital and barrack buildings, and entered the virgin forest. No gathering of comrades cheered the detachment on its way. Save for the perfunctory salutes of the few posted sentries, the departure was scarcely noted by the miserable camp. Several Indians were in the lead as guides. After them trudged over a hundred Musketeers of the Guard, sullen and haggard-looking for the most part, borne down by the weight of the general affliction.

The officer in command of the party was well along in years, gray-moustached, and lean of body. Beside him marched a mere stripling, a lad of about sixteen years. The latter also wore an officer's uniform, although he had no real rank at that time. Baron Audrey L'Ardoise was a younger son of a noble family, and had been sent out under the care of Vice-Admiral D'Estournelle, to learn the practical workings of his chosen profession. The youth had already spent some years under military tutelage and was strongly imbued with the stern theories of the time.

"How comes it that you chose this sorry expedition, baron?" remarked Captain Ambon, after they had passed out of sight of the great stricken camp and were advanced several miles inland.

"The death of my guardian has made the place distasteful to me," replied the lad gloomily. "Moreover, there should be chance for glory with you, my captain."

The officer laughed bitterly, and then, looking to see that they were not within easy earshot of the troops, said:

"I was amazed when I saw the council were willing to let you sacrifice yourself."

"Sacrifice?"

"Why, yes. That is the whole truth. What do you imagine we will be able to accomplish?"

"It is a splendid plan," cried Audrey vigorously. "We join forces with DeRamazay and invest Fort Royal from the landward side. Meanwhile, the fleet goes round, first blockades, then bombards, and these English surrender. What would you have? They are trapped."

"But supposing we can effect no junction with DeRamazay? By his last message he is in rapid retreat up country."

"Then we could, at least, hold the

garrison in check by feints and attacks calculated to give them a most exalted idea of our numbers. With the arrival of the fleet——"

"Ah! That is the main point."

"You speak incredulously?"

"I have very good reason to know that our navy is too demoralized to be trusted. Let them but once get away from the plague-infested anchorage, and the new admiral will easily find some excuse to head for France."

"You astonish me!"

"There is yet time for you to return. We are scarcely an hour's walking distance from camp."

"Sir!"

"I can improvise a message to the council which will relieve you from the slightest chance of censure. Come, baron, you are young, with everything to live for. Go back while the door is open, and leave the empty honour of extermination by the enemy, or, more likely, the perishing miserably from starvation, to a gray-beard like myself."

"Captain Ambon, this is a strange fashion of insulting me!"

"You bristle up like a bantam cock!"

"I am a gentleman, and hope to be a soldier."

"Hey-day! Forgive me, lad. I am old enough to be your father, and spoke as I would to mine own son. I see you are determined to die with us. Be it so then. Let me say one thing."

"What is it?"

"If you had been my son, and turned back after setting your face to the gale upon the invitation, I should have disowned you. As it is, I am about to confer an honour."

"But, my captain, I do not——"

"Soldiers, halt!" bellowed the officer.

The little column was some paces ahead of the conversing pair, but close enough to heed the order.

"Musketeers of the Guard," went on Captain Ambon, as the ranks stood at attention, "by virtue of my authority, I hereby nominate and confirm the Baron Audrey as second in command during the present campaign. You are to give him full obedience."

The soldiers remained silent and immovable.

"What, not a cheer, villains?" shouted the lean captain indignantly.

"If it please you, sir," announced a tall sergeant, saluting and stepping from the ranks as he spoke, "whatever you order is law to us, but we reserve our breath for marching."

"It is always Gaspard who has the pert reason for everything," retorted the officer angrily. "Forward, rascals. I might have known better than to waste courtesy upon such a pack."

It was no easy route by which they were travelling. From all appearances it might never before have known the tread of a human being. The tree trunks grew closer and closer together the farther they proceeded. In many places the lower branches interlaced with the shrubbery in such a fashion as to necessitate the hacking of a clear path. There were prostrate forest giants to clamber over, and slippery-rocked boisterous brooks to pass, in almost monotonous succession. The emaciated soldiers were weighted down with equipment and supplies. No verbal complaint was heard, but bloodshot eyes and laboured motions, gave evidence of the strain. Long before nightfall they were compelled to halt and make camp. The second day's journey was no better than the first. Likewise the third. On the morning of the fourth day came an Indian runner to inform the officer that DeRamazay awaited him at a certain spot some forty miles distant. By this time fully one-third of the soldiers had to be helped along by their more rugged companions.

"Come. Things are happening in proper course," chirped the young baron, making quite a successful attempt at cheerfulness.

"Why not a hundred or a thousand miles?" cried Captain Ambon petulantly. "They would be much the same as forty at our present rate of progress."

"Pshaw! 'Tis but a trifle. Most

likely the road will soon be easier. This interminable labyrinth of wood and water should certainly have an end. Give us but open country enough to stretch our legs upon, and—My captain, what is it? You stagger. Your face is flushed."

"Nothing, nothing. A fit of dizziness. That is all," replied the officer in feeble tones, and fell to the ground in a sort of stupor.

The position of the young baron for the next day or two was most trying. Captain Ambon partially recovered consciousness only to relapse into mild delirium. He was carried along upon an improvised litter. Many of the men were in open mutiny, and treated their youthful officer with scant respect. During the night following the captain's attack of sickness, the Indian guides, probably scenting the failure of the expedition, deserted the party. It required all the tact of which the young volunteer was capable, to induce the disheartened soldiers to press forward. One thing slightly encouraged them. This was the emerging upon a tract of open country. It was only a rolling waste of scrawny sand-hills and poor soil, but, nevertheless, a delightful change from the dispiriting gloom of the forest. They made camp near a tiny brook, which wound its way upon the margin of a stretch of perfectly level green sward.

"This reminds me of the drill ground at Amiens," muttered the cadet, gazing thoughtfully around him.

"What has happened? Where am I?" thickly queried the stricken officer, who lay upon the litter close beside the baron, at the same time endeavouring to rise upon one elbow and failing.

"The saints be praised!" ejaculated Audrey. "You are yourself again, my captain. I willingly resign the unwilling command I have been holding of late."

"No, no. Listen to me," put in Captain Ambon huskily and with great apparent effort. "I fear that my mind begins to wander already. Where was I? Yes. Listen!"

"Your orders, my captain!" cried the young volunteer, leaning affectionately over the ailing man.

"You—you must join DeRamazay," commenced the officer. "In order to do this, it will be absolutely necessary for you to preserve strict discipline. I will—I will—speak—to—the—men. Marie, Marie, you look so pretty in that pink dress. Has the artillery passed the ford? It is—what a flower garden for the children!".....And again the old soldier went off into the babble of delirium.

Upon the following morning came the crisis. It was bad weather to begin with, and that means much in human undertakings. Threatening clouds covered the whole sky. The sun's light seemed well-nigh obscured. The air was heavy with promise of storm. After the scant breakfast, some twenty or thirty of the soldiers who had almost succumbed to weakness and fatigue, lay upon the sward uncared for and uncaring, while the main body gathered in noisy groups and discussed matters. Finally, the tall sergeant who had been their spokesman upon a former occasion, left them, and advanced towards where the Baron Audrey sat by the sick captain.

"I regret to inform you, sir," said the non-commissioned officer, punctiliously bringing his hand to the salute, "that the men have determined to try and make their way back to the army. As soon as you are ready we will set out."

"At the moment I am in command," retorted the stripling coolly. "I have decided that we will rest and recuperate to-day, continuing our advance upon the morrow."

"But, sir, I have tried in vain to reason with them, and they"—began Gaspard.

"You interrupt me," went on the young baron. "This afternoon the men must parade for drill and inspection. Only those too weak to bear arms will be excused."

"It is madness for —"

"What! You retort upon your

commanding officer? Have a care or I shall feel compelled to reduce you to the ranks. Inform these triflers of my intentions. Go."

Awed into silence by the stern tones of the young volunteer, the sergeant again saluted and returned to his comrades. The message was received with scorntul jeerings, too loudly uttered to be unheard by Audrey. The soldiers gathered up their accoutrements, and after placing an abundant store of the provisions alongside of the silent baron, started away, the stronger men assisting the weaker. The slow-moving crowd soon disappeared over the crest of a hillock.

Audrey felt despair tugging strongly at his heart, but continued to administer as well as he was able to the wants of his patient. Within an hour the lonely young commandmant was astonished to see a soldier come crawling painfully back towards the brook. Later on, others followed by twos and threes and fours. To add to his wonderment, every now and again he caught sight of the main body upon some one of the nearby elevations, keeping sturdily onward. He could not understand it. At length he unbent sufficiently to inquire the cause of this erratic marching of a returned soldier, who sat crouched upon the ground near at hand, alternately praying and cursing.

"'Tis an enchanted country," howled the man. "I know not the reason for it, but one quickly loses all sense of direction. Point as we would we came back to the starting place over and over again. We are doomed to perish within its confines."

"The hills and hollows blind the eyes by their sameness," put in another; "and the very trees and bushes appear to be placed alike. It is worse than being placed down in the midst of a strange forest."

The young volunteer could not refrain from smiling.

At length the main body trooped sullenly back to the camp and drew near him. Sergeant Gaspard came forward shamefacedly.

"Show us but the way out of this horrible place, my commander," cried the soldier pitifully, "and we will follow you to the end of the world."

"It is time for parade," replied the young officer sternly, rising from the ground as he spoke in order to buckle on his sword.

"But"—began the sergeant impetuously.

"Have you forgotten the admonition I gave some hours ago?" cried Audrey. "This answering back to an officer bespeaks poor discipline. Tear off your chevrons. You are no longer a sergeant."

"I implore you to save us!" pleaded the poor fellow, falling upon his knees.

"Get up, man!" called the lad. "Kneel only to God. It is as easy for true soldiers to march across this plain as if there was a paved roadway to guide. Fear nothing so long as you render proper obedience to your superiors."

"Oh, this is good to hear," cried Gaspard, his face lit up with the joy of renewed hope. "Will you not forgive and leave me my rank? Never again shall"—

"All must depend upon future conduct. Now for parade. Let the men fall in."

There were some mutterings and scowls. Human nature has its limits. But Gaspard's counsels prevailed. The tired soldiers drew up in accustomed ranks, and after being inspected by their stony-faced young acting commandant, marched and countermarched to his peremptorily called orders. The sick and helpless ones, crouched upon a margin of the natural drill ground, watched his every motion with greedy eyes.

Next morning the party was early astir. The men lined up, perfectly obedient to command, the litter-borne officer and weakly ones at their head. The young baron selected three privates for his own use and bade the tall Gaspard lead the main body along the route given. Himself always in the

rear, the acting commandant placed his human markers a few hundred feet apart, and sighted so that the centre soldier stood in exact line with the other two. As soon as the column had marched abreast of the middle marker, the rear one was sent ahead to take up position in front; thus forming the centre man into the rear marker for the time being. In such fashion the detachment was able to make a perfectly straight course across the bewildering sand plain.

"Peste!" grumbled Gaspard, as they at length came in sight of the forest's fringe. "Muscle and valour are, apparently, not the only essentials for proper soldiering. Brains seem to be somewhat necessary."

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Some five months later, although basely deserted by the fleet, as foretold by Captain Ambon, the young baron and his Musketeers of the Guard participated in the gallant capture of Grand Pré; in which action Colonel Noble and over a hundred of his Massachusetts regiment were killed. After the surrender of the British, conquerors and conquered joined in a hearty banquet, toasting the fallen heroes of both sides, and separated with much openly expressed regret.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION AT UNIVERSITIES.

By S. Morley Wickett, Ph.D.

THE introduction of commercial teaching at universities is a recognition of the growing claims of business upon trained ability. That the professions alone called for a liberal education is an old view rapidly giving ground. The exigencies of commerce, especially of international commerce, in the wonderful proportions it has assumed during the last twenty years, and the universal interest with which its course is followed have raised a commercial career to a new plane of dignity and responsibility. This result is certainly in no small measure an outcome of the ethical view of business whose moderating influence is happily beginning more and more to tell.

I do not refer here so much to technical education popularly so-called, as to something broader and more advanced in which one studies not merely the laws of production, but the manifold laws of distribution as well: commercial geography and industrial history; wages and prices; tariffs and transportation; banking; modern languages and commercial law; besides some of the natural sciences. The phrases commercial course and business course have too long been synonymous with something good as far as it goes and extremely useful, but something not at all suggestive of a liberal education. We shall have to revise our phrases.

University instruction on theoretical business subjects, it must not be forgotten, does not imply necessarily a great change in academic work. For business men can already find much work of interest to them in the curricula of our larger universities. It means in most cases chiefly the grouping of selected lectures into a definite course of study, along with some slight modification of detailed work, with perhaps an additional topic or two to be lectured upon. We have here, in the main, merely a change of attitude between universities and public, and public and universities.

Concerning higher commercial training in Canada, it is a matter of congratulation that such representative and influential organizations as the

Canadian Manufacturers' Association and the Toronto Board of Trade, have already placed themselves on record as strongly in its favour. The resolution of the Manufacturers' Association, inviting our academic bodies to consider the question of undertaking more of such work, was sent to all our larger universities. So far the University of Toronto alone has formally responded by drawing up a two-year course of study admirably fitted to the requirements of a commercial career. The Toronto Board of Trade at once expressed its appreciation by generously granting an annual scholarship of $250 for the student taking the highest stand.

As regards special business training the commercial experience of Germany, France and Belgium has spoken decidedly in its favour. Two of our most representative business associations, we have seen, have also expressed themselves in a way that cannot be misunderstood. Yet objections are still met with in some quarters which it may be well to examine. These objections seem to rest largely on two misconceptions. In stating them I will draw in part from an article on Commercial Education, published some time ago in the *North American Review*, by Mr. James Bryce, M.P.

In the first place, commercial education does not turn every boy into a competent business man. This is what no education will or can do in any trade or profession whatever. Many young fellows of good ability, who have had the best instruction money can buy, do not succeed, whether it be in business or in law, in medicine or in soldiering, because a host of other things besides ability and education are elements in success. Industry, honesty, sobriety, steadiness of application, pleasant manners, social tact and knowledge of human nature, the power of inspiring confidence, all count for much in winning success in any walk in life. In business as well as in law or soldiering no amount of teaching, or, for the matter of that, no amount of cleverness will ensure success. All that preparation can possibly do is to make those who have the natural gifts somewhat better, and to make those not so well endowed somewhat less bad. And as the majority of young men are neither so capable as to be sure of success however ill-trained, nor so incapable as to be certain to fail, however well trained, the difference which training may make seems sufficient to determine us to give it.

The second mistake is to suppose that a young man so prepared will, during his first business experience, be as useful to his employer as one who had entered the office or warehouse or factory two years sooner. But there ought to be little doubt which youth, other things being equal, in a reasonable time, will be the more efficient.

Following the afore-mentioned writer—and Prince Florizel (Mr. Godall) in Stephenson's *The Dynamiters*—one must distinguish at the outset between *aptitudes* and *knowledge*. Commercial education seeks to train the mental faculties and to impart certain kinds of knowledge most serviceable in business. The habit "of using one's head," of observing quickly, keenly and accurately, and of reflecting on facts observed, of putting facts together, and asking the reason for them, is something precious in all walks in life. In the shifting conditions of commerce this means a faculty and habit quite as valuable as in any profession. Some people too readily imagine, as already observed, that business is an easier sort of occupation than a profession and demands less active minds. Moreover, in this social age it is not to be forgotten that the well-educated, able and alert business man has open to him exceptional possibilities, not alone for commercial success, but also for exerting a helpful influence within his sphere.

This question of higher commercial training leads us to ask as to the relation of universities to the general intellectual life round about them. A peculiarity of German universities, for example, is the fact that they form the active centres of German scientific

thought. Oxford and Cambridge, on the other hand, constitute a life almost apart from the main current ebbing and flowing near them. The two great English universities have indeed their work to perform, and they are performing it. It is being left to the other universities, such as Glasgow and Victoria and Birmingham, and others, to come more directly in touch with everyday life. As for a young country like Canada, it seems as if the mission of a university can, for a considerable time to come at least, be none other than to provide for the teaching of all the main departments of knowledge and skill in a philosophic spirit and upon scientific methods.

The writer, when visiting a leading technical college in a certain American city, received the impression that, generally speaking, the students there were being simply trained for traffic. The presence of commercial instruction at our universities should in this respect act as a leavening and broadening influence, and teach business men to look upon business from a higher standpoint, as a fit matter for science, as a subject which may engage the higher faculties of thought instead of being regarded solely from the side of pecuniary gain. Nothing would do more, as the experienced parliamentarian remarks, to secure sound legislation in all questions of currency and taxation, especially in tariff questions, than a mastery by the leading business men of a country of the scientific theory of production and distribution. Nothing would go further towards assuring commercial stability, and therewith social well-being. The business and theory of distribution are indeed to be learned just as much as are the laws of production.

In providing such a training the influence of universities will be extended in an important respect. For, as is clear to all, the world is coming to look more and more to the trained common-sense and broad social sympathy of its business men. As for Canada, whose export trade is now rapidly developing, it remains to be seen to what extent those equipping themselves for a commercial life will take advantage of the increased and increasing facilities for a business education.

THE NORTH LAND'S WELCOME.

WE, of the strong young nation, that dwelleth over the sea,
Stretch out our hands in welcome, of the North, O Prince, to thee ;
Come, see our mighty wheat-fields bowed with their weight of grain,
Our wondrous stretch of forest reaching from main to main.
Hear how the cataract thunders its voice across the land,
Bidding our foes have caution, an' ever we raise our hand ;
Hark, how its echo drifteth forever full and free
Till it fades, and fading dieth, in the depth of the troubled sea !
Naught have we of the clamour of England's millions' feet ;
We cannot raise so great a cheer, as they, thy face to greet ;
But from the ice-bound Artic, where the lonely hunter dwells ;
From the cliffs of the Rocky mountains ; where the scream of the sea-gull swells ;
Yea, from the north and eastward, from the south to the westward far,
Strong as the never-failing beam that falls from the Northern star,
We offer love from every heart—offer it full and free,
We, of the strong young nation, that dwelleth over the sea.

Helen Baptie Lough.

A NEW INDUSTRY FOR CANADA.

By John R. Bone.

AN agitation begun more than twenty-five years ago resulted, in the Province of Quebec, in an attempt being made to follow the example of European countries in the manufacture of sugar from beets. The promoters after working away for a few years and meeting new difficulties at every turn became discouraged, and after a final effort at Farnham about eight years ago the project was abandoned. Since then, the problem of the manufacture of sugar in Canada has been treated with cold neglect. Quite recently, however, the question has been mooted again, and foreign capital—ever nervously seeking some comparatively safe investment—has been casting designing glances on our fertile fields in the belief that they can be made the scene of a successful founding of the industry. Possibly the next year or two will see one and perhaps more beet sugar factories in operation in Ontario. At this point it seems opportune that a short sketch of the industry as it has developed in Europe and America, as well as a forecast o its probable success in Canada, should be given to the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The career of the industry on its way to final success has been exceptionally varied and checkered. As far back as 1747, a German chemist, Maggraf, after a series of most diligent experiments, read a paper before the Berlin Academy of Sciences, showing how sugar might be obtained profitably from the beet. Maggraf, however, was modest, poor, uninfluential and a discoverer. Such a combination of qualities could have but one result—Maggraf was looked upon by his contemporaries with great compassion as a poor enthusiast. The man died, but the idea lived; and by the time of the Napoleonic wars, it had been clearly demonstrated that such a process of obtaining sugar was quite practicable. The wars interfering with the importation of the tropically manufactured cane sugar, quite an industry, in a small way, sprang up in both France and Germany. With the cessation of hostilities cane sugar rushed in freely again, and the process of manufacture of the beet sugar being at that time so little perfected that it could not compete with its easily made rival, the insignificant beet was forced to retire in disgrace.

The beet had good backers, however, in the continental chemists, who immediately set to work to put it in a position to compete with the cane. Slowly but surely their efforts were crowned with success. In England, curiously, the new industry was looked upon with contempt. The press, the stage, the illustrators, the clubs, the politicians, vied with each other in pouring ridicule and abuse on the earthy root, which claimed it could produce sugar. The stolid German scientists worked away undismayed however, and the industry after meeting many difficulties, after meeting every influence which could tend to depress it, has attained such proportions that it can in recent years boast that it brings annually to France and Germany over $60,000,000, besides supplying the domestic demand. And England has had to acknowledge it as one of the chief competitors of her own great commercial interests. There is little of ridicule or abuse in a statement of Sir George Baden-Powell's in a recent "Fortnightly," that "the enormous development of the beet sugar industry on the continent is one of the most striking of the industrial phenomena of the century."

The truth probably is that England was thinking of her cane-producing Indian possessions. The struggle be-

tween the beet and the cane has been a battle royal—a battle between Art and Nature—with the result even yet in doubt. Some knowing ones have on diverse occasions, declared that the beet would have to go, that it was being temporarily pampered only by government bounties. But the quantity of beet sugar manufactured has been doubling and trebling as the years pass, while cane sugar is scarcely holding its own. Each year science brings some new force to the support of the beet—some labour-saving device, some fertilizer specially adapted for the root; Nature did her best for the cane years ago. Syndicates with their money invested in cane fields, seeing the danger, have been making vigorous moves. In England some three years ago a commission was appointed to investigate the grievances of the Indian growers, with a view to re-fixing the tariff. An American firm has obtained expert botanists, and posted them off to the cane fields, to preside at the nuptials of the flowers, in the hope that by a process of selection of the fittest a more profitable cane may be obtained, and so the fight goes on; which will ultimately win it is difficult to foresee with certainty.

But to return to the growth of the beet industry. Our neighbours to the south, with characteristic push, did not long let the continental manufacturers have the field to themselves. In 1830 some experiments were made. It was several years later before an attempt was made to run a factory. When it was made it was a failure. So was the second attempt. So were many others. Trial after trial made in various parts of the country, resulted only in a considerable loss of capital. One wonders that the scheme was not early thrown up in disgust. But such a thought seems not to have entered the minds of the enthusiastic promoters. Events show that their persistence and confidence were well founded, for the long and tedious road led eventually to success, although that success has only been arrived at during the past ten years.

It was reasoned that if the industry could be carried on successfully in Northern Europe it could also be established in the States. Indeed, many distinct advantages were claimed for the American manufacturer over his European competitor. The promoters of the scheme pointed to the natural fertility of the soil, quite surpassing that of Germany and Austria. They claimed that as compared with the foreigner they had a much more favoured market, for while the factories of Europe turned out such a large quantity of sugar that it had to seek a foreign market, the home consumption in the States was so great that it would greatly exceed the sugar they could hope to make for many years to come. If the foreign capitalist was favoured by bounties—averaging, as a rule, about one cent a pound—the disadvantage was met by the duty amounting to about the same. In fact, they had the tariff amended so that in addition to the regular duty, sugar upon which a bounty had been paid was forced to pay a tax equal to this bounty before entering the country. A further reason given for the success of the American venture would probably be advanced by no other nation under the sun; with calm self-confidence it was asserted that the innate ingenuity and enterprise of the American nation was a large asset, upon which they could rely for ultimate success. Events have proved that the claim was more than an idle boast. Nearly all of the improvements in the process of sugar extraction in recent years have been of American origin. One instance may be cited. The machinery for one of the first factories was, of course, brought from Germany. One year's operation was long enough to enable one of the brainy employees to render obselete by clever inventions no less than $35,000 worth of the foreign machinery.

The natural advantages of the country were not the only inducements to attempt the industry. In recent years the United States has paid for imported sugar $100,000,000 annually. To

keep this amount of money in circulation at home would be no small item towards the prosperity of any nation. The question consequently became a national one as well as a personal one. Congress recognized that the matter was worthy of its attention, and no pains were spared to help the founding of the industry. Experiments—most thorough and varied, have been and are being carried on by the Government chemist and his staff—experiments to decide the most suitable climatic conditions, the best soil, the best methods of cultivation, and so on. Most extensive reports and bulletins based on these experiments have been issued by the Secretary of Agriculture. One instance will show how extensive and liberal the efforts of the Government have been. In 1897 more than 2,000 samples of beets were collected from almost every State in the Union, and individually analyzed and the results tabulated.

To such united, systematic and determined effort there could be but one result. The industry is firmly established and growing by leaps and bounds. During the last few years factories have sprung up from Maine to California. The last year has witnessed a phenomenal increase in the number of factories. To the west in Bay City, Cairo and other Michigan towns new factories are running up each year. Meantime Canadians have not made much progress. So far they have been content to watch in apathy the success of their more enterprising cousins. Will this apathy continue, or will our natural canniness allow us to reap some of the benefits of the experiences of reverses and final success of our neighbours? One company has been formed and a bounty has been arranged for in one province.

Many reasons are given for the failure of the experiment in Quebec. Sufficient capital was not behind the enterprise to make the factory large enough, nor to give the baby industry strength to weather a storm or two. Difficulty was experienced in getting the farmers to take up the scheme and get them to grow sufficient beets. At any rate the promoters soon became discouraged and sold out. The plant was bought by an American firm who began operations in Rome, N. Y. The following significant item appeared in a recent issue of *The Sugar Beet*, whose editor, by the way, has perhaps done more than any other individual to father the industry in America—"The factory at Rome has been in operation for some years. It is found that it was a mistake to bring the factory from Canada."

The collapse of that attempt threw a wet blanket on the ardour of Canadian experimenters. At about the same time Mr. Wm. Saunders, of the Experimental Farm, prepared, under the instruction of the Minister of Finance, a report on the production and manufacture of beet sugar. A mass of useful and interesting facts were collected. The deduction that Mr. Saunders made from them was, that it would be inexpedient to attempt the production of sugar in Canada. So far the public has agreed with him.

It will be readily recognized that if it is possible to manufacture sugar from beets in Canada at any profit it would greatly benefit us to do so. During the fiscal year of 1899 Canada imported sugar to the following extent:—

Country.	Value.
Great Britain	$207,748
United States	782,949
Argentine Republic	68,506
Australasia	960
Austria	79,838
Belgium	766,265
British Guiana	51,934
British West Indies	500,403
China	56,222
Dutch East Indies	241,934
Danish West Indies	14,257
France	538,194
Germany	1,905,144
Hawaii	110
Holland	28,281
Italy	744
Peru	350,875
Spanish West Indies	297,458
Other Spanish Possessions	140,606
Turkey	3
Other Countries	59
Total	$6,032,490

The question remains, Is it possible to manufacture sugar from beets in Canada at a profit? Of the $6,000,000 worth of sugar we import it will be seen that the biggest amount comes from France, Germany and Belgium. If these nations can grow beet sugar and send it over here so cheaply that we can buy it in preference to cane sugar, why cannot we make it for ourselves? Or again, are we not in as good position to compete with those nations as our friends to the south? The sugar tariffs are quite similar in the two countries; as in the States we have a duty of about a cent a pound, which easily neutralizes any bounties and puts our manufacturers on an equal footing with the foreigner. We are as well situated otherwise as the Americans; we have the home market, the fertile land, and if we are too modest to put a value on our "innate ingenuity and enterprise," we can, at least, profit by that beside us and share the benefits of their improved machinery and methods.

That the industry will soon be one of the leading ones in the States is established. The writer had the privilege of recently visiting the factories in Binghamton, N.Y., and other places, and the stockholders everywhere are most enthusiastic. Their only fear is that the Government will allow free sugar to come in from their newly acquired possessions. Nevertheless, new factories and increased capacities are the order of the day. It is a booming business. Why should Canada lag wearily behind?

Southern Ontario seems especially suited for this industry. During the past two years, indeed, some experiments have been made in Ontario; several samples of beets have been analyzed and have been found to yield from 14 to 18% sugar and to be free from injurious impurities. In the States and foreign countries 12% is considered a high percentage. To be adapted for the location of a sugar factory, a locality should have an abundance of pure water, a cheap fuel and a limestone free from silicates. Several such localities are known to the writer in Ontario.

Farmers should easily be persuaded to take up the growing of beets. An acre of land will grow easily 12 to 15 tons of beets. The minimum that is now paid for beets in the States is $4.00 a ton. The cost of cultivating the land, marketing the beets, etc., is not more than $30.00 per acre, and this allows full wages for all work done. Thus a net profit would be given of from $18 to $30 an acre. A farmer in Nebraska cleared over $1,300 from 40 acres, after paying $900 to send his beets to the factory by freight.

The man who invests his money in the factory runs a risk, of course, but the following estimate would seem to indicate that he might go further and find a worse investment. The figures are based on actual experience, and are for a factory of a capacity of 500 tons of beets per day.

Cost of factory and plant	$375,000
Capital required for year's running expense	50,000
Total capital required	$425,000

EXPENSES.

6% interest on $425,000 capital	$ 25,500
Depreciation of 7% on machinery	17,500
Insurance	3,000
Salaries and other general expenses	35,200
Wages to labourers	24,000
Coal, limestone, oil, etc., etc	32,000
50,000 tons of beets at $4 a ton	200,000
Total	$337,800

RETURNS.

Sugar, granting beets to have 11% average, at $92 a ton	$506,000
Pulp, seed, etc	5,000
Total	$511,000
Net profits	$173,200

Nevertheless, experts may recommend, scientists may be confident, enthusiasts may try, confiding capitalists may invest—but it is experience alone that can assert success. The experiment of a beet sugar factory in Ontario will be awaited with the greatest interest.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THE assassination of President McKinley was the most extraordinary incident of the past month. The men of this generation have seen three Presidents of the United States struck down by the hand of the assassin. When the first of these perished a million men were in arms ready to obey to the death, if need be, a wave of his hand or a nod of his head. Yet the puny blow of a hysterical strolling play-actor laid him low. There have been incidents of this kind in the past, but the murders of the Duke of Buckingham and of Spencer Percival, for example, were due to the indulgence of personal grievances, real or fancied. The assassin of President McKinley had no personal grievance against his victim. The blow was aimed at society. The President was the personification of government and law and order, and as such he was struck down. Of course none of these things were actually struck down or imperilled in any way, so that if the world is to be reformed by means such as these, we must look for a long succession of brutal, cowardly and treacherous assassinations as the footprints of this red beast of revolution.

Reasoning with anarchy is like reasoning with the inmates of Bedlam. The crime, say the defenders of anarchy, is the expression of social despair. Despair on the part of whom? The assassin has youth and health and strength, had money enough to enable him to travel about the country and put up at comfortable stopping places. No indication is afforded that he found difficulty in obtaining employment. He has never been in worse case than some of the men at certain periods of their lives who have occupied the Presidential chair. Numbers of men from like condition have raised themselves to positions of influence and affluence. There was nothing to prevent this Polish youth from achieving a measure of competency and independence. While such is the case, why should

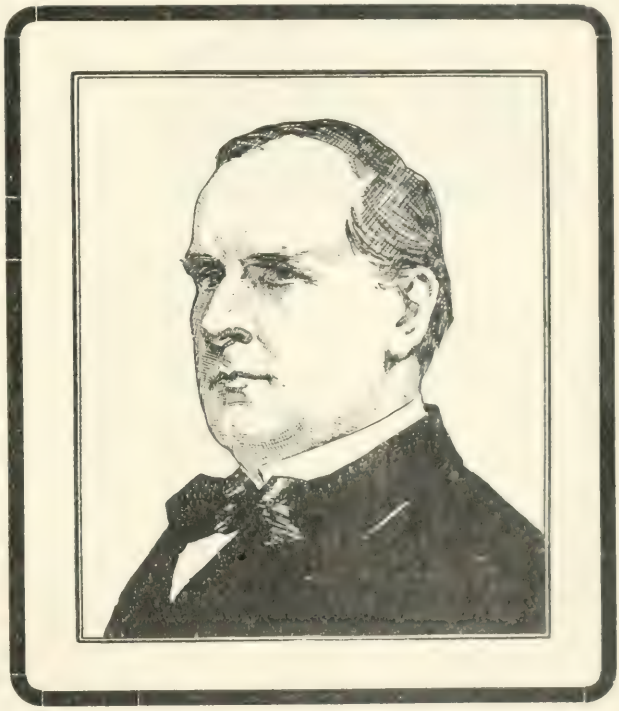
A NUISANCE ON INTERNATIONAL STREET



UNCLE SAM—"The neighbours all said he was a mean brute, but who'd have thought he would ever turn on me?"—*Toronto Star.*

youth and health and strength despair? If it was on behalf of others that he struck, that the despair of others moved him, one would think that so sympathetic a nature could scarcely be induced to approach an inoffensive man with his hand outstretched to greet him, while the other held the weapon of murder.

Is the attitude of the masses of the United States an attitude of despair? That there is discontent is undoubted, but is it not a discontent that, far from despairing, is struggling towards better conditions, and not struggling towards them with revolver in hand? Was there ever a time when there was so general a recognition of the principle that the toiler was entitled to a greater proportion of the wealth he creates, that he should have something better to look forward to than an old age of penury and misery? He may complain that the finding of remedies seems a slow process. In this, however, it resembles everything that has contributed to the progress of man.



THE LATE PRESIDENT McKINLEY, SHOT AT BUFFALO SEPT. 6TH.

Discontent is probably a chosen instrument by which the vast design for man's advancement is carried out. A world that was wholly contented with itself would stand still. That we have not reached that stage yet is perfectly clear. The labourer is discontented that he is not a mechanic, the mechanic that he is not foreman, the foreman that he is not proprietor, the proprietor that he is not a millionaire, the millionaire that he is not Carnegie. And I presume the circle of discontent is completed when we speculate that Carnegie never meets a rosy-cheeked country lad on the Sutherlandshire roads, but he wonders how much of his millions he would be willing to part with to exchange places. A man has observed and reflected very little who has not seen happiness blossoming in the most unexpected places. Let each man look about him and he will probably find that the most cheerful man he knows is not he who lives in the greatest pomp and state, but probably some poor old man or woman whose prospects to the worldly eye seem dark enough.

This is all trite enough and perhaps to some ears it has an echo of cant. That does not impeach its truth. None of us wants to be poor. An ambition of that kind could be most easily gratified. The wise man repeats the words of Agur:—"Remove far



PRESIDENT-ELECT ROOSEVELT

from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me." The multitudes of the coming century could easily have a worse bed-head motto than that. If all the world's good things were evenly divided we would not all be rich. Some of us would be more comfortably off. There can be little doubt that the trend of democracy will be in the direction of rendering millionairism less possible, but whether it can reduce the rewards and at the same time maintain the energy which in the past has been exerted to win them, may fairly be doubted. The fact is, that democracy scarcely seems to know what it wants, and certainly does not accept the leadership of assassins. One of the large pieces of irony connected with this startling event was the sight of the minions of authority protecting the life of the rebel against its laws from the rage of those in whose interest he convinces himself he is acting.

The question as to how anarchy should be dealt with arises each time that fresh attention is directed to it by its horrid acts. Some increased violence in the punishment is the popular suggestion, but would be quite ineffective, and would, moreover, degrade humanity. If it were possible to surround the culprit from the very moment of the commission of his crime with absolute secrecy and namelessness, something might be accomplished. If from that hour he became as one that was not, one whose identity was lost, nameless, placeless, futureless, a great incentive to such crimes, namely, diseased egotism, would be removed. For the next few weeks this worthless creature will be made the central figure of a continent, and every other weak-minded, exaggerated first person singular will see the road to attaining the notoriety and attention for which he now thirsts. If it were possible with due regard for the maxims with respect to individual liberty, to arrest, try and sentence such fellows so that neither their name, their place of detention, nor their fate would ever be known, the killing of prominent men for the sake of the notoriety in it would be deprived of much of its present attraction for that type of freak who is now about to begin his performances at Buffalo.

American gallantry may prompt the authorities not to be severe with the Goldman woman, and if that plan had been followed from the first she might not now be the dangerous person she is. But it is worth remembering that a woman anarchist gifted with the power of inflammatory speech is more dangerous than one of the other sex. A man counselling to desperate deeds is apt to be asked why he does not do these things himself. Such is not the case with the female incendiary. She may fittingly appeal to men to do deeds that she would not be expected to do herself. She takes the place in the anarchic revolution that the gentle lady takes in chivalry. She sends forth her red knights pledged to fearful deeds, and the mysterious power of sex is enlisted

in the ranks of murder. In some of the confessions of Mr. McKinley's assailant it is suggested that his admiration for the Goldman woman is not wholly intellectual, and one can fancy his going forth on his mission determined at any cost to win the regard and applause of this modern Hecate.

Mr. McKinley was not a great figure, but he had a perfect genius for attracting devoted friends and conciliating opposition. Office had conferred on him calmness, dignity and kindliness withal. His refusal to participate in the active work of his second campaign lent to him the character of being, not the chief of a party, but the chief of the State. The fortitude with which he met his doom, and the consideration he showed for others, even for the treacherous wretch who murdered him, leave a sweet savour behind them. The ovation delivered the day before his death was a composition well worthy of the Chief Magistrate of a great peaceful nation. It breathed commercial and industrial as well as physical peace, and it is a happy augury for the Republic that Mr. Roosevelt, his successor, specifically states that he intends to pursue Mr. McKinley's policy. The best guarantee of this is that he continues Mr. McKinley's advisers in office. A Cabinet of which John Hay is the head is a guarantee of safe, sound and conservative relations with the rest of the world.

Lord Lansdowne is receiving tardy praise for the skill with which he is managing Britain's foreign affairs, particularly the Chinese mess. Those who were familiar with Lord Lansdowne's record at Ottawa would expect as much. If genius be a capacity for taking infinite pains Lord Lansdowne is a genius. His pleasure in work created it even out of the picked bones of the Governor-Generalship. Ministers in his time were astonished at the familiarity he constantly displayed of the most minute questions that came before him in the shape of public documents to be signed. No document in his time was signed without being first carefully perused. The War Department has been exposed to criticism because of its conduct of the Boer war, but it is altogether likely that time will show that Britain was fortunate in having so thorough a man as Lord Lansdowne in the Secretaryship when the war broke out and for some time before it. When his Lordship took the Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs people were inclined to regard it as a makeshift, but it will not be surprising to find that in him the Empire has found one of the safest and most judicious Foreign Ministers that has ever filled the office.

AVE!

SCION of her whom lov'd we,
Son of her first-born son;
Heir to the Crown she hath scarce laid down—
Heir to the love she won:

GEORGE, for her sake whom serv'd we,
His whom we serve to-day;
Heir to her zeal for her people's weal—
Heir to our love for aye:

CORNWALL AND YORK, we greet thee!
Son of her son thou art;
Heir to the throne that she made her own—
The throne of her people's heart.

Viator

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited by Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

THE question of Domestic Service, or rather the problem of how to supply the lack of workers in Domestic Service, is becoming one of national importance in Canada. Not only is the comfort and happiness of many homes seriously threatened by the existing state of affairs, but, which is to be much deplored, the difficulty of securing efficient workers in the household is inducing many to give up their homes and go boarding. The ill effects upon children of the loss of home life, and of the substitution of life in a boarding house is apt to be more lasting than might at first be supposed. Therefore in the interests of the children as well as of their parents the whole subject of Domestic Service is worthy of the attention of thoughtful people.

GERMANY'S DOMESTIC SERVICE.

We are told that the reason young girls prefer the smaller wages and often harder work of service in a shop or factory to that in a home, is the fact of the regular hours, the free evenings and what is considered to be the social superiority of the one to the uncertainty and the so-called "degradation" of the other. If that be the case there will have to be some sort of re-organization in the home in order to meet existing conditions before matters will be righted.

The employment of Chinese servants or of lady helps has been thought to be the solution of the difficulty, but Chinese servants are expensive, and while lady helps are excellent provided they are ladies, and are really helps, the combination unfortunately seems to be rare. In Germany the State has considered domestic service a matter for its consideration and supervision, and therefore every domestic servant in that country is personally under its protection. A German lady writes of this matter as follows: "Each one, on entering service, is duly registered at the burgomaster's, or at the nearest police station, and receives a little book containing not only the various rules and regulations of domestic service, the by-laws concerning the 'hiring penny,' the 'fortnight's notice,' and so forth, but blank pages, on which the masters and mistresses subsequently insert the discharge and testimonial. On leaving one situation to enter another the domestic's book must be shown to the police sergeant, who puts the official seal to it and enters the new address in his ledger. This little bit of state interference has a wholesome effect on all parties, for the servant soon feels ashamed of throwing up a good situation without adequate reasons (as too many of our own domestics do), and the most fickle of mistresses does not like what she calls 'everybody' to know that she is difficult to please, and so will go on until some real fault has occurred, when she is obliged to dismiss her domestic, and must distinctly state the real cause of dismissal.

"In connection with the old age and invalid pensions, a new law has been made in Germany for the benefit of servants. Special stamps are issued by the Government for this purpose. Every mistress has to see that her servant is provided with a certain number of these stamps every quarter, usually at the rate of 2d per week.

The servant has a card given to her at the nearest police station, and the stamps are pasted on to it, in most cases by the mistress herself.

"In this way the servant has nearly ten shillings to her credit in the state's bank at the end of the first year. When the card is filled she delivers it up to the sergeant, who gives her an official receipt for the amount on it, and presents her with a new card. If after a few years the girl marries, she receives back, as a wedding dowry from the state, one-half of the money which has been paid in by or for her. If she retires after a certain number of years, or her health fails, she becomes the recipient of an old age or invalid's pension, which helps her to live more comfortably to the end of her days.

"One of the first questions a German lady asks of the servant in quest of a place is, "Have you anything in the savings bank, and are you properly provided with clothes —with three dresses at least, and sufficient underclothing ?"

"'My bank book I can show,' says the domestic, 'and as for my outfit, mother has attended to that.'

"And it is a fact that in Germany you rarely discover a servant-maid or a man-servant without his or her complete trousseau. They know that an outfit is expected of them, and the parents will save and stitch for years in order that their children may have all the necessaries for their proper start in life."

This clever German lady, who has been a resident of Canada for some years, to whom I am indebted for the above information, tells me that she is bringing the matter to the attention of the Dominion Government as a real solution of the present difficulties. The result of her efforts will be awaited with interest.

A statement was made by the Committee on the Emigration of Women at the last annual meeting of the National Council of Women, to the effect that we in Canada can hardly



THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND CHILD

hope to get many servants from Great Britain, as the steamships charge them £5 for a passage to Canada, and only £1 to go to New Zealand, although the latter voyage occupies about a month instead of a week. It was further stated that fifty young women servants are given free passage to New Zealand annually, while none are carried free to Canada. The

following extract from the *London Express* shows that the steamship companies are not alone in giving the preference to other British possessions in this connection. The article in question reads as follows :—

"British girls seeking homes in the Colonies, notably in South Africa, are soon to have material assistance from the Colonial branch of the World's Young Woman's Christian Association, having offices at 26 George-street, Hanover-square, W. Representatives of this association will go to South Africa to establish homes for business women in the Transvaal, to provide employment bureaus for servants, and otherwise encourage the efforts of those endeavouring to assist themselves in a country with which they are unfamiliar. Canvassers are now going about London to secure funds for the erection of buildings for Y.W.C.A. purposes in South Africa. Lack of money has delayed the departure of the women interested, but it is hoped that before many weeks elapse a delegation will have started southward. Miss Mary Morley, treasurer for the World's Young Woman's Christian Association, in an interview on this subject, said :—

"'Mr. Chamberlain's glowing picture of the opportunities for women in South Africa created a profound stir among enterprising girls. As a result they are going to South Africa in great numbers. They will need our help. We intend establishing branch associations at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth and Durban to receive girl emigrants.'"

The Young Woman's Christian Association of Canada is a part of this World's Y.W.C.A. organization. They might well look into this matter and press upon their associates the claims of Canada as a most advantageous home for the British young woman.

WOMEN WORKERS.

No organization of women workers in Canada can show more rapid growth, nor more tangible results from their labours than the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions of the Church of England. At the Fifth Triennial Meeting which has just closed in Montreal a distinctive feature of the reports from most of the eight Eastern Dioceses which were represented was the fact that the number of girls' branches and children's branches is increasing rapidly each year, which augurs well for the continuity of the work. Among many resolutions that were considered was one referring to the grave evils of child-marriage among the Blackfoot, Blood and Piegan Indians in Alberta, which was said to be most detrimental to the Indians as a nation. Little girls, often not more than 13 or 14 years of age, are frequently sold by their parents for a certain number of ponies to an Indian, often to elderly men who already have other wives, some of them old women. The child thus taken away from the Christian Boarding School into the degrading life in the teepee will soon forget the good she has been taught, and often becoming a mother while yet she is a child herself, must surely be unable to bequeath to her offspring the qualities that will improve the race. A piteous story that was told of a little girl found crying on the lonely prairie one cold winter's night, because from fear she had run away from the man who had bought her, and her father had refused to take her back into his teepee, touched the hearts of those who heard it, and made them feel that the law should be invoked to prevent this grave evil. Mrs. Tilton, who has been the presiding officer since the association was formed 15 years ago, was again in the chair, and was cordially welcomed back from England, where she had spent the summer with her husband, Colonel Tilton, of Ottawa, who was in charge of the Bisley Team.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

ON March 10th, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York started on their colony-visiting tour. Their vessel, the S. S. *Ophir*, for the time being dignified with the term "H.M.S.," is accompanied by two fine cruisers. Here and there it has been met and escorted from port to port by other battleships. The trip has been a triumphal procession, with the heir-apparent as the chief figure. The loyalty of the colonies, though feeding on the unseen, has advanced by leaps and bounds during the past twenty-five years. The Colonial Office was not able to keep pace until the advent of that swift runner, the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. Colonial loyalty, pampered by a Colonial Secretary with dreams of a great self-governing and unified Empire, and fed with an occasional sight of royalty, must continue to gain strength and force.

THE ROYAL TOUR

A united Canada, a united Australia, and a soon-to-be united South Africa, are Empire features which are changing the sentiment of an unchanging people. The loyalty to the ancient chieftain has changed to a loyalty to constitutional monarchy and is now changing again to loyalty to a constitutionally-governed Empire. Present-day loyalty in the British Empire excites the wonder of the world, but who would dare analyze its complex and peculiar character?

On Sunday, May 5th, the *Ophir* steamed into Melbourne Harbour without much display. A grand arrival, with the booming of guns from forts and battleships, had been arranged but fell flat. The *Ophir* arrived nearly twenty-four hours ahead of time and the powder was not ready. The half-million of people in Melbourne was increased by another hundred thousand and, when the Monday morning dawned, a crowd of about 400,000 people assembled to make up by their presence and their cheers for the quiet arrival of the previous day. This great crowd was scattered along a route more than six miles in length—six miles of arches, flags and spectators. The *Ophir* and her attendant battle-ships swung up the bay amid smoke and flame from the vessels and forts. The Royal Duke lands. The procession starts, and Melbourne's great day has begun. The six miles are traversed. The Parliament buildings are reached by the Royal guests, followed by the rolling wave of cheers. "Melbourne has seen and welcomed the Prince."

Three days later, the last act in the Federating Drama of Australia is played. A new Parliament is created. Twelve thousand people assemble in the Exhibition Building and "God Save the King" is played by the orchestra, while the Duke and Duchess of York, accompanied by the Governor-General (Lord Hopetoun) and Lady Hopetoun ascend the dais. The Usher of the Black Rod leads in the newly-elected members. The clerk reads the letters-patent authorizing the Duke of York to open the new Parliament. Lord Hopetoun reads the prayer. The Duke reads the Speech from the Throne. The members are sworn in and the Hallelujah Chorus ushers Australia into its new place among the nations of the world. "The Commonwealth is born."*

A busy and festive month and three

*This account of the event is based on Dr. Fitchett's magnificent article in the Australian *Review of Reviews* for May.

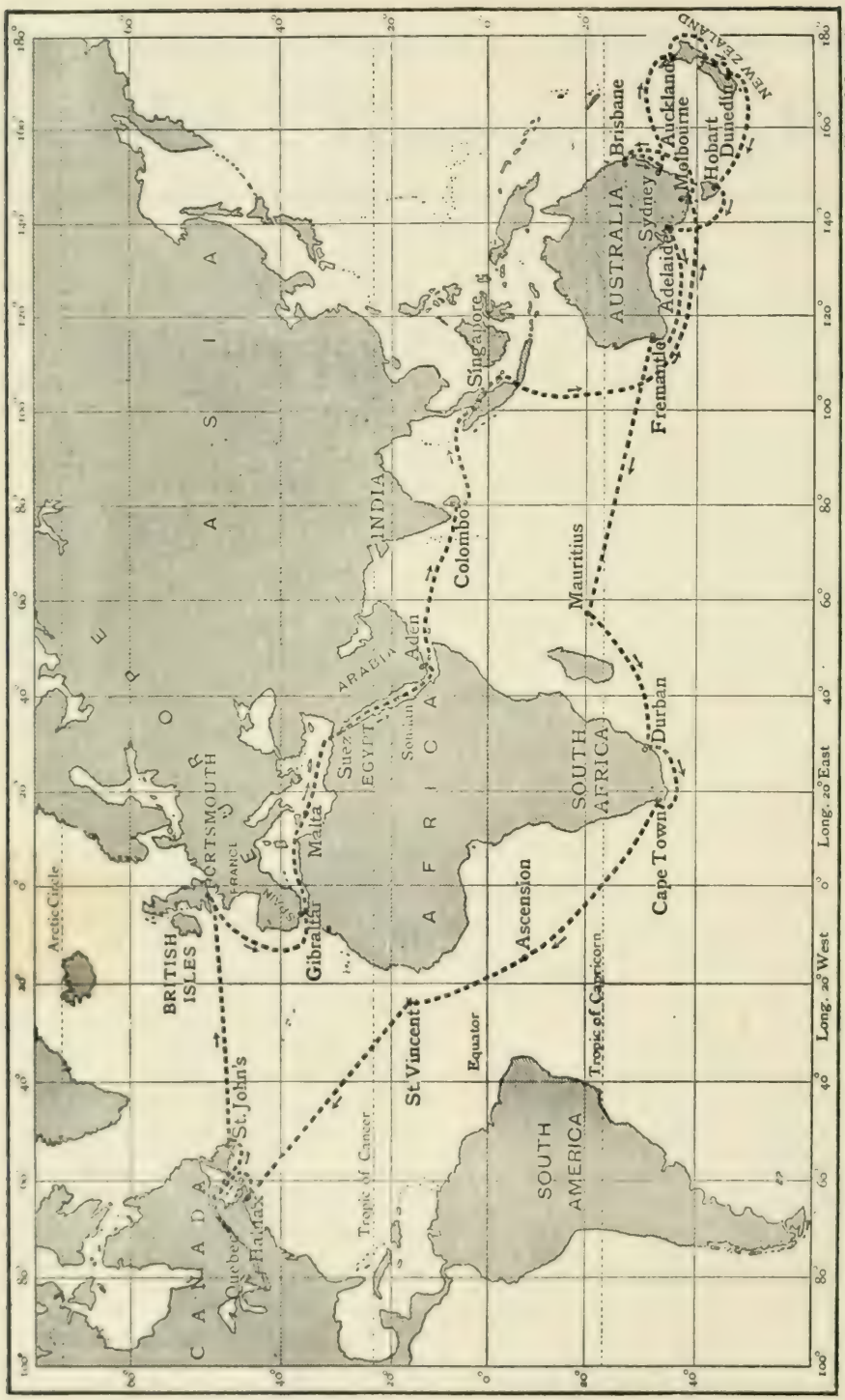


CHART SHOWING ROUTE TAKEN BY H.M.S. "OPHIR"

days were spent by the Royal pair in Australia proper, and on June 9th the *Ophir* left Sydney for New Zealand—the colony that desires to own allegiance to none other than the throne of Great Britain itself. Two days later they landed at Auckland, and are welcomed with as great enthusiasm as in the cities of the Confederation—Melbourne, Brisbane and Sydney. They visited the Maoris at Rototura, where the scenes of native character were extraordinary and picturesque—two thousand men taking part in a full-dress Maori war-dance. On the 17th they are at Wellington; on the 26th at the Scotch town of Dunedin; and on the 27th they leave for Tasmania. The second day of July finds them at Hobart, the ninth at Adelaide, and the twenty-second at Perth. Federated Australia has again claimed them as its guests. Four days later they go to Fremantle, and say good-bye to Australia's hospitable shores.

What does the Duke think of Australia and New Zealand? He cannot but have been impressed. The Federal Government spent its £43,000 to the best advantage, no doubt. Australia celebrated with one eye on the Duke and one on the advertising it would get throughout the world. No doubt it won the Duke's good opinion, and it certainly got good advertising value for the money expended. But what the Duke actually thought of Australia will be left for the record of the future. Royal Princes are not allowed to tell all that is in their minds until the value of that opinion has passed away.

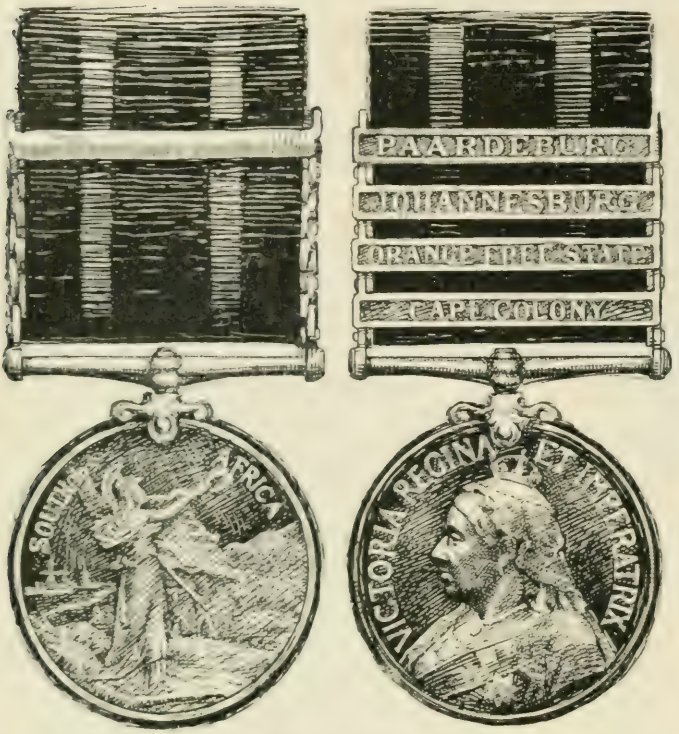
All reports agree, however, that the Australians thought well of His Royal Highness. They wearied him with displays, receptions and addresses, but admit that he bore himself with unfailing grace and tact. They even go so far as to pronounce him an orator. His clear, resonant voice made itself heard everywhere, even when he faced the assembled 12,000 in the great building at Melbourne. Some of his speeches showed a readiness and resourcefulness and "go" which surprised a people who would have been satisfied with mumbled platitudes. They found the Duke of York worthy of—to quote the *Times*—"the finest welcome ever given by a free people to the heir of a constitutional monarch."

The English people view the visit to Australia with considerable complacency, and give credit for the suggestion and realization of the visit to King Edward VII. A writer in one of the leading reviews says :

> As Prince of Wales, King Edward was an early pioneer in Imperial questions, who recognized the greatness of Greater Britain long before it became a commonplace. He had a close interest in colonial questions before they became fashionable and popular topics, and Australians, e.g., would be surprised at His Majesty's intimacy with their public affairs. There is, perhaps, nothing indiscreet in mentioning the fact that several years ago a friend of the present writer, who had just returned from a lengthy tour through the Australian colonies, recounted a conversation he had had with the Prince of Wales, and expressed his admiration and even astonishment not only at the Prince's general knowledge of Australian affairs, but likewise at his mastery of detail. We are rapidly losing our ignorance of colonial questions, and educated Englishmen are nowadays expected, e.g., to discuss the contest between Mr. Reid and Mr. Barton, or Sir Wilfrid Laurier's chances of winning the next General Election, but at the time of which we speak a dense ignorance pervaded this country on all such matters. The Royal Family have had no small share in dissipating this. They have been Big Englanders in a sense which the most inveterate Little Englander would approve and applaud.

Other journals have credited the suggestion which brought about the Royal Tour to Queen Victoria, but the weight of evidence is in favour of King Edward.

From Fremantle, the *Ophir* went to Mauritius, then to Durban, the chief town in Natal, and thence to Cape Town. At the latter centre the reception was most enthusiastic. On the parade ground near the railway station the city presented the Duke with an address. A levee at the town hall fol-



THE WAR MEDALS, NOW BEING PRESENTED BY THE DUKE OF YORK TO CANADIANS WHO SERVED IN SOUTH AFRICA

lowed, and addresses were presented from the Governments of Cape Colony, Rhodesia, and Bloemfontein. The Duke's reply to the Cape Colony address is worth a close reading :

"We are glad to have this opportunity to give public and grateful expression to our feelings of profound satisfaction at the very enthusiastic and hearty welcome accorded us on our arrival here to-day. The fact that during the last two years you have been passing through such troublous times, and that in addition to your other trials the colony has suffered from an outbreak of plague from which it is not yet entirely free, might well have detracted from the warmth of your greeting ; but in despite of all your trials and sufferings you have offered us a welcome the warmth and cordiality of which we shall never forget. I should also like to express our admiration of the appearance the city of Cape Town presents to-day. Apart from their tasteful decoration, the principal streets through which we have passed offer an aspect very different from that which they possessed 20 years ago, when I visited your colony. I congratulate you on the abundant evidence of the progress achieved during that time, and notably on your trade and commerce and the development of your harbours and railways. I greatly deplore the continuance of the lamentable struggle which has so long prevailed within South Africa, and for the speedy termination of which the whole community fervently prays. During this time you have had to make grievous sacrifices. Numbers have personally suffered trials and privations, while many of the flower of your manhood have fallen in the service of their King and country. To all who have been bereaved of their dear ones by the war we offer our heartfelt sympathy and condolence. May time, the great healer, bring consolation. That South Africa may soon be delivered from the troubles which beset her is our most earnest prayer, and that ere long the only struggle she knows will be eager rivalry in the arts of peace, and in striving to promote good government and the well-being of the community."

The Duke of York has reached Canada, and has begun to form his opinions of this the greatest self-governing colony in the world. Montreal is smaller than Sydney, and Toronto than Melbourne; but Canada is larger and more populous than Australia. Australia has mines and ranches; Canada has mines, ranches, wheat-fields, dairies, cheese factories, paper mills, cotton mills, carpet factories, steel works, a great lumber industry, and a more complex industrial development. Australia is British; Canada is both British and American. The Duke of York will detect the difference. When Canadians bow their backs before him he will notice how stiff are their backbones, for forty years is a long time to elapse between royal visits.

John A. Cooper.



TRISTRAM OF BLENT.*

Mr. Anthony Hope's latest novel may be recommended to those who affect a deep interest in modern social types in England, and who consider time well spent in following the fortunes of two very perverse people. Lord Tristram has a much higher opinion of his family and his ancestral home than Mr. Hope, with all his skill, has been able to awaken in us. Consequently when, believing himself illegitimate, Lord Tristram hands everything over to the handsome girl, his cousin, as the rightful heir, we do not find him so magnanimous and romantic as it was intended we should. The two cousins might have married at once and relieved the strain. But they don't, and in the contrast between the two temperaments the author furnishes a certain amount of clever character study. The English critics find Mr. Hope very brilliant at this point, and where doctors agree who has the courage to disagree? In point of fact there are pages where the narrative strikes one as dull and others where it is nearly commonplace. But, in the main, it is readable and not lacking in the refinement and firmness of touch which are characteristic of this experienced writer.

D'RI AND I.

The author of "Eben Holden," a decidedly successful book, has essayed a novel† based upon pioneer experiences along the shores of the St. Lawrence in the early years of the last century. The hero fights for the United States in the war of 1812, and we are invited to be patriotically ecstatic—on the other side—about Lundy's Lane, Chrysler's Farm, and President Monroe (the gentleman still remembered by his Doctrine). And really, the author is so pleasant about it, that he almost makes a Canadian regret that our ancestors felt compelled to drive back such very agreeable people, and put them to the inconvenience of wearing scars to the end of their days. The adventures of D'ri, a British deserter who developed a Yankee twang in an incredibly short time, and Capt. Bell, include swimming under water, being haled in closed carriages before British authorities, and sailing down the St. Lawrence on timber rafts. Here the reader holds his breath, thus freely giving testimony that the author knows how to invest an adventure story with much reality and moving incident. Tried by this test the tale is quite satisfactory, and the Canadian reader will take the "Hail Columbia" patter in the spirit in which it is offered.

ROYALTY, LIMITED.

There is an anecdote about a duel between an Englishman and a Frenchman which took place in a dark room. The Englishman, wishing to be generous, fired up the chimney—and brought down the Frenchman! "When I relate this in France," said a dealer in anecdotes, "I always make the Englishman go up the chimney." In Mr.

*Tristram of Blent, by Anthony Hope. Toronto: Morang & Co.

†D'ri and I, by Irving Bacheller. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.



SYDNEY H. PRESTON
Author of "An Abandoned Farmer"

MacGrath's romance* an Englishman and a United Stateser are leading figures —and keeping the immense constituency of United States readers before his vision—the author invests his countryman with all sorts of virtues (including a habit of whistling operatic airs in the society of ladies), while the Englishman breaks his promises, sacrifices his friends and acts at times in a disorderly manner. Our circle of royal acquaintances being limited, we do not know whether or not it is the custom with the queens of small European monarchies to loll about open-air cafés in the evening with masks on. But, assuming that it is and that queens and princesses conduct themselves as they do in these diverting pages, we can commend this novel for its vivacity and wealth of adventure.

THE LONDON OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

There is something about a romance of England in the days of the good Queen Bess which recreates a bygone period with a reality that is hard to impart to any other age.* The gallant captain in this tale is a swaggering gentleman of the town and has nearly sunk into the stage of the out-at-elbows soldier of fortune. There is a spark of gentleness and chivalry left in him, however, and he takes pity on pretty Millicent, the daughter of a rich goldsmith in Cheapside, and resolves to baffle the efforts of Master Jerningham and Sir Clement Ermsby, two dissolute men of fashion, who design to carry her off. He enters their employ only to deceive them and undertakes the mission of go-between. A plan to deliver her to a poor-spirited but worthy scholar strikes him as a reasonable way out of the diplomatic. But the plan miscarries and both the maiden and her would-be cavalier find themselves almost helpless in the hands of their craftier foes in a lonely house near London. What is worse, the girl believes that the Captain, instead of being her rescuer, is her persecutor. An evening of fighting and excitement is succeeded by a morrow of peace and happiness for the fair Millicent and her leal cavalier. The author has drawn for us gallants, bullies, rufflers and gipsy ruffians—all characteristic of that roaring and romantic time. The love story is no prettier in its way than many another, but the way in which the author has reproduced the spirit of the time is a capital piece of work.

NEWFOUNDLAND ANNALS.†

One of the literary products of the Queen's Jubilee enthusiasm over the colonies was a "Story of the Empire Series." The general editor of the series is Mr. H. A. Kennedy, formerly a Canadian journalist, and he contributed a monograph on "Canada," which was carefully done by one who knew his subject well. Several other volumes of the series were in competent hands, for example, "New

*The Puppet Crown, by H. MacGrath. Toronto: McLeod & Allen.

*Captain Ravenshaw, or the Maid of Cheapside. By Robert N. Stephens. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

†The Story of Newfoundland. By F. E. Smith. London: Horace Marshall & Son.

Zealand" was by Mr. Reeves, "West Africa" by Miss Kingsley, and "Uganda" by General Lugard. The latest issue in the series deals with Newfoundland. Its author, Mr. F. E. Smith, compresses the annals of the oldest colony of the Empire into ten short chapters, and the little work, which does not pretend to be exhaustive, is readable and interesting. Perhaps its chief value is that it brings the record down to date. Recent years have been fruitful in important political events, and it is not easy for the general reader to find a convenient summary of them such as we have in these pages. Mr. Smith speaks plainly of the errors of British diplomacy as they have affected the Island. One cannot but feel that until Colonial policy fell into the able hands of Mr. Chamberlain the office of Colonial Secretary was a source of weakness rather than of strength to the Empire. Referring to the Bond-Blaine treaty, Mr. Smith states that "it was felt in Newfoundland that the island had been sacrificed to the exigencies of Canadian party politics." Surely the author should have guarded himself against the tacit admission that the complaint was well founded. True, the controversy which arose out of reciprocity negotiations at Washington—and these originated from Canada's protest against the treaty—was, indeed, a matter of party politics. But Canada's objection to the treaty was based on Imperial, not partisan grounds, and there is no reason to doubt that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government would take the same view as that taken by Sir John Macdonald ten years ago.

CARLYLE ON HEROES.

It may be that Professor MacMechan's new work* is of primary interest to the student, but we imagine that the sapient person known as the general reader will find in the Introduction as entertaining and scholarly a piece of work as it has been the fortune to enjoy in a long time. Carlyle has always inspired those who admire and study him, with some of his own insight and earnestness, some of his characteristic expressiveness and downrightness. There is, therefore, in this examination of the lectures on Heroes and the circumstances under which they were delivered, a sympathetic touch in which we recognize the true teacher—one who understands his subject and believes in him. It may be convenient to quote a sentence or two from Professor MacMechan which will at once illustrate and prove the assertion that he has dealt with Carlyle in the spirit that is at once candid and illuminative:

> "To appreciate the power and freshness of such a book, we must put ourselves in the place of Carlyle's audience and his first readers. To them every one of Carlyle's heroes was presented in a new and startling light. There was, first, the outstanding feat of completely reversing the general estimate of Mahomet and Cromwell. The consecrated verdict of centuries was shown to be utterly false; and the tide of public opinion was turned back and set flowing in the contrary direction to that which it had followed so long. Only a Hercules could perform two such labours."

Needless to say the editor's notes are thorough and instructive, and the edition one which students of literature—who are not all undergraduates—will prize as a very valuable contribution to current scholarship.

NOTES.

Thomas O'Hagan's volume of essays has met with considerable appreciation. This is but meet, since Dr. O'Hagan's prose is much better than his poetry, and above the average work done by Canadian writers. The Doctor, like other Canadians, has had a stern struggle in trying to follow his literary ideals, and no one will begrudge him the success which this work has brought him. (Toronto: Briggs.)

Two of the forthcoming novels are to deal with Canadian subjects to some extent. "The Road to Frontenac" is purely Canadian in character and scene. The hero, a Frenchman, is sent from Quebec to Frontenac (now Kingston), bearing despatches regarding a raid

* Carlyle on Heroes, Hero Worship, and the Heroic in History. Edited by Archibald MacMechan. Boston: Ginn & Co.

that is to be made on the Seneca Indians, is captured, and has some exciting adventures. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.) The other story is "Juell Demming," in which the leading character is a Canadian youth devoted to the idea of a union of the Anglo-Saxon races. He serves with the Americans in Cuba and with the Canadians in South Africa, thus demonstrating his theory. This book will, no doubt, attract some attention. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

Among the new novels to be issued by the Copp, Clark Co., are "New Canterbury Tales," by Maurice Hewlett, a writer whose plethora of ideas makes him most entertaining; "God Wills It," by William Stearns Davis, a tale of the first crusade, and the adventures of Richard Longsword, a redoubtable young Norman cavalier; "The Giant's Gate," by Max Pemberton, who always writes good historical tales; "My Strangest Case," by Guy Boothy, who has gone in for a rattling Sherlock-Holmes story; "The Seigneur de Beaufoy," by Hamilton Drummond, a French story; and "Her Majesty's Minister," by William Le Mieux, who writes of the plots and intrigues of modern diplomacy.

Wm. Briggs will have a capital autumn list, chief of which is "The Voyage of Ithobal," by Sir Edwin Arnold. This romantic adventure in verse is a Phœnician tale reminding us of "Phra, the Phœnician;" but the scenes are mostly laid along the coasts of Africa which Ithobal circumnavigated. "The making of a Country Home," by J. P. Mowbray, is an experience rather than a romance; "Memory Street," by Martha Baker Dunn, is a New England story; "The Lion's Whelp" is a Cromwellian story by Amelia E. Barr; while "The Man from Glengarry," by Ralph Connor, needs no recommendation to Canadian readers.

Gilbert Parker's novels maintain their leading place among the "sellers" in the Canadian market, even though "David Harum" went to 30,000 copies, and "The Crisis" to 25,000. His new novel, "The Right of Way," will contain sixteen full-page drawings by A. I. Keller, and will be handsomely bound. Better than that even is the fact that the hero of the story is a Canadian, as is the author. Charley Steele is a lawyer, clever, dissipated, unsuitably married. He disappears. His wife marries. Under another name he builds up a new life, only to be confronted with a new love and the old marriage bond. Which woman has the right of way? Such a plot, well handled, makes a most interesting story, and Canadians may well prepare to enjoy another of Mr. Parker's treats. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

"Tarry Thou Till I Come," by George Croly, with an introduction by Gen. Lew. Wallace, has been one of the talked-of books of the past three months. Gen. Wallace places the story by the side of "Ivanhoe," "The Last of the Barons," "The Tale of Two Cities," "Jane Eyre," and "Hypatia," thus making a list of the six greatest novels. Whether or not this is a true estimate is a question which time—the greatest test of a novel—will decide. (Toronto: Briggs.)

"A Maid of Venice," by F. Marion Crawford, will be issued soon. The period of this story is the end of the fifteenth century, when the Queen of the Adriatic was approaching the time of her greatest splendour, and the romantic episode with which it deals is historically true, being taken from one of the old Venetian chronicles. The action and interest centre in the household of a master glassblower, and there is much curious information as to that artistic craft, the members of which formed a powerful corporation, possessed of many rights and privileges. As the readers of "Marzio's Crucifix" and "A Roman Singer" know, Mr. Crawford has always been singularly fortunate in his descriptions of artists and their surroundings, and the careful study which he has made of the domestic life of the middle ages in Italy enables him to give an accurate background to his characters, and to fill out the meagre notes of contemporary historians with many picturesque details. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

IDLE MOMENTS

AN ABSENT-MINDED M.P.

THE episode of absent-mindedness of Mr. Gourley, M.P. for Colchester, N.S., while at Ottawa, going to church by mistake on a Saturday instead of a Sunday, is brought to mind by him now having to get the police to look for a lost valise. A despatch from Truro says that in company of Albert Black, nominee of the Conservatives in the local election, Mr. Gourley attended the monster "old home picnic" at Bass River, Friday. They had to drive 20 miles. Mrs. Gourley was with them. On arrival home, Mrs. Gourley took the small traps and went into the house, leaving Mr. Gourley to bring in a large valise containing his best suit and some valuable papers and several of Mrs. Gourley's best dresses. After bidding Mr. Black good night, Mr. Gourley went in leaving the valise in the middle of the sidewalk. This was about 11 o'clock. He never thought of the valise till next morning, when his wife wanted the dresses. Then he thought that he had left it in his waggon, and only to-day discovered that thieves had removed it from the sidewalk out of pedestrians' way. It is advertised in the local papers, and the police are engaged in the case.—*Toronto Star.*

THE WIFE BEHIND THE PURSE.

You may talk about your heroes—of the man behind the gun,
Of the gallant boys in khaki—bless em all;
But a toast I'd like to give you—very short, and only one—
Which you haven't heard in any music hall.
She's a heroine quite humble, and she's called upon to dare
A thoughtless man's displeasure maybe worse;
Look around your own wee homeland and perhaps you'll find her there,
In the little wife who rules behind the purse.

Though Bill is very loving, still he's careless of the cash,
And Jack's all right when not upon the spree;
But both upon a Saturday are given to be rash,
'Mong pals within the "public" over-free.
Yet their kiddies, neat and decent, go about at school or play,
And the Sunday grub's not stinted—the reverse.
Oh, the secrets, and the sorrows, and the plans of Saturday
Are hidden by the wives behind the purse.

Now Jack and Bill may grumble if she keeps them short of beer,
And hints that they might smoke a little less;
But she's got a reason for it, and a good one, never fear,
If Jack and Bill had sense enough to guess.
She was charming as a sweetheart, sentimental as the rest,
And she's still to love and kisses not averse;
Though she's careful of the pennies—Bill and Jack, it's for the best!
God bless the little wife behind the purse!

—*London Express.*

THE MODEST SCOT.

Love of country is so fine a virtue that it seems difficult to carry it to excess. A resident from a small village in the north of Scotland paid a business visit to London the other day. He happened to call on a merchant who, unknown to him, had once made a stay in his native place. In the course of conversation the visitor made use of an expression that led the other to exclaim: "Surely you come from Glen McLuskie?" The assertion, however, was denied. Presently, to the merchant's surprise, another Glen McLuskie expression was heard. "My dear Mr. MacTavish I feel convinced that you are a Glen McLuskie man, after all," insisted the merchant.

"Weel," returned the other, "I'll no deny it ony langer."

"Then why didn't you say so at



CYNIC—Mrs. Nuggets, to whom we bowed just now, is something like the Klondike, isn't she?

BLASÉ—Rich?

CYNIC—No, cold and distant.

first?" demanded the Englishman.

"Weel," was the calm response, "I didna like to boast o' it in London."—*Selected.*

THE AMENDMENT.

Stormy the night, the hour was late,
Waxed fast and furious the debate;
With rancour and with bitter hate
Each speaker still contended.

The question that had given rise
To wild assertions and replies,
Was, was it fact or mere surmise
That man from apes descended.

Affirmative had tried in vain
To make its logic clear and plain;
It went against the human grain
And all seemed much offended.

Said one at last as he arose
To bring this matter to a close,
To friends and foes I now propose
The motion thus amended:

Although through Nature's high decrees
We may have sprung from Chimpanzees,
Yet every gentleman agrees
That man must have ASCENDED.

At first this bold suggestion awes,
Then breaks the silence of the pause;
Carried, they cry, with loud applause,
And the debate was ended.

E. F.

SPOKES.

A loveless money-marriage is like a street railway, neither graceful nor very comfortable, but exceedingly convenient.

Love and the bicycle-rider are scorchers until they come to a rough place in the road.

A woman in love for the first time is like a bicycle running down hill with inexperienced hands to guide it. Her heart runs away with her wisdom.

Love ran a race with Common-Sense and Love won. When that love died Common-Sense made for him his grave-clothes and gave him a decent burial.

A man in love is like an electric car that for a short time goes off the track but is very soon put on again.

There was a collision of wheels, that of Time ran down that of Fortune and overthrew the rider whose name was Life.

Jean Lyall.

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